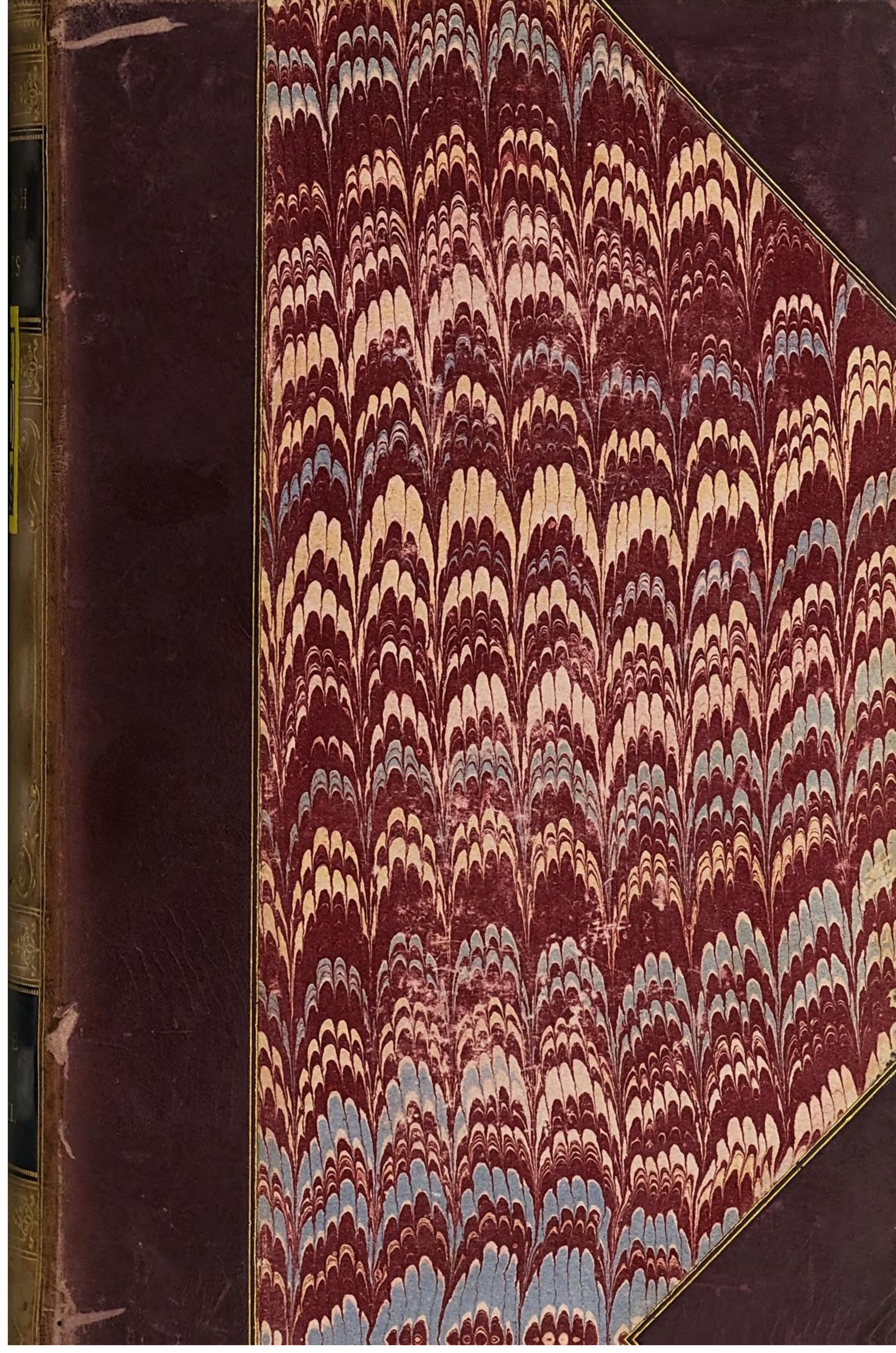
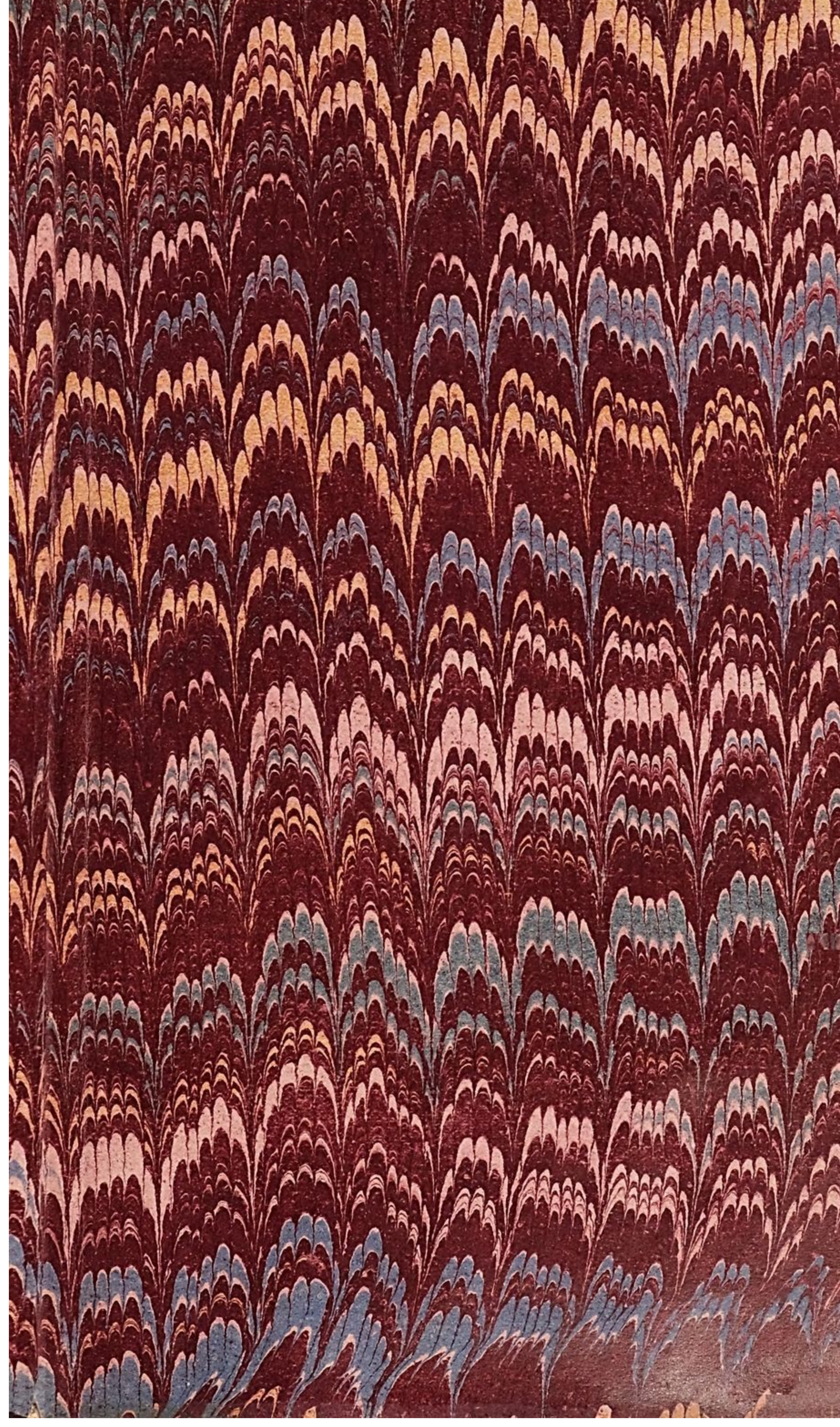








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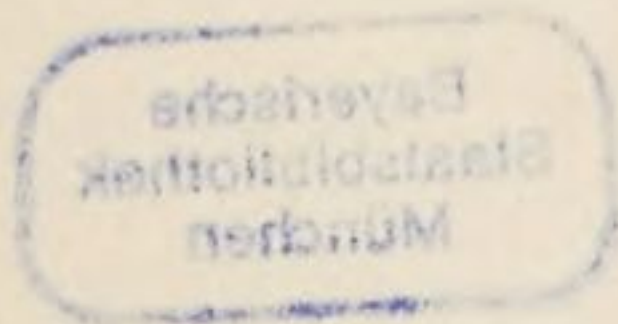
Q. A. Liebig

Tanglewood

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE

WITH A MEMOIR

SIX VOLUMES IN THREE
VOL. III.



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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

IN spite of the satirist's assertion, that

“next to singing, the most foolish thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing,” —

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains, as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song-writing in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and was,

in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them ; * and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to prefix to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual, — whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour, — the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of Political Economy, the division of labour, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilization. So far, in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried, that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing, in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that the language, perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

* The following is a specimen of these memorandums, as given by Foscolo: — “I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them — 3 o’clock, A. M. 19th October.” Frequently to sonnets of that time such notices as the following were prefixed: — *Intonatum per Francum* — “Scriptor dedit sonum.”

We witness, in our own times, — as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned, — a similar divorce between the two arts; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician.* Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy.† But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable suppertable, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quaigh* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of “Hey tuttie tattie,” and gave it out to us with all the true national relish.

* The late Rev. William Crowe, author of the noble poem of “Lewisdun Hill,” was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise on English Versification, to which his knowledge of the sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word “lyrick,” as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, Young, has left us an Essay on Lyric Poetry, in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.

† Life by Lockhart, vol. vi. p. 128.

But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie, Hey tuttie tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus, — a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it, — gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit, I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my short stay in that city an incident occurred, which, though already mentioned by Scott in his Diary,* and owing its chief interest to the connexion of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself, by our friend

* "We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at an early hour, for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume * sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his Diary, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Albans in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—“There was a general buzz and stare, for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the Duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round:—‘Eh, yon’s Sir Walter, wi’ Lockhart an’ his wife,† and wha’s the wee bit bodie wi’ the pawkie een? Wow, but it’s Tam Moore, just—Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!’—with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and *he*, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then

* Written by Mr. Benson Hill.

† The writer was here mistaken. There was one lady of our party; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lockhart was present.

redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish Melodies."

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship ahoy!" which there won its first honours. So often indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear

and feeling, a musician,* is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" — a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes.†

It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially

* It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Murdoch, their preceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another."

† I know not whether it has ever been before remarked, that the well-known lines in one of Burns's most spirited songs,

"The title's but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,"

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherley's play, the "Country Wife:" — "I weigh the *man*, not his *title*; 'tis not the King's *stamp* can make the metal better."

contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a re-union of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Hemans.

Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birthday-Ode down to the *libretto* of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general, — “Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.”

It may here be suggested that the convivial lyrics of Captain Morris present an exception to the general character I have given of the songs of this period; and, assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his “Reasons for Drinking,” (which I quote from recollection,) few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos, which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth: —

“My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;

But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
If then the nymph must have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Why, *that* I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

“Then, many a lad I lik'd is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile holds off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain; —
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.”

How far my own labours in this field — if indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated — have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being “inarticulate poetry;” and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

Owing to the space I was led to devote to my

Irish reminiscences, in our last Volume, I found myself obliged to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled *The Summer Fête*, was suggested. In an old letter of my own, to which I have had access, giving an account of this brilliant festival to a friend in Ireland, I find some memorandums which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of all my writings, the story of the *Epicurean*. I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing:—

June 30, 1827. — Day threatening for the *Fête*. Was with Lord Essex * at three o'clock, and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos, has lent, for the occasion, to Henry; — the five givers of the *Fête*, being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The arrangements all in the very best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the bank of the river, with steps descending to

* I cannot let pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.

the water, quite eastern — like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled — the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and there were, after dinner, gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, etc., singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, etc., who rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F * * * * t * rs, Br * d * * * lls, De R * * s's, Miss F * * ld * * * g, Miss F * x, Miss R * ss * ll, Miss B * * ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion While talking with D—n (Lord P.'s brother), he said to me, "I never read any thing so touching as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already?" * "Oh, I

* The Epicurean had been published but the day before.

read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is abominable. Soon after, the Marquis P—lm—a said to me, as he and I and B—m stood together, looking at the gay scene,

This is like one of your Fêtes." "Oh yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—lm—a, "Je veux dire cette Fête d'Athènes, dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui."

Respecting the contents of the present Volume I have but a few more words to add. Accustomed as I have always been to consider my songs as a sort of compound creations, in which the music forms no less essential a part than the verses, it is with a feeling which I can hardly expect my unlyrical readers to understand, that I see such a swarm of songs as crowd these pages all separated from the beautiful airs which have formed hitherto their chief ornament and strength — their "*decus et tutamen*." But, independently of this uneasy feeling, or fancy, there is yet another inconvenient consequence of the divorce of the words from the music, which will be more easily, perhaps, comprehended, and which, in justice to myself, as a metre-monger, ought to be noticed. Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become blemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music

to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remember his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies:—“Oh the days are gone when Beauty bright”—“At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,”—and, “Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way.”*

* I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever changes of this kind have been ventured upon (and they are but few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me; as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved the selection and management of the melodies entirely to myself.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

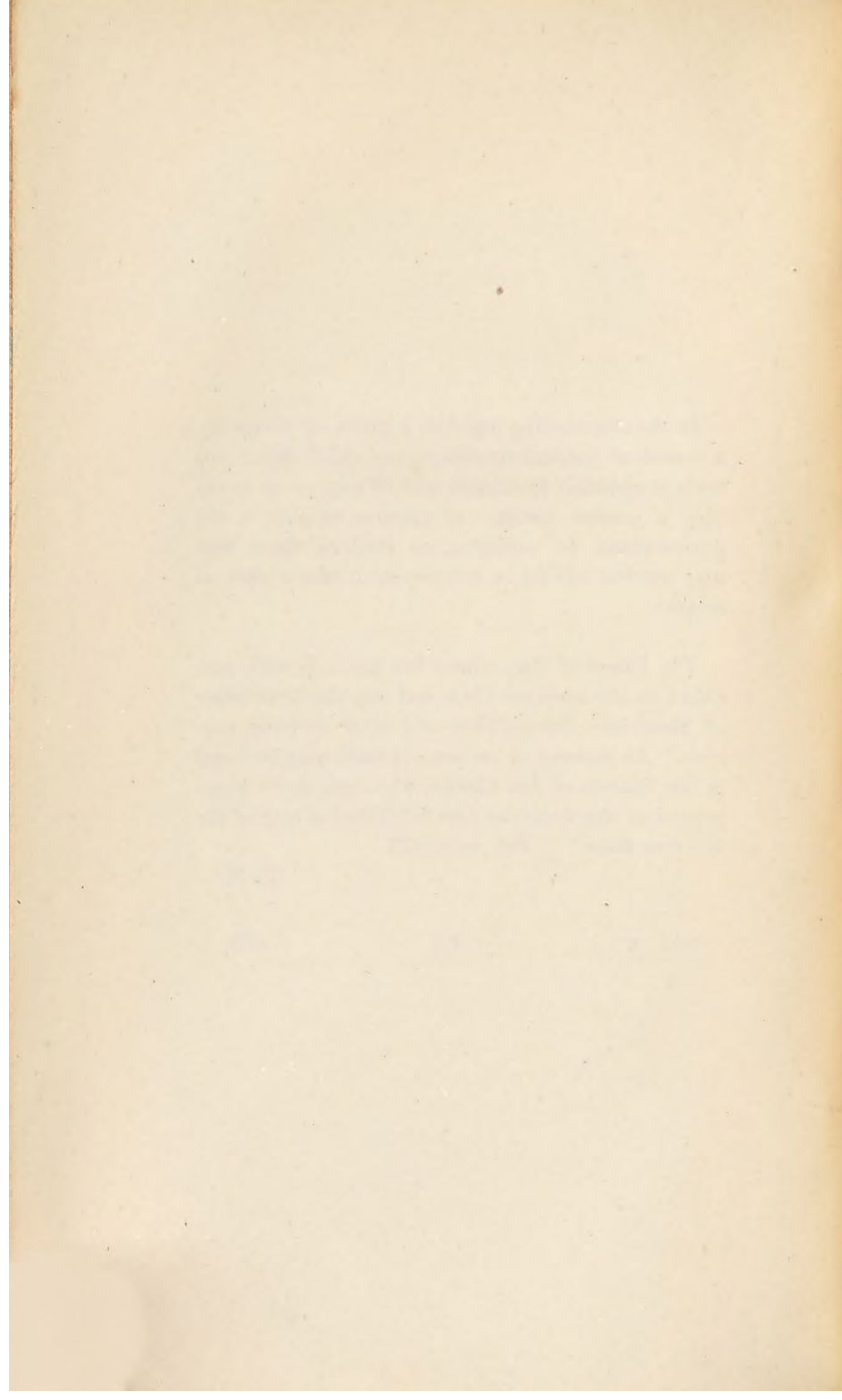
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THE END OF THE WORLD

IN thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part, as singers.

The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birth place of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says, that "it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles." — Vol. vi. p. 174.

T. M.



EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

“THE sky is bright — the breeze is fair,
“And the mainsail flowing, full and free —
“Our farewell word is woman’s pray’r,
“And the hope before us — Liberty!
“Farewell, farewell.
“To Greece we give our shining blades,
“And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !

“The moon is in the heavens above,
“And the wind is on the foaming sea —
“Thus shines the star of woman’s love
“On the glorious strife of Liberty!
“Farewell, farewell.
“To Greece we give our shining blades,
“And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !”

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn’d to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave,
As e’er sought Freedom o’er the wave ;

And leaving on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way —
Oh, speed their way, — the chosen flow'r,
Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died —
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas, no more is seen —
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone! —
Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck — watching the flame
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Had made them droop and weep like you.
Home to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
And your brave warriors, hastening back,
Will bring such glories in their track,

As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea's isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks down,
Pleased as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow hath twined,
When he beholds each floweret there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose,* whose wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,
And here those bramble flowers, that breathe
Their odour into Zante's wines:—†
The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of Patmos weave:—‡
And that fair plant, whose tangled stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair,§ when spread,
Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed;—

* "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days." — *Journal of Dr. Sibthorpe, Walpole's Turkey.*

† Id.

‡ *Lonicera Caprifolium*, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.

§ *Cuscuta europæa*. "From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids." — *Walpole's Turkey.*

All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born:
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Towering on every verdant height —
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth —
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd;
While Commerce, from her thousand sails,
Scatters their fruit throughout the world! *

'Twas here — as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade —
'Twas here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose breathings calm and sweet
Grief might be soothed, if not forgot,
The Zean nymphs resolved to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewell tears that night;
And try, if sound of lute and song,
If wandering mid the moonlight flowers

* "The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals." — *Clarke's Travels*.

In various talk, could charm along
With lighter step, the lingering hours,
Till tidings of that Bark should come,
Or Victory waft their warriors home!

When first they met — the wonted smile
Of greeting having gleam'd awhile —
'T would touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O'er their young brows, when they look'd round
Upon that bright, enchanted ground;
And thought, how many a time, with those
Who now were gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening's close,
And danced till morn outshone the stars!

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts —
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's mirror rests,
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass.
Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon —
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In holy founts — while some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain; —
And others, from the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,

Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets, that all in turn would hear ; —
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
Who to Leucadia * late had been —
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
On its white towering cliffs, and seen
The very spot where Sappho sung
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her loved lyre,) into the deep,
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,
At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen'd all — and well
Did the young travell'd maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddy deep — †
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound —

* Now Santa Maura — the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.

† “The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks.” — *Goodisson's Ionian Isles*

And of those scented lilies * found
Still blooming on that fearful place —
As if call'd up by Love, to grace
The immortal spot, o'er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to every listener's thought
These legends of Leucadia brought
All that of Sappho's hapless flame
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame —
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round her, mute,
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;
And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,
One of those fervid fragments gave,
Which still, — like sparkles of Greek Fire,
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave, —
Burn on thro' Time, and ne'er expire.

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
She weeping turn'd away, and said,
“Oh, my sweet Mother —'tis in vain —
“I cannot weave, as once I wove —

* See Mr. Goodisson's very interesting description of all these circumstances.

“So wilder’d is my heart and brain
 “With thinking of that youth I love!” *

Again the web she tried to trace,
 But tears fell o’er each tangled thread;
 While, looking in her mother’s face,
 Who watchful o’er her lean’d, she said,
 “Oh, my sweet Mother — ’tis in vain —
 “I cannot weave, as once I wove —
 “So wilder’d is my heart and brain
 “With thinking of that youth I love!”

A silence follow’d this sweet air,
 As each in tender musing stood,
 Thinking, with lips that moved in pray’r,
 Of Sappho and that fearful flood:
 While some, who ne’er till now had known
 How much their hearts resembled hers,
 Felt as they made her griefs their own,
 That *they*, too, were Love’s worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,
 So faint it was, came from the lute
 Of a young melancholy maid,
 Whose fingers, all uncertain play’d

* I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning Γλυκεῖα μάτερ, which represents so truly (as Warton remarks) “the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love.”

From chord to chord, as if in chase
Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
She sought among those chords again.
Slowly the half-forgotten theme
(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory — as a beam
Falls broken o'er some shaded spot; —
And while her lute's sad symphony
Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
What ruin comes where he hath been —
As wither'd still the grass is found
Where fays have danced their merry round —
Thus simply to the listening throng
She breath'd her melancholy song: —

SONG.

Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night —
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Nought left but Memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled! [dead —

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had scaped oblivion — like the one

Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power.—

As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower

Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own—
With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,

Ev'n under music's melting art;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,

Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her—the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zea met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

SONG.

When the Balaika *
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.†

When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray!
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
The dance we'll renew,

* This word is defrauded here, I suspect, of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."

† "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave."—*Douglas on the Modern Greeks.*

Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through : *
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours !
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou 'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears !
Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispell'd
The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
Full empire o'er each fancy now.

* "In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure."

But say — *what* shall the measure be ?

“ Shall we the old Romaika tread,”
(Some eager ask’d) “ as anciently

“ ’T was by the maids of Delos led,
“ When, slow at first, then circling fast,

“ As the gay spirits rose — at last,
“ With hand in hand, like links, enlock’d,

“ Through the light air they seem’d to flit
“ In labyrinthine maze, that mock’d

“ The dazzled eye that follow’d it? ”
Some call’d aloud “ the Fountain Dance! ” —

While one young, dark-ey’d Amazon,
Whose step was air-like, and whose glance

Flash’d, like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said, “ Shame on these soft

“ And languid strains we hear so oft.

“ Daughters of Freedom! have not we

“ Learn’d from our lovers and our sires

“ The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free —

“ That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,

“ But sword and shield clash on the ear

“ A music tyrants quake to hear? *

“ Heroines of Zea, arm with me,

“ And dance the dance of Victory! ”

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loosed the wide hat, that o’er her face

* For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance see De Guys, etc. —
It appears from Apuleius (lib. x.) that this war-dance was, among
the ancients, sometimes performed by females.

(From Anatolia * came the maid)
 Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;
 And, with a fair young armourer's aid,
 Fixing it on her rounded arm,
 A mimic shield with pride display'd;
 Then, springing tow'ards a grove that spread
 Its canopy of foliage near,
 Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
 "To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head
 She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
 Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—
 Round the shield-arm of each was tied
 Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
 The grove, their verdant armoury,
 Falchion and lance † alike supplied;
 And as their glossy locks, let free,
 Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
 You might have dream'd you saw a throng
 Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
 Of a May moon, bounding along
 Peneus' silver-eddied ‡ stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
 Martiallly, o'er the shining field;

* See the *costume* of the Greek women of Natolia in *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*.

† The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.

‡ Homer, Il. 2, 753.

Now, to the mimic combat led
 (A heroine at each squadron's head),
 Struck lance to lance and sword to shield :
 While still, through every varying feat,
 Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
 With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
 From lips of aged sires around,
 Who smiling watch'd their children's play —
 Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay : —

SONG.

“ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
 “ Now here — now there — retreat — advance ! ”

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
 Danced in those happy days, when Greece was
 free ;

When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
 Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.
 “ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
 “ Now here — now there — retreat — advance ! ”
 Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

“ Grasp the falchion — gird the shield —
 “ Attack — defend — do all, but yield.”

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
 Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea

That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
They nobly died for thee and liberty !*
“ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
“ Now here — now there — retreat — advance !”
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarce had they closed this martial lay
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,
All breathless from the war-field fly ;
And down, upon the velvet banks
And flowery slopes, exhausted lie,
Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

“ Fond girls !” an aged Zean said —
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, half delight,
Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight —
“ Fond maids ! who thus with War can jest —
“ Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,
“ When, in his childish innocence,
“ Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,
“ He thinks not of the blood, that thence
“ Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.

* It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.

“ Ay — true it is, young patriot maids,
 “ If Honour’s arm still won the fray,
 “ If luck but shone on righteous blades,
 “ War were a game for gods to play !
 “ But, no, alas ! — hear one, who well
 “ Hath track’d the fortunes of the brave —
 “ Hear *me*, in mournful ditty, tell
 “ What glory waits the patriot’s grave : ” —

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
 A vanquish’d Chief expiring lay,
 Upon the sands, with broken sword,
 He traced his farewell to the Free ;
 And, there, the last unfinish’d word
 He dying wrote was “ Liberty ! ”

At night a Sea-bird shriek’d the knell
 Of him who thus for Freedom fell ;
 The words he wrote, ere evening came
 Were cover’d by the sounding sea ; —
 So pass away the cause and name
 Of him who dies for Liberty !

That tribute of subdued applause .

A charm’d, but timid, audience pays,
 That murmur, which a minstrel draws
 From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise
 Follow’d this song, and left a pause

Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried —
Like roses, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen.
And, while that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err'd,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard: —

SONG.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,*
Two Fountains running, side by side,
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
“Oh Love!” said I, in thoughtless mood,
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
“Be all my sorrows in this flood
“Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!”

* “This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows through stupendous rocks.” — *Williams's Travels in Greece*.

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "Oh Love! whate'er my lot,
"Still let this soul to thee be true —
"Rather than have one bliss forgot,
"Be all my pains remember'd too!"

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside:
For such she was — a creature, bright
And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice's melody — its tone
Gathering new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round —
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
Still on the chords, her lute laid by,
"Another Song," all lips exclaim'd,
And each some matchless favourite named;
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O'er the sweet chords, she thus began: —

SONG.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by:
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade; and so, with song
And witching sounds — not such as they,
The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away,*
But soft and holy — did each maid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

* This superstitious custom of the Thessalians exists also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among the Persians.

Not far from this secluded place,
 On the sea-shore a ruin stood ;—
 A relic of th' extinguish'd race,
 Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,
 When fair Ioulis,* by the light
 Of golden sunset, on the sight
 Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
 Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
 Call'd from the wave by witchery.
 This ruin — now by barbarous hands
 Debased into a motley shed,
 Where the once splendid column stands
 Inverted on its leafy head —
 Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,
 The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
 Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
 And sadden, mid their mirth, the gay —
 Simonides,† whose fame, through years
 And ages past, still bright appears —
 Like Hesperus, a star of tears !

'T was hither now — to catch a view
 Of the white waters, as they play'd
 Silently in the light — a few
 Of the more restless damsels stray'd ;

* An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) "extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Ioulis received its name."

† Zea was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."

And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin'd walls; while others went,
Culling whatever floweret bloom'd
In the lone leafy space between
Where gilded chambers once had been;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free —
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest!

Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins — a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumbered long,
Were murmuring into life again.

But, no — the nymphs knew well the tone —
A maiden of their train, who loved,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into these ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night: —

SONG.

Ah! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?
They are gone — all gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own —
He is gone — he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to
die —
She is gone — she too is gone!

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her, who hears, and him, who sings this lay —
They are gone — they both are gone!

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silvery urn
Into the bright and silent deep —
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
Their parting hymn,* ere sunk the moon,

* These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the
ancients, still exist in Greece. *De Guys* tells us that he has seen

To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,
Or heard what legend-songs recount
Of Syra, and its holy Fount,*
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
Into the laps of living flowers —
Where village maidens loved to flock,
On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
Charm'd the unconscious night along;
While holy pilgrims, on their way
To Delos' isle, stood looking on,
Enchanted with a scene so gay,
Nor sought their boats, till morning shone.

Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now display'd,

“the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung in concert to them.”

* “The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification.”—*Clarke*.

As round the Fount, in linked ring,
They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted Spring
Warbled their Farewell for the night:—

SONG.

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of Zea!
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Fountain of Zea!
Not even Castaly,
Famed though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh, Fount of Zea!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shalt bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of Zea!

For, of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright Fount of Zea!

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heaven's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of Zea!
Such as, in former days,
Danced they, by Dian's rays,
Where the Eurotas strays,*
Oh, Maids of Zea!

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
Maidens of Zea!
No, nought but Music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea!

* "Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros."—*Virgil*.

SECOND EVENING.

SONG.

WHEN evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea*
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

* One of the titles of the Virgin: — "Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris." — *Isidor*.

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
 Floated along its azure tide —
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
 And light and song together died.
So soft through evening's air had breath'd
That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd
In many-linked harmony,
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
 In song and dance this evening's hours,
Far happier now the bosoms beat,
 Than when they last adorn'd these bowers;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
 At break of day, from the far isles —
Tidings like breath of life to some —
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
 Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles
To meet that brightest of all meeds
That wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
 Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
When the long-absent sun appears,
 Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast! —

More fond of change than a young moon,
No joy so new was e'er possest

But Youth would leave for newer soon.

These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot,

Where first they held their evening play,
As ever fell to fairy's lot

To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
Had now exchanged that shelter'd scene

For a wide glade beside the sea —
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green

Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene
Look down from heaven on lovelier scene.

Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,

O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet

That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er

The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
Had put forth from the Attic shore,

On the near Isle of Ebony; —
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves

Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves

Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
Woe to the craft, however fleet,

These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,

Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendeleë,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
Where these young island nymphs are met!
Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright, as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
A Chapel, fronting towards the sea, —
Built in some by-gone century, —
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark,
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And prayer to heaven, as they went by.
'T was there, around that rock-built shrine,
A group of maidens and their sires
Had stood to watch the day's decline,
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now woo the coming hours along.
For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which, bright eyes,
From time to time, are seen to peep ;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.
Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
That mystic curtain backward drew
And all, that late but shone between,
In half caught gleams, now burst to view.
A picture 'twas of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of rich immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers ;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by heaven alone ;
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalized her rills ;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
Illumed that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage
Of Athens and her hills portray'd ;
Athens, in her first, youthful age,
Ere yet the simple violet braid,*
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
Lay sleeping in the marble mine —
Sleeping till Genius bade them start
To all but life, in shapes divine ;
Till deified the quarry shone
And all Olympus stood in stone !

There, in the foreground of that scene,
On a soft bank of living green,
Sate a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd ; the maiden raised
Her speaking eyes to his, while he —
Oh *not* upon the flowers now gaz'd,
But on that bright look's witchery.

* " Violet-crowned Athens." — *Pindar*.

While, quick as if but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up, and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew :
And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
 From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
 And sung the Birth of Portraiture.*

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bowers,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
 To watch her while she wreath'd the flowers.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
 But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
 Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;

* The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, Lib. 35, c. 40.

But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
"This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,
"To paint that living light I see,
"And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till song and Painting learn'd from him.

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly sung;
And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crown'd with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
The rest, in happy converse stray'd —
Talking that ancient love-tale o'er —
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,
To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of the' absent silently

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
Lovers and slaves alike commands, —
The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd; —
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene — a waste
Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray;

An ancient well, whereon were traced,
 The warning words, for such as stray
 Unarmed there, "Drink and away!" *
 While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
 And like his bells, in hush'd repose,
 A camel slept — young as if wean'd
 When last the star, Canopus, rose.†

Such was the back-ground's silent scene; —
 While nearer lay, fast slumbering too,
 In a rude tent, with brow serene,
 A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
 And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
 That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
 Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
 Thinking the long wish'd hour is come
 When, o'er the well-known porch at home,
 His hand shall hang the aloe bough —
 Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.‡

* The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large bason called *Shrub wee krub*, "Drink and away" — there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.

† The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel: when the proper time arrives, he turns the Camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, "Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk." — *Richardson*.

‡ "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey." — *Hasselquist*.

But brief his dream — for now the call
 Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
 “Bind on your burdens,”* wakes up all
 The widely slumbering caravan;
 And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
 Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
 The song of one who, lingering near,
 Had watch’d his slumber, cheerly breaks.

SONG.

Up and march! the timbrel’s sound
 Wakes the slumb’ring camp around;
 Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
 Armed sleeper, up, and on!
 Long and weary is our way
 O’er the burning sands to-day;
 But to pilgrim’s homeward feet
 Ev’n the desert’s path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
 Looking up to heaven’s light,
 Hearing but the watchman’s tone
 Faintly chaunting “God is one,”†
 Oh what thoughts then o’er us come
 Of our distant village home,

* This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death: — “For me what room is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty when every moment the bell makes proclamation, ‘Bind on your burdens?’”

† The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, “God is one,” etc. etc.

Where that chaunt, when evening sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee! — soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red-Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan : *
Think what bliss that hour will be !
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So pass'd the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell-bound audience from that spot ;
While still, as usual, Fancy roved
On to the joy that yet was not ; —
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm — rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,

* "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
 That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
 Too high for hand of lord or king
 To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis Maina's land — her ancient hills,
 The abode of nymphs* — her countless rills
 And torrents, in their downward dash,
 Shining, like silver, through the shade
 Of the sea-pine and flowering ash —
 All with a truth so fresh pourtray'd
 As wants but touch of life to be
 A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
 Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance —
 Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
 Link'd in the Ariadne dance; †
 And while, apart from that gay throng,
 A minstrel youth, in varied song,
 Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
 Of these wild children of the hills,
 The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
 As war or sport inspires the lay,
 Follow each change that wakes the strings,
 And act what thus the lyrist sings: —

* ——— virginibus bacchata Laconis
 Taygeta.

VIRG.

† See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.

SONG.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come — we come,"
Each crag that towers in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side, —
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs —
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him;

When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Reëchoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Pourtray the lull, the nod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
'Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
Their startled ears — song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,

Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wondering nymphs ; and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
With mute inquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy ?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright wave swift along,
And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnacle tow'rd's them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
And, while their pinnacle idly roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told :—

'T was from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came —

Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
 O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
 That e'er in life's young glory set! —
 And now were on their mournful way,
 Wafting the news through Helle's isles; —
 News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
 And sadden Victory 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
 Out spread the galliot's wings again;
 And, as she sped her swift career,
 Again that Hymn rose on the ear —
 "Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!"
 As oft 't was sung, in ages flown,
 Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
 A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

SONG.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead! *
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.
 Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
 Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
 Still lights this world below.
 Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread
 And flowers ethereal blow,

* Φιλταθ' Ἀρμοδί' οὐ τι πον τεθνηκας.

Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed —
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread —
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

'Mong those who linger'd listening there, —
Listening, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could tow'rds them bear
A murmur of that mournful song, —
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call'd up feelings far too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,
The young moon, like the Roman mother
Among her living "jewels," beamed.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid — one who, though young,
Had known what 'twas to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had clung —
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung:—

SONG.

Calm as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
Yon landscape sleeps in light.
And while the night-breeze dies away,
Like relics of some faded strain,
Loved voices, lost for many a day,
Seem whispering round again.
Oh youth! oh love! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
In that bright sea beyond:
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
Than even that, tranquil, moon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power
And play of smiles, — and each bright eye,
Like violets after morning's shower,
The brighter for the tears gone by,
Back to the scene such smiles should grace
These wandering nymphs their path retrace,

And reach the spot, with rapture new,
Just as the veils asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood ; —
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
 With brow unveil'd, divine, severe ;
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
 When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings
O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he — that urchin nigh,
 With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
 So full of thought, for one so young ? —
That child — but, silence ! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear : —

SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
 Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
 Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
 That, grave or merry, good or ill,

The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even,
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic, —
Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon ; —
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill ;
As, weak or wise — it does n't matter —
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
“ How rosy was her lips' soft dye ! ”
And much that flute, the flatterer, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd — for, ah, ye creatures !
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook ;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
" Woman, alas, vain woman still ! "

An interval of dark repose —
Such as the summer lightning knows,
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright
The quick revealment comes and goes,
Opening each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light —
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,
Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bower it seem'd, an Indian bower,
Within whose shade a nymph reposed,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour —
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy — she, too, dreams !

Oh for a wizard's art to tell
The wonders that now bless her sight !
'Tis done — a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
Thus brings her vision all to light : —

SONG.

“ Who comes so gracefully
“ Gliding along,
“ While the blue rivulet
“ Sleeps to her song ;
“ Song, richly vying
“ With the faint sighing
“ Which swans, in dying,
“ Sweetly prolong ? ”

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

“ Stay,” said the shepherd-boy,
“ Fairy-boat, stay,
“ Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
“ Linger, a day.”

But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone ;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on ; —
Like flowers, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone !

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon
She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvell'd that it came not soon
As her young thoughts would have it come.
But joy is in her glance ! — the wing
Of a white bird is seen above ;
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird * would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

* The Huma.

She had herself, last evening, sent
A winged messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
She watch'd till, lessening out of sight,
Far to the golden West it went,
Wafting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flowers can speak, when aptly wove,
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.

And now — oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone! —
Ere yet another evening takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

SONG.

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number! —
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop — even now while I utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away ;

Cheer thee, my bird — were it life's ebbing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
But no — thou'rt dying — thy last task is over —
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my
lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

While thus this scene of song (their last
For the sweet summer season) pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle — scarcely missed,
Ere they were sparkling there again —
Glided, like fairies, to assist
Their handmaids on the moonlight plain,
Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid —
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through Heav'n, as tho' shé bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,

Had half-way sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hillocks green,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zeans at their feast were seen.
Gay was the picture — every maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd ; —
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
Beside the nymph of India's sky ;
While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,
And urchin Love stood laughing by.
Meantime the elders round the board,
By mirth and wit themselves made young
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,
And, while the flask went round, thus sung : —

SONG.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim ;
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright ?
Truth in a deep well lieth —
So the wise aver :

But 'Truth the fact denieth —
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers.
Like this mighty cup —
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
And all was tuneful mirth the while,
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly !
What see they there? a bright blue light
That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight.
As though 'twere wing'd to Zea's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
It seem'd the night-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
Of pine torch, luring on his prey ;
While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,
They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's * name,
Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,
Which mariners see on sail or mast,
When Death is coming in the blast.

* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

While marvelling thus they stood, a maid,
Who sate apart, with downcast eye,
Nor yet had, like the rest, surveyed
That coming light which now was nigh,
Soon as it met her sight, with cry
Of pain-like joy, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rs the sea.
At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed,
All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew:—
A youth, the flower of all the band,
Who late had left this sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
Lingering, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
The' ill-omen'd thought which cross'd him then,
That once those hands should lose their hold,
They ne'er would meet on earth again!
In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free
As generous woman's only is,
Veil'd her own fears to banish his:—
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this martial strain.

His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:—

SONG.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down, and die.

There! I see thy soul is burning—
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, e'er loth their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,

That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
To home he'd speed, if safe and free —

Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
So the blest word of "Victory!"

Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
"By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my bark;
"But, should I come through midnight dark,
"A blue light on the prow shall tell
"That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light;
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd.
Signal of joy — for her, for all —

Fleetly the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security;
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er —
Then hold them off, to gaze again,

And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, *indeed*, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him — all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd —
Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from victory scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

“Ere morn,” said he, — and, while he spoke,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,
The star of dawn already broke —
“We'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail!”
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while even amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

SONG.

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving
boy,

As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flamed

Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit ex-
claim'd,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,

While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,

In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew

'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.

"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he
cried,

"And the fount of Wit never can fail:"

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys
reply,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire

Each tendril and cluster it wore,

From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,

As made the tree tremble all o'er.

Oh, never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale :
“’Tis the Vine ! ’tis the Vine !” all reëcho the cry,
“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray ;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say ; —
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell’d on the gale ;
“’Tis the Vine ! ’tis the Vine !” laughing myriads
resound,
“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

VOL. V.

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(81)

TO
THE MISS FEILDINGS,
THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.

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1892

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

“Alas,” sigh'd the maiden, “how fancy can cheat!
“The world once had lips that could whisper thus
sweet;
“But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
“Where, oh that beside them this heart too could
sleep!”

She sunk on her pillow — but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement — but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

“Oh sleep, come and shield me,” in anguish she
said,
“From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!”
And sleep came around her — but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

“I come,” she exclaimed, “be thy home where it
may,
“On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;”
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beat-
ing fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back, — but the watchman who
stood,
That night, in the tower which o'ershadows the
flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had lis-
ten'd
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit un-
blest; —
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bridegroom re-
clineth,
“Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he
lies ;
“And there, as the light o’er his dark features shineth,
“Thou’lt see what a demon hath won all thy
sighs !”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light ;
And saw — such a vision ! — no image, appearing
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth but just passing from childhood’s sweet
morning,
While round him still linger’d its innocent ray ;
Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave
warning
Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown’d it
Seem’d fresh from the breeze of some garden
divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now ;
But, ah, — in her tremor the fatal lamp raising —
A sparkle flew from it and dropp’d on his brow.

All's lost — with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The Spirit flash'd o'er his glances of fire ;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire :

“ Farewell — what a dream thy suspicion hath broken !

“ Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost ;
“ Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,

“ And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost !”

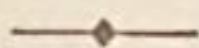


HERO AND LEANDER.

“ THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
“ There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
“ No star over Helle's sea ;
“ Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
“ One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
“ To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee !”

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
No eye but a lover's could see ;
And still, as the surge swept over his head,
“ To-night,” he said tenderly, “ living or dead,
“ Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee !”

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed ;
Oh, Love ! in that hour of thy votary's need,
 Where, where could thy Spirit be ?
He struggles — he sinks — while the hurricane's
 breath
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death —
 “ Sweet Hero, I die for thee ! ”



THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

“ TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
“ So may the stars obey thee,
 “ So may each airy
 “ Moon-elf and fairy
“ Nightly their homage pay thee !
“ Say, by what spell, above, below,
“ In stars that wink or flowers that blow,
 “ I may discover,
 “ Ere night is over,
“ Whether my love loves me, or no,
“ Whether my love loves me.”

“ Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
“ Hath charms no gold could buy thee :
 “ Its stem enchanted,
 “ By moon-elves planted,
“ Will all thou seek'st supply thee.
“ Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
“ Bring thence their fairest leaf below :

“ And thou’lt discover,
“ Ere night is over,
“ Whether thy love loves thee or no
“ Whether thy love loves thee.”

“ See, up the dark tree going,
“ With blossoms round me blowing,
“ From thence, oh Father,
“ This leaf I gather,
“ Fairest that there is growing.
“ Say, by what sign I now shall know
“ If in this leaf lie bliss or woe
“ And thus discover
“ Ere night is over,
“ Whether my love loves me or no,
“ Whether my love loves me.”

“ Fly to yon fount that’s welling
“ Where moonbeam ne’er had dwelling,
“ Dip in its water
“ That leaf, oh Daughter,
“ And mark the tale ’tis telling; *
“ Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
“ List thou, the while, that fountain’s flow,
“ And thou’lt discover
“ Whether thy lover,

* The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.

'Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
'Loved as he is, loves thee."

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
 But, scarce a minute
 The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe —
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow —
 "Shall I recover
 " My truant lover?"
The fountain seem'd to answer, "No;"
The fountain answered, "No."

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined,
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still "Sweet air, oh come!"
While Echo answered, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?

"'Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
"I have sought since break of day."
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
"Hilliho — hilliho!" he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 't was not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie: —
"I die, I die," was all she said,
While echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"



YOUTH AND AGE.*

"TELL me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way. —
"It is a sunny hour of play,
"For which repentance dear doth pay;
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love, as wise men say."

* The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses, "Tell me what's love, kind shepherd, pray?" and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.

“Tell me, what’s Love?” said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age’s lore. —

“Soft as a passing summer’s wind,

“Would’st know the blight it leaves behind?

“Repentance! Repentance!

“And this is Love — when love is o’er.”

“Tell me, what’s Love?” said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.

“Sweet as a May tree’s scented air —

“Mark ye what bitter fruit ’t will bear,

“Repentance! Repentance!

“This, this is Love — sweet Youth, beware.”

Just then, young Love himself came by,

And cast on Youth a smiling eye;

Who could resist that glance’s ray?

In vain did Age his warning say,

“Repentance! Repentance!”

Youth laughing went with Love away.



THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying

By the Danube’s leafy side,

Thus faintly said, in dying,

“Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,

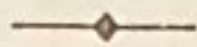
“This gift to my lady-bride.”

'T was then in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more !

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated !
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —
Her life-pulse ceased to beat ;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal-flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding sheet !



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“ COME, if thy magic Glass have power
“ To call up forms we sigh to see ;
“ Show me my love, in that rosy bower,
“ Where last she pledged her truth to me.”

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay ;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
"She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo ! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear ;
"'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
"Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower ;
"Such," he exclaim'd, "was the gift that she
"Each morning sent me from that bower !"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly !"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
"By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see ! —
Leads to that bower another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he !

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love !"
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view ;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.



THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,
Traced on the sky ;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim towers before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

“Hall of my Sires !” he said,
“How long, with weary tread,
“Must I toil on ?
“Each eve, as thus I wander,
“Thy towers seem rising yonder,
“But, scarce hath daylight shone,
“When, like a dream, thou’rt gone !”

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day :

That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career;
That dream, of fancy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.



THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald wooed her,
Tho' brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels
they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors
be;
"He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to
dwell in; —
"None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"



Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking
round her

On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree ;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo
her,

With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;
His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd
through her,

He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

“ Proud maiden ! I come with high spousals to grace
thee,

“ In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see ;

“ Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,

“ And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born
Ladye ! ”

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,

Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she ;

And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd
her

In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

“ But whither,” she, starting, exclaims, “ have you
led me ? [tree ;

“ Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress

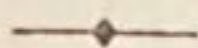
“Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst
wed me?”

With scorn in her glance said the high-born
Ladye.

“’Tis the home,” he replied, “of earth’s loftiest
creatures” —

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground — ’t was a skeleton’s
features,

And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!



THE INDIAN BOAT.

’T WAS midnight dark,
The seaman’s bark,
Swift o’er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o’er the wave before him.
“A sail! a sail!” he cries;
“She comes from the Indian shore,
“And to-night shall be our prize,
“With her freight of golden ore:
“Sail on! sail on!”
When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearen;

But, though so fast
The waves he pass'd,
That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated:
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast;
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded:
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows — who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?

Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before !
For, oh, till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.



THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted
ground ;
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music reëcho around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er un-
derstand ;
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay
sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weep-
ing,
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 't was an anthem some angel had sung
us ; —

But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on
high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh
ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — oh, but once to
have seen them —
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;
While her looks and her voice made a language
between them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could
restore her —
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing —
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the
gloom.

A M E L O L O G U E

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using “the outlandish term, *monopoly*.” But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, “If ’tis not sense, at least, ’tis Greek.”

To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone ;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away,*
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,

* " A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, ' For God's sake, Sir, let me go ; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons ; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.' " — *Garcilasso de la Véga*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
Gaily as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow ;
Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

GREEK AIR.

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd ;
And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar !

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears !—

Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears ;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war ;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights ;
 A conqueror oft — a hero never —
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
 And gush'd for ever !

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power. —
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their
 flocks,
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts ; to bring around his
 knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar ;
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears ;

And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR. — "RANZ DES VACHES."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.

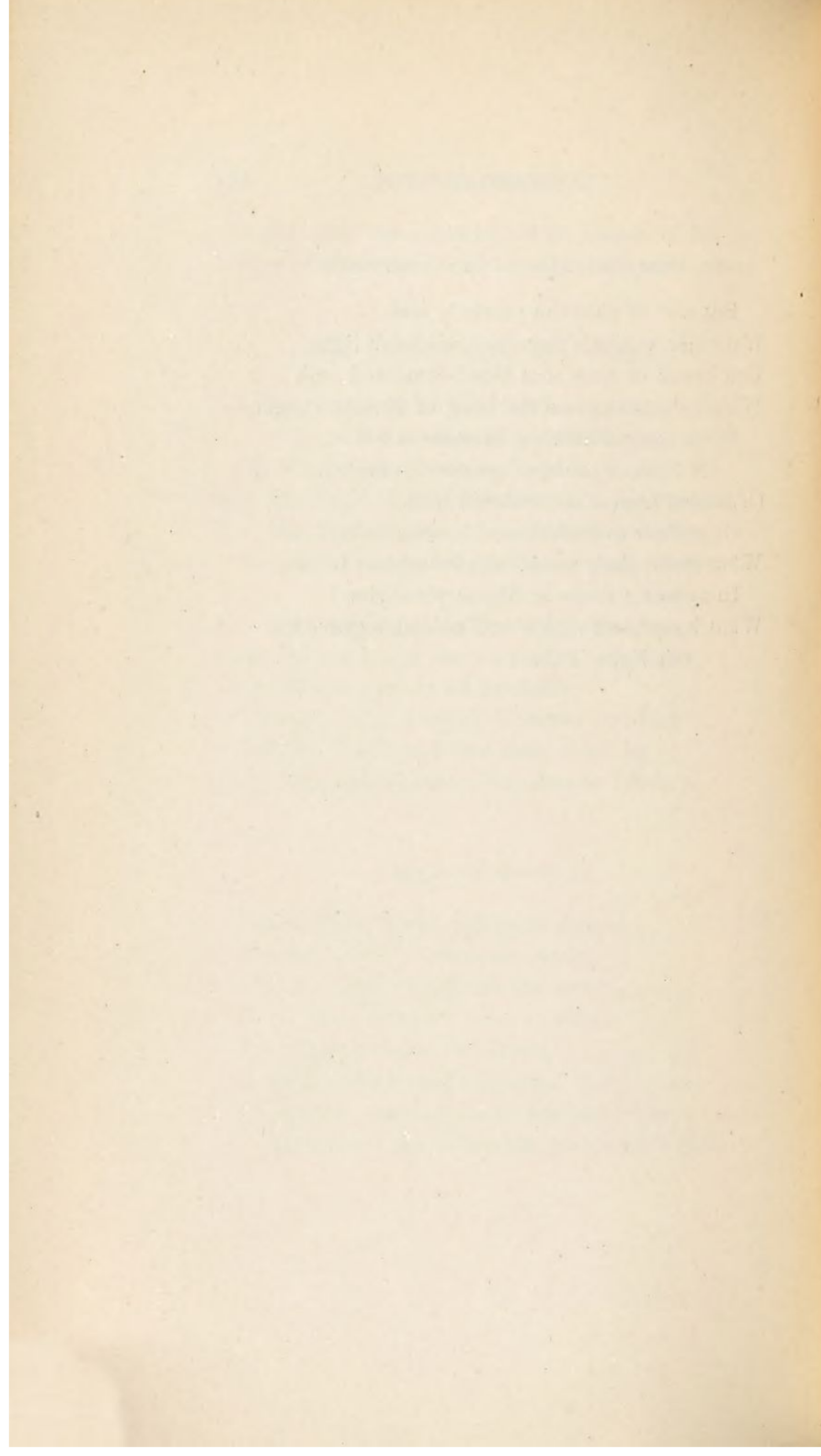
Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air;
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.

SPANISH AIR. — “YA DESPERTO.”

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin, Thine!



THE SUMMER FETE.

VOL. V.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

MRS. NORTON.

FOR the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening — of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments — I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet,* whose playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

* Lord Francis Egerton.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. NORTON it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage

Nov. 1831.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

“WHERE are ye now, ye summer days,
“That once inspired the poet’s lays?
“Blest time! ere England’s nymphs and swains,
“For lack of sunbeams, took to coals —
“Summers of light, undimm’d by rains,
“Whose only mocking trace remains
“In watering-pots and parasols.”

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that Fête
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain’s shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep’d with the other at the sky —
Th’ important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.

Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!

Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
 But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there —
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine —
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
 With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow as if to woo them nigher,
 Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh! the light, the un hoped-for light,
 That now illumed this morning's heaven!
Up sprung Iänthe at the sight,
 Though — hark! — the clocks but strike eleven,
And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
 (Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
 And must retrench his golden rays —
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

“Calumnious thought!” Iänthe cries,
 While coming mirth lit up each glance,

And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance :
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be — if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square —
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes —
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fête is to be held to-night —
That Fête already link'd to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)
Seem'd circled with a fairy light ; —
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster, just come *out*,
To the old Premier, too long *in* —

From legs of far descended gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin —
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Live atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls "the World."

Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice,
And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice,
A spirit of coolness over all.

And now the important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,
The west-end "world" for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,
Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call "Nobody," behind ; —
No star for London's feasts to-day,

No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray ; —
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned !
Ev'n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate's share ;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all call'd to — prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square — *
That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Primeval Error still holds out —
Where never gleam of gas must dare
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt ; —
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still : —
Soon as through that illustrious square
The first epistolary bell,

* I am not certain whether the Dowagers of this Square have yet yielded to the innovations of Gas and Police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old *régime* ; and would not suffer themselves to be either well guarded or well lighted.

Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell ;
Warn'd by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the day-light's westering beam,
The young Iänthe, who, with flowers
Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there ; —
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry —
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile — what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near — like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting ?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to *B alt*,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and — flies.
Tones of a harp, too, gently played,
Came with this youthful voice communing ;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that inflictive process, tuning —

A process which must oft have given
 Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound ;
 So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
 He specifies "harps *ever* tuned." *
 She who now sung this gentle strain
 Was our young nymph's still younger sister —
 Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
 In their light legions to enlist her,
 But counted on, as sure to bring
 Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
 Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
 Was one in Morning Post much famed,
 From a *divine* collection, named,
 "Songs of the Toilet" — every Lay
 Taking for subject of its Muse,
 Some branch of feminine array,
 Some item, with full scope, to choose,
 From diamonds down to dancing shoes ;
 From the last hat that Herbault's hands
 Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
 Down to the latest flounce that stands
 Like Jacob's Ladder — or expands
 Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
 The Morning Post thus sweetly says : —

* ——— their golden harps they took —

Harps ever tuned.

Paradise Lost, book iii.

"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
 "That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
 "Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
 "This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
 "The very notes themselves reveal
 "The cut of each new sleeve so well;
 "A *flat* betrays the *Imbécilles*,*
 "Light fugues the flying lappets tell;
 "While rich cathedral chords awake
 "Our homage for the *Manches d'Evêque*."

'T was the first opening song — the Lay
 Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
 That the young nymph, to while away
 The tiring-hour, thus warbled o'er: —

SONG.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
 In all thy best array thee;
 The sun's below — the moon's above —
 And Night and Bliss obey thee.
 Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
 The zone, the wreath, the gem,
 Not so much gracing charms so fair,
 As borrowing grace from them.

* The name given to those large sleeves that hang loosely.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below — the moon's above —
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love.
Etc. etc. etc.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
 Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
 Mid the cool airs of Evening lay ;
While round his couch's golden rim
 The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept —
Struggling each other's light to dim,
 And catch his last smile e'er he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
 The golden eve its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames
 Now grouped around that festal board ;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they'd robb'd both birds and bowers —
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue ;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flowed,
 Each sunset ray that mixed by chance
With the wine's sparkles, showed
 How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form exprest,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
 In the bleak fog of England's skies,

Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
As masqueraders, to *disguise*,)
It yet was hoped — and well that hope
Was answered by the young and gay —
That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope ; —
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
And all the regions of Romance
Be ransacked by the *femme de chambre*.

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas —
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom ; —
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome ; —
Muses in muslin — pastoral maids
With hats from the *Arcade-ian* shades,
And fortune-tellers, rich, 't was plain,
As fortune-*hunters* form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
Were mixed no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors — all willing
To look, even more than usual, killing ; —
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious ; —

M. P.s turned Turks, good Moslems then,
Who, last night, voted for the Greeks;
And Friars, staunch No-Popery men,
In close confab with Whig Caciques.

But where is she — the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error.
“Where is she,” ask’st thou? — watch all looks
As cent’ring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn’d to the sun — and she is there.
Ev’n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you’d track her out:
As when the moon, close shawl’d in fog,
Steals as she thinks, through heaven *incog.*,
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil’d her light; —
For see, she walks the earth, Love’s own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledg’d in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (tho’ few would think it),

And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night !

But hark ! some song hath caught her ears —

And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd ne'er
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,

Her goddess-ship approves the air ;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gaily nods

As though she sate with all her train

At some great Concert of the Gods,
With Phœbus, leader — Jove director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came —

A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame

Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd ;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his song,
Replied in chorus the gay throng : —

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see ;

But, as *I'm* not particular — wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay — humble and strange as my tastes may appear —

If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank
Heaven,

To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of
seven.

So pledge me a bumper — your sages profound
May be blest if they will, on their own patent
plan:

But as we are *not* sages, why — send the cup
round —

We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of *new* pleasures! — give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they
find.

Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnacle of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my
way!

In the mean time, a bumper — your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are *not* Angels, why — let the flask fly —
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
A flush that spoke him loth to die —
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more?
Alas, it is that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd; —
That Beauty, when least shone upon,
A creature most ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws; —
It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will *be*.

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
On the fair groups that, round and round,

From glade to grot, from bank to bower,
Now wander'd through this fairy ground ;
And thus did Fancy — and champagne —
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd, at noon-day, plain,
Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to belles ;
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
The ear, the fancy, quick succeed ;
And now along the waters fly
Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide —
Astonishing old Thames to find
Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last shaft from Daylight's quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene ;
And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
A band of mariners, from th' isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay : —

TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
The ocean-wave,
She mark'd it for the Free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
Whatever storms befall,
The island bark
Is Freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where every shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?

No — by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show —
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece reëchoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song:—

SONG.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flow'ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers —
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads) —
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers ; —
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to "Moses ;" — *
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respire ;
Till Mayerbeer for mercy sues,
And Weber at her feet expires.

* In England the *partition* of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit; by which means the indecorum of giving such names as "Moÿse," "Pharaon," etc. to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris), has been avoided.

And now the set hath ceased — the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
While light along the painted floor,
 Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
 Till — nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo! — most opportunely sent —
 Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
 For fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room — and scarce were there
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes ;
While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the *he* thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing :
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
 The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
 Must manage not to breathe at all.
The female (these same critics said,)
 Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
 To hat of toadstool much akin —
That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
 Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However — sad as 't was, no doubt,
That nymph so smart should go about,
With head unconscious of the place
It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space —
Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*,
A prettier show 't was hard to find ;
While of that doubtful genus, “dressy men,”
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
Such *Savans*, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race —
To know what rank (if rank at all)
'Mong reas'ning things to them should fall —
What sort of notions heaven imparts
To high-built heads and tight-laced hearts,
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays —
Might now, if gifted with discerning,
Find opportunities of learning :
As these two creatures — from their pout
And frown, 't was plain — had just fall'n out ;
And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full fret and force ; —
Like mites, through microscope espied,
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
The tempest of their souls to speak :
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a Duet

WALTZ DUET.*

HE.

Long as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone — heighho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! etc.
Those happy days are gone — heighho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! etc.
Still round and round through life we'll go.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this Duet is a parody of the often-translated and parodied ode of Horace, "Donec gratus eram tibi," etc.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! etc.
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I *levant* from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! etc.
Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee to Weber's Stop-Waltz, die!
Oh! ah! etc.
Thus round and round through life we'll go.
Exeunt waltzing.

While, thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,

These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil —
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto: —)
While thus the fiddle's spell, *within*,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden — lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there; —
While here a lighted shrubbery led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but o'er-head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood;
And looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither, to this embower'd retreat,
Fit but for nights so still and sweet;

Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
 So silent is, below, on high,
 That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall —
Hither to this recess, a few,
 To shun the dancers' wildering noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
 To music's more ethereal joys,
Came, with their voices — ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call —
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark-ey'd nymph, array'd —
Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,
Bright Mona Lisa * — with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone —
With face, too, in its form resembling
 Da Vinci's Beauties — the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
 Now soft, as if suffused with sighs —
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful words : —

* The celebrated portrait by Lionardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting. — *Vasari*, vol. vii.

SONG.

Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying —
Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;
Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banish'd so long,
Chase them away — they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute — day is fast going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy lay.
Mark, how it fades! — see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide —
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glistening sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody —
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.

SONG AND TRIO.

On one of those sweet nights that oft
Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,
Beneath my casement, low and soft,
I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night-breeze caught —
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
"Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of every strain,
I heard these burning words again —
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
"Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
Each asking eye — nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray

Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float —
So rich with climate was each note —
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy with this soft theme, —

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing,
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute singeth best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till *thy* glance they see;
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.
Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light, boyish form, with trip

Fantastic, up the green walk came,
Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
Or green, or crimson, lent its hue ;
As though a live cameleon's skin
He had despoil'd, to robe him in.
A zone he wore of clattering shells,
And from his lofty cap, where shone
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
That rung as he came dancing on.
Close after him, a page — in dress
And shape, his miniature express —
An ample basket, fill'd with store
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore ;
Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
He laid it at his master's feet,
Who half in speech and half in song,
Chaunted this invoice to the throng :—

SONG.

Who'll buy ? — 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy ? —
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages ;
Besides our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it ;
And nine-pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy ? — 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy ?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
 For bards to wear in dog-day weather ;
 Or bards the bells alone may take,
 And leave to wits the cap and feather.
 Tetotums we've for patriots got,
 Who court the mob with antics humble ;
 Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
 A glorious spin, and then — a tumble.
 Who'll buy, etc. etc.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
 We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper ;
 While, for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*,
 That, fast as they can wish, will caper.
 For aldermen we've dials true,
 That tell no hour but that of dinner ;
 For courtly parsons sermons new,
 That suit alike both saint and sinner.
 Who'll buy, etc. etc.

No time we've now to name our terms,
 But, whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
 This oldest of all mortal firms,
 Folly and Co., will try to please you.
 Or, should you wish a darker hue
 Of goods than *we* can recommend you,
 Why then (as we with lawyers do)
 To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
 Who'll buy, etc. etc.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That show themselves, like grains of gold
In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
Behold where, opening far away,
The long Conservatory's range,
Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
But gaining lovelier in exchange,
Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah much-lov'd Supper! — blithe repast
Of other times, now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deployed his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
Put Supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now waked once more by wine — whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills, before they sing —
The minstrels of the table greet
The listening ear with descant sweet: —

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVEE AND COUCHEE.

Call the Loves around,
Let the whisp'ring sound
Of their wings be heard alone,
Till soft to rest
My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
Let Fancy's beams
Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
Her spirit be
Like a summer sea,
Shining and slumbering too.
And, while thus hush'd she lies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
“Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright
eyes.”

But the day-beam breaks,
See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,
Like stars that wait
At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore.
Let the veil of night
From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,

Like mists that flee
From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
And, while her last dream flies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
“ Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright
eyes.”

SONG.

If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
Nor to live but for those eyes :
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heaven,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
In this heart more pride 't will raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
Than right, with all a world to praise !

But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whispering round,
From lip to lip — as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,

Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look tow'rds yon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?

Thus runs the tale:—yon blushing maid,
Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marriage Service,)
Is the bright heroine of our song,—
The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.

But no — earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.

And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
And love and silence blush'd consent.
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, house-maids, Turks, Hindoos,)
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie;
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Ducal shape — but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious — such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the Sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leaders' nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.

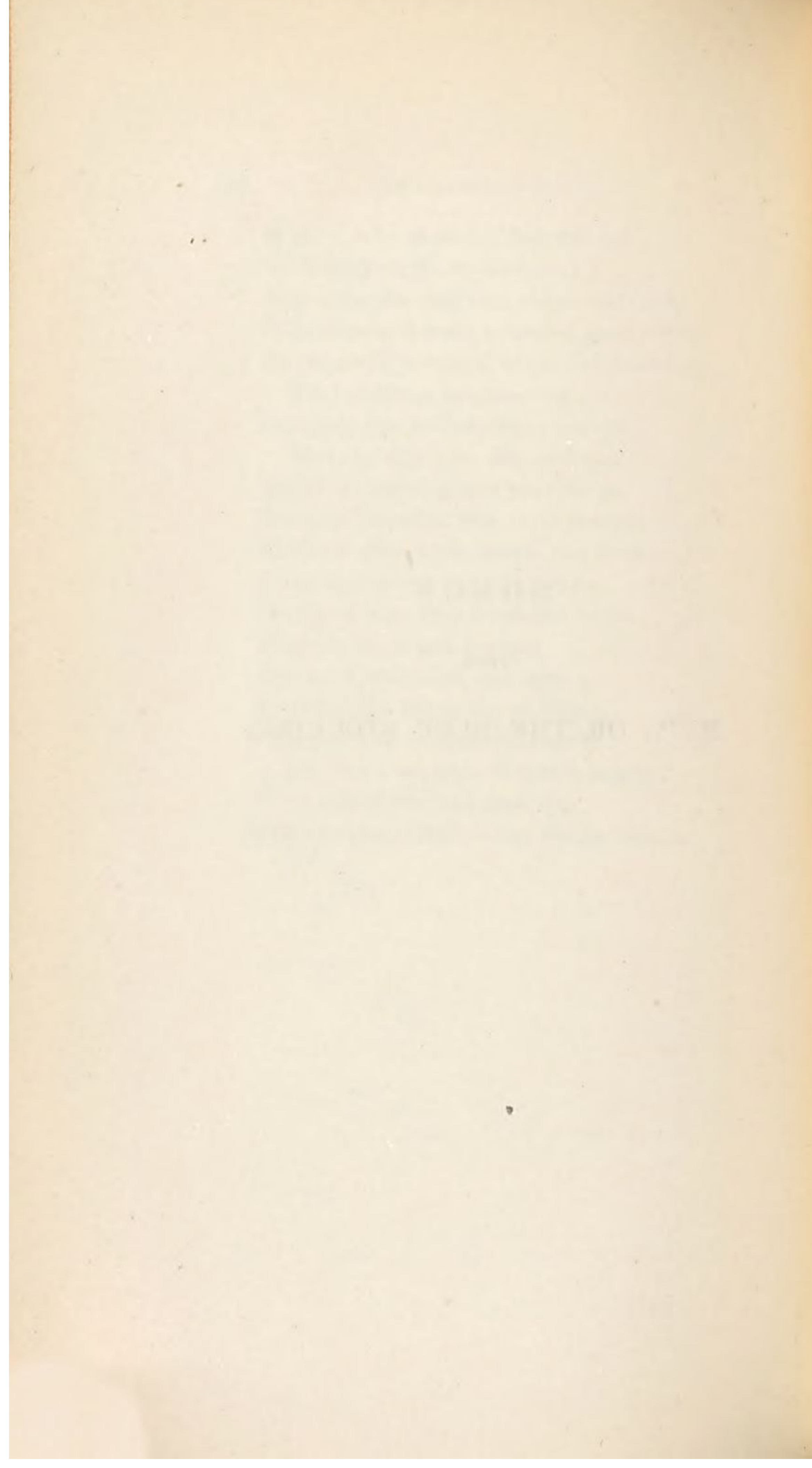
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking
Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,
Now, by daylight, dim and pale;
Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bored you keep
Time by nodding, nod to sleep;
Hairs of hair, that stood last night
Crépe, crispy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well — thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a Ball — has but its night.

S O N G S

FROM

M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

(153)



SONGS

FROM

M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
(155)

She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love — is it you? good-by;"
So he oped the window, and flew away!

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd,
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with *more*,
It could not live with *less*.
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine ;
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to Sorrow known ;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn to pain ;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, etc. etc.

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 't was felt,
But when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.

Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre ?
Sweet lute ! thy chords she breaketh ;
Golden now the strings she waketh !

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told ?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,
But, alas ! no more we listen !



BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

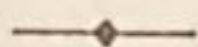
Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For soon neither smiling or weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Ev'n then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery ;
For hearts, we're told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believ'd the whole his own.

Chor. — A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.



SONG.*

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent — our glory when present —
Where thou art, O Liberty ! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd !
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave ;
Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion ! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam ;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the
ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty ! thou art my home.

* Sung in the character of a Frenchman.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

(163)

THE HISTORY OF THE

1781

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
“’Tis late, my love!” and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchang’d at night!

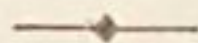
* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words “at night” written over him.

TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
 To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh ;
 Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
 This relic lights up in her generous eye,
 Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
 A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
 Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and — all that,
 And wondering much what little knavish sprite
 Had put it first in women's heads to write : —
 Sudden I saw — as in some witching dream —
 A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
 From whose quick-opening folds of azure light
 Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
 As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
 Some sunny morning from a violet bed.
 “ Bless me ! ” I starting cried, “ what imp are
 you ? ” —
 “ A small he-devil, Ma'am — my name BAS BLEU —

“ A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading ;
 “ ’T is I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,
 “ The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
 “ The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
 “ And, when the waltz has twirl’d her giddy brain,
 “ With metaphysics twirl it back again ! ”

I view’d him, as he spoke — his hose were blue,
 His wings — the covers of the last Review —
 Cerulean, border’d with a jaundice hue,
 And tinsell’d gaily o’er, for evening wear,
 Till the next quarter brings a new-fledg’d pair.
 “ Inspir’d by me — (pursued this waggish Fairy) —
 “ That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
 “ Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
 “ Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
 “ For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
 “ And mingle Love’s blue brilliances with mine ;
 “ For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
 “ Looks wise — the pretty soul ! — and *thinks* she’s
 thinking.
 “ By my advice Miss Indigo attends
 “ Lectures on Memory, and, assures her friends,
 “ ‘Pon honour ! — (*mimics*) — nothing can surpass
 the plan
 “ ‘Of that professor — (*trying to recollect*) — psha !
 that memory-man —
 “ ‘That — what’s his name ? — him I attended
 lately —
 “ ‘Pon honour, he improv’d *my* memory greatly.’ ”

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.

“Nay, there — (he cried) — there I am guiltless
quite —

“What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,

“When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could
rhyme;

“When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,

“Blush'd without art, and without culture smil'd —

“Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,

“Ere science call'd their brilliant world her own,

“Rang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,

“And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing
borders! —

“No, no — your gentle Inas will not do —

“To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,

“I'll come — (*pointing downwards*) — you under-
stand — till then adieu!”

And *has* the sprite been here? No — jests apart —
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife — the mother — firm, yet gentle too —
Whose soul, wrapt up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves — yet dares even Love himself disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne:
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and — Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.*

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords, —
I heard but once that witching lay ;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away ;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain ; —
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled ;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone ; —

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set ;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse ; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

In vain : — the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,
From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
Came with its music close to mine ;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before, —
All perfect, all again my own !

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again ;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around,
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what's *now*,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, "Live we while we may."

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclides.

ERASM. *Adag.*

To those we love we've drunk to-night ;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love — WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links — WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not ;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go — WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure — WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who *do* — WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs — WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want — WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft — WE CARE NOT.

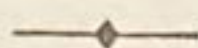
For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who *are* not,
Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
Good men and true — WE CARE NOT.

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE
BOLEYN."

" S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeulx encor plus attirante,
Lesquelz sçavoit bien conduyre à propos
En les tenant quelquefoys en repos;
Aucunefoys envoyant en message
Porter du cueur le secret tesmoignage."

MUCH as her form seduc'd the sight,
Her eyes could ev'n more surely woo;
And when, and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.



THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,
Che di fuoco d'amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea: —

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
 Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'ntorno
 Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda —
 Per piacermi allo specchio qui m' adorno;
 Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
 Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

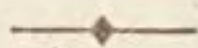
Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
 Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani;
 Lei lo vedere e me l'ovrare appaga.

DANTE, *Purg.* canto xxvii.

"T WAS eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
 The star of Beauty beam'd,
 While lull'd by light so full of love,
 In slumber thus I dream'd —
 Methought, at that sweet hour,
 A nymph came o'er the lea,
 Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
 Thus said and sung to me: —
 " Should any ask what Leila loves,
 " Say thou, To wreathe her hair
 " With flow'rets cull'd from glens and groves,
 " Is Leila's only care.

" While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
 " O'er hill and dale I roam,
 " My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
 " Sits lone and mute at home.
 " Before her glass untiring,
 " With thoughts that never stray,
 " Her own bright eyes admiring,
 " She sits the live-long day ;

“ While I ! — oh, seldom ev’n a look
“ Of self salutes my eye ; —
“ My only glass, the limpid brook,
“ That shines and passes by.”



SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

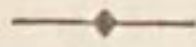
THE dance was o’er, yet still in dreams,
That fairy scene went on ;
Like clouds still flush’d with daylight gleams
Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully to music’s sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round ;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang’d — in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthron’d ;
While, rang’d around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own’d :
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O’er willing subjects won its way —
’Till all confess’d the Right Divine
To rule o’er man was only thine !

But, lo, the scene now chang’d again —
And borne on plumed steed,

I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead :
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
'Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
'Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.



COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
Say where, where is it now ?

But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.

The new found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow ; —

The fear, the bliss, the shame —

Ah — where, where are they now ?

But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.



SCEPTICISM.

ERE Psyche drank the cup, that shed
Immortal Life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 't is said,
One drop of Doubt into the bowl —

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
To Psyche's lips — she knew not why —
Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem
As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
A chill came o'er her heart — a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
Her spirit from that happy sphere.

“Those sunny ringlets,” she exclaim'd,
“Twining them round her snowy fingers;
“That forehead, where a light, unnam'd,
“Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;

“Those lips, through which I feel the breath
“Of Heav'n itself, whene'er they sever —
“Say, are they mine, beyond all death,
“My own, hereafter, and for ever?

“Smile not — I know that starry brow,
“Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
“Will always shine, as they do now —
“But shall *I* live to *see* them shine?”

In vain did Love say, “Turn thine eyes
“On all that sparkles round thee here —
“Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies,
“And in these arms — what *canst* thou fear?”

In vain — the fatal drop, that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was transport given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of
life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the
rake —
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father — whose wife shall I take?"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

PURE as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood
By JORDAN'S stream, descended from the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise and good
Leave in the hearts that love them, when they die.
So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by thee —
So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm
Within our souls through grief, and pain, and
strife,
Be, like ELISHA'S cruise, a holy charm,
Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

THIS life, dear Corry, who can doubt? —
Resembles much friend Ewart's * wine,
When *first* the rosy drops come out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,
So free from even a shade with some,
That they would smile, did you but hint,
That darker drops would *ever* come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,
Till life, like old and crusty port,
When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not as bright as *once* they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have *thy* friendship for its strainer

* A wine-merchant.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last ;
Long as he breath'd the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned had n't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,
Whatever statesmen did or said,
If not exactly brought about,
'T was all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With NAP, if Russia went to war,
'T was owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar —
(Vide his pamphlet — price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo —
As all but Frenchmen think she was —
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it ;
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in !

From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd — who advis'd the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 't was he.

For though by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright *seen* the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed —
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in 't —
Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had — odd enough — an awkward hole in 't.

'T was thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
Whatever was the best pye going,
In *that* Ned — trust him — had his finger

* * * * *

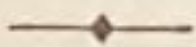
WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO ———.

WHAT shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As tho' it shone but yesterday,
When, loitering idly in the ray
Of a spring sun, I heard, o'er-head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise; —
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke —
Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer-eve,
(Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart,)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
In life and beauty, to the sound
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!

Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
To call up ev'n a dream again
Of the fresh light those moments cast.



COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

ONE night the nymph call'd COUNTRY DANCE —
(Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
That mincing thing, *Mamselle* QUADRILLE) —

Having been chased from London down
To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace — a Country Town —
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

“Here, here, at least,” she cried, “though driv’n
“From London’s gay and shining tracks —
“Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
“I’ve lost, for ever lost, Almack’s —

“Though not a London Miss alive
“Would now for her acquaintance own me ;
“And spinsters, ev’n, of forty-five,
“Upon their honours ne’er have known me ;

“Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
“And — spite of some few dandy Lancers,

“Who vainly try to preach Quadrille —
“See nought but *true-blue* Country Dancers.

“Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
“My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
“’Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
“That scorn the threaten’d *chaine Anglaise*.”

’Twas thus she said, as ’mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King’s Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squireesses all,
With young Squirinas, just *come out*,
And my Lord’s daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt,) —

All these, as light she tripp’d up stairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling —
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops — she listens — *can* it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would ’scape it —
It is “Di tanti palpiti”
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

“Courage!” however — in she goes,
With her best sweeping country grace;

When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty,)
A band-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine* —
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair —
Her poetry, from *Lamartine* —
Her morals, from — the Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd — so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate —
So still, you'd hardly think 't was *going*.

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance* —
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know

For English, at a single glance —
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces ;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle* — who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did She of Albion wear ;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*, not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in 't
Such anger now — whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*") —

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While — to the tune of "*Money Musk*," *
Which struck up now — she proudly spoke —

" Heard you that strain — that joyous strain ?
" 'T was such as England lov'd to hear,

* An old English Country Dance.

“ Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
“ Corrupted both her foot and ear —

“ Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
“ Presum’d, in sight of all beholders,
“ To lay his rude, licentious hands
“ On virtuous English backs and shoulders —

“ Ere times and morals both grew bad,
“ And, yet unfleec’d by funding blockheads,
“ Happy John Bull not only *had*,
“ But danc’d to, ‘Money in both pockets.’

“ Alas, the change! — Oh, Londonderry,
Where is the land could ’scape disasters.
“ With *such* a Foreign Secretary,
“ Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?

“ Woe to ye, men of ships and shops!
“ Rulers of day-books and of waves!
“ Quadrill’d, on one side, into fops,
“ And drill’d, on t’other, into slaves!

“ Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
“ Like pigeons, truss’d for exhibition,
“ With elbows, *à la crapaudine*,
“ And feet, in — God knows what position;

“ Hemm’d in by watchful chaperons,
“ Inspectors of your airs and graces,

“ Who intercept all whisper’d tones,
“ And read your telegraphic faces ;

“ Unable with the youth ador’d,
“ In that grim *cordon* of Mamas,
“ To interchange one tender word,
“ Though whisper’d but in *queue-de-chats*.

“ Ah did you know how blest we rang’d,
“ Ere vile Quadrille usurp’d the fiddle —
“ What looks in *setting* were exchang’d,
“ What tender words in *down the middle* ;

“ How many a couple, like the wind,
“ Which nothing in its course controls,
“ Left time and chaperons far behind,
“ And gave a loose to legs and souls ;

“ How matrimony throve — ere stopp’d
“ By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting —
“ How charmingly one’s partner popp’d
“ The’ important question in *poussette-ing*.

“ While now, alas — no sly advances —
“ No marriage hints — all goes on badly —
“ Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,
“ We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

“ Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
“ Declares not half so much is made

“ By Licences — and he must know well —
“ Since vile Quadrilling spoil’d the trade.”

She ceas’d — tears fell from every Miss —
She now had touch’d the true pathetic: —
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was “ Country Dance ! ”
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas’d,
Now tun’d again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England’s triumph was complete.



GAZEL.

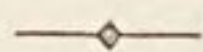
HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh ;
Already, in the’ unopen’d flowers
That sleep around us, Fancy’s eye
Can see the blush of future bowers ;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami !

The streamlet frozen on its way,
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,

Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
Upon its path exulting springs —
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay ;
Enough if they a while remain,
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
From time to time, and come again.
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart,
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale ;
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!



LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ATKIN-
SON, ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

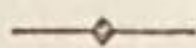
The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart above all worldly wiles ;

Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles ;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads ;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given ;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven :

All these were his. — Oh, thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die !



GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur. — SENECA.

OF old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As nature meant, supreme, alone ;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last ;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it ;
His nods, his struggles all too late —
“*Qui semel jussit, semper paret.*”

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds — the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions —
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant, the Vizir's Council sat —
“Good Lord, your Highness can't go there —
“Bless me, your Highness can't do that.”

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
“The taste was bad, the price was high —
“A flower were simpler than a gem.”

To please them if he took to flowers —
“What trifling, what unmeaning things !

“Fit for a woman’s toilet hours,
“But not at all the style for Kings.”

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play’d no more the rambling comet —
“A dull, good sort of man, ’t was clear,
“But, as for great or brave, far from it.”

Did he then look o’er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him? —
“Saint Aristotle, what wild notions !
“Serve a ‘ne exeat regno’ on him.”

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him plac’d a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue
Turn’d up with yellow — chiefly Scotchmen ;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood’s prison grounds,
Who at Napoleon’s heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some champion of his power,
Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare’s sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty! —

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

TO LADY J * R * * Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.

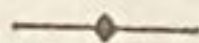
Written at Middleton.

OH albums, albums, how I dread
 Your everlasting scrap and scrawl !
 How often wish that from the dead,
 Old Omar would pop forth his head,
 And make a bonfire of you all !

So might I 'scape the spinster band,
 The blushless blues, who, day and night,
 Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
 To waylay bards, with book in hand,
 Crying for ever, " Write, sir, write ! "

So might I shun the shame and pain,
 That o'er me at this instant come,
 When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
 Knocks at the portal of my brain,
 And gets, for answer, " Not at home ! "

November, 1828.



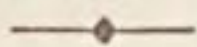
TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
 From Byron down to * * * * * and me

Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * r * * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven ;
As even old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.



OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID, AFTER
THE PLAY OF THE DRAMATIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(Entering as if to announce the play.)

LADIES and Gentlemen, on Monday night,
For the ninth time — oh accents of delight
To the poor author's ear, when *three times three*
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy !
When, long by money, and the muse, forsaken,
He finds at length his jokes and boxes taken,
And sees his play-bill circulate — alas,
The only bill on which his name will pass !
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame
Through box and gallery waft your well-known
name,
While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,
And learned ladies spell your *Dram. Person*.

'Tis said our worthy Manager * intends
 To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends.
 Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or *parts*,
 Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,
 There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
 Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
 Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make,
 And beaus, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake;
 For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,
 For him (oh friendship!) *I* act tragedy!
 In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
 Make *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*.

With *such* a manager we can't but please,
 Tho' London sent us all her loud O. P.'s,†
 Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,
 Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle;
 You, on our side, R. P.‡ upon our banners,
 Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s manners:
 And show that, here — howe'er John Bull may
 doubt —

In all *our* plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;
 And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,
 Your well-timed thunder never sours its zest.

* The late Mr. Richard Power.

† The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured for the continuance of the old prices of admission.

‡ The initials of our manager's name.

Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,
At Shakspeare's altar,* shall we breathe our last;
And, ere this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,
Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!



EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,
AT THE OPENING OF THE KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER,
1809.

* * * * *

YET, even here, though Fiction rules the hour,
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power;
And there are tears, too — tears that Memory sheds
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,†
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest!
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Forgive this gloom — forgive this joyless strain,
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train.
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter;
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails —
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails.

* This alludes to a scenic representation then preparing for the last night of the performances.

† The late Mr. John Lister, one of the oldest members and best actors of the Kilkenny Theatrical Society.

I know not why — but time, methinks, hath pass'd
More fleet than usual since we parted last.
It seems but like a dream of yester-night,
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light;
And, e'er the memory lose one glowing hue
Of former joy, we come to kindle new.
Thus ever may the flying moments haste
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,
But deeply print and lingeringly move,
When thus they reach'd the sunny spots we love.
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,
Let this be still the solstice of the year,
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink to level life again.

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch
A pair so sorted could not show;
But how refuse? — the Gnome was rich,
The Rothschild of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
Are told, betimes, they must consider

Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his Mine —
A Palace, paved with diamonds all —
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,
Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,
And all the best; but of the *upper*
The sprinkling was but shy and rare, —
A few old Sylphids, who lov'd supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp
Of DAVY, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd a damp,
Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange but safe devices;
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
Among the Orient's flowers and spices; —

Musical flint-mills — swiftly play'd
By elfin hands — that, flashing round,
Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,
Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun;
And water from that Indian sea,

Whose waves at night like wild-fire run —
Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,
Like little light-houses, were set up ;
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call —
My Lady knew him but by name,
My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, appris'd
That he was coming, and, no doubt,
Alarm'd about his torch, advis'd
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapprov'd this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat frightened,
Thought Love too much a gentleman,
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was — and dancing
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather ;
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing,
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch, whose light,

Though not *yet* kindled — who could tell
How soon, how devilishly, it *might*?

And so it chanced — which, in those dark
And fireless halls was quite amazing;
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came (when close entangled
In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes,
Or from the *lucciole*, that spangled
Her locks of jet — is all surmise;

But certain 'tis the' ethereal girl
Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,
Which, by the waltz's windy whirl
Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,
That curtain of protecting wire,
Which DAVY delicately draws
Around illicit, dangerous fire! —

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,
(Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,)
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair
May see each other, but not kiss.*

* ——— Partique dedêre
Oscula quisque suæ, non pervenientia contrâ.

At first the torch look'd rather bluely, —
 A sign, they say, that no good boded —
 Then quick the gas became unruly,
 And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd together,
 With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,
 Like butterflies in stormy weather,
 Were blown — legs, wings, and tails — to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,
 The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part —
 Found lying, with a livid scorch
 As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

* * * * *

“Well done” — a laughing Goblin said —
 Escaping from this gaseous strife —
 “Tis not the *first* time Love has made
 “A *blow-up* in connubial life!”



REMONSTRANCE.

After a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy
 name —
 Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run

The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?

Oh no, never dream it — while good men despair
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm;
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence — not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current, that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to
persuade,
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt pledg'd by thy
Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her Shrine.



MY BIRTH-DAY.

“ My birth-day ” — what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,

Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said * — “were he ordain’d to run
“His long career of life again,
“He would do all that he *had* done.” —
Ah, ’t is not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me ;
Far otherwise — of time it tells,
Lavish’d unwisely, carelessly ;
Of counsel mock’d ; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel’s incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines ;
Of nursing many a wrong desire ;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross’d my pathway, for a star. —
All this it tells, and, could I trace
The’ imperfect picture o’er again,
With pow’r to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away —
All — but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twin’d,
And kept till now unchangingly ;

* FONTENELLE. — “Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j’ai fait.”

And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!



FANCY.

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've
found,
That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm, that's not from Nature won, —
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
A single tint unborrow'd from the sun;
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

SONG.

FANNY, DEAREST !

YES ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then wish me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny dearest, thy image lies ;
But, ah ! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear ;
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beams clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow —
Fanny, dearest ! the hope is vain ;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

CARM. 70.

Dicebas quondam, etc.

TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,
That, I had all that heart of thine ;
That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then !
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men, —
But lov'd, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er ; —
I know thee now — and though these eyes
Doat on thee wildly as before,
Yet, even in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress — mad as it may seem —
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion even outlives esteem,
And I, at once, adore — and scorn thee.

CARM. 11.

Pauca nunciate meæ puellæ.

COMRADES and friends! with whom, where'er
The fates have will'd through life I've rov'd,
Now speed ye home, and with you bear
These bitter words to her I've lov'd.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,
Where'er her vain caprice may call;
Of all her dupes not loving one,
But ruining and maddening all.

Bid her forget — what now is past —
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies
Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,
Which feels the ploughshare's edge, and dies!

CARM. 29.

*Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle.*

SWEET Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles —

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking — *can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.*

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track. —
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice — let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

* O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Disideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA.

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, etc. etc.

Lib. iv. Carm. 13

“NEVER shall woman’s smile have power
“To win me from those gentle charms!”
Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charm’st my sight —
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
And could’st no heart but mine allure! —
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.*

Oh, love like mine ne’er wants the zest
Of others’ envy, others’ praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o’er a bliss it ne’er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hush’d, all ills subdued —

* *Displiceas aliis, sic ego tutus ero.*

My light, in even the darkest hour,
My crowd, in deepest solitude! *

No, not though heaven itself sent down
Some maid, of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms!



IMITATION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day: —
God be prais'd that the fate of mankind, my dear
Madam,
Depends not on *us*, the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take *from* thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it *to* thee.

* Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

INVITATION TO DINNER,

ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

SOME think we bards have nothing real ;
That poets live among the stars so,
Their very dinners are ideal, —
(And, heaven knows, too oft they *are* so,) —
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar chops, and stews, and hashes,
First course — a Phoenix, at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes ;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus — Minerva's owl,
Or any such like learned fowl :
Doves, such as heav'n's poulterer gets,
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
Larks, stew'd in Morning's roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour ;
And nightingales, berhymed to death —
Like young pigs whipp'd to make them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards, who're able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table ;
But as for me, who've long been taught
To eat and drink like other people ;

And can put up with mutton, bought
Where Bromham* rears its ancient steeple —
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet season'd by that salt he brings
From Attica's salinest springs,
'Twill turn to dainties; — while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Baucis, touch'd by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!



VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.†

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

ALL, as he left it! — even the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

* A picturesque village in sight of my cottage, and from which it is separated but by a small verdant valley.

† Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did me the honor of presenting to me the inkstand, pencil, etc., which their distinguished father had long been in the habit of using.

Ah, powerless now — like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas ! the gifts that shone
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back ;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,
Each earth-born spell it work'd arise
Before him in succession grand ? —

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all ;
The unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright :

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O'er scenes which angels weep to see —
Where Truth herself half veils the Wrong,
In pity of the Misery.

True bard ? — and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They're children, near, though gods, afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory ; *

When he, the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain ;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery : —

Friend of long years ! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event ;
In doubts, my judge — in taste, my guide —
In all, my stay and ornament !

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land ;

* The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.

In whose sea-odes — as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound — immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host ; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n 'twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity ?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away ?

Bright was our board that day — though *one*
Unworthy brother there had place ;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, *next* to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies ;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies ;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed — but mournfully !

TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

WHEN I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
For ever round thee, *which* to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,
Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my heart —
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out — like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own lov'd Abbey-tower
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing even Age's gloom away; —
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,

To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh ; —
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could dwell ;
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light !
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love ;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair,
To choose were more than bard can dare ;
Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
The' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all !

A SPECULATION.

OF all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

LOVE AND HYMEN.

LOVE had a fever — ne'er could close
 His little eyes till day was breaking;
 And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,
 The things he rav'd about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin; —
 One, to whom all the world's a debtor —
 So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
 And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
 Though still some ugly fever latent; —
 "Dose, as before" — a gentle opiate,
 For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
 So fast the dose went on restoring,
 That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
 Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS
INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Carbone notati.

AY — down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly
veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their
shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from
their hands,
Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driv'n,
Base slaves! let the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the Doom'd often think of that heav'n
They had once within reach — that they *might*
have been free.

Oh shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose 'bove the *zero* of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope — when a spirit, that
breath'd

The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about;
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,
But waited one conquering cry, to flash out!

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,
FILICAJAS and PETRARCHS, seemed bursting to
view,

And their words, and their warnings, like tongues
of bright flame

Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had you but hurl'd
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife

Between freemen and tyrants had spread through
the world —

That then — oh! disgrace upon manhood — ev'n then,
You should falter, should cling to your pitiful
breath;

Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood
men,

And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful : — shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, “ Freedom is
o’er ; ” —

If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss ;
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
Than to sully ev’n chains by a struggle like this !

S O N G S

FROM

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

HERE AT THY TOMB.*

BY MELEAGER.

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all love hath to give the dead,
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul; —

Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
Hope of my heart! now quench'd in night,
But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, 't is with'ring now,
And all its flowers in dust are laid.

Oh earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest, —
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

* Δακρυα σοι και νερθε δια χθονος, Ηλιοδωρα.

Ap. BRUNCK.

SALE OF CUPID.*

BY MELEAGER.

WHO'LL buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
 Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
 So bold a young imp 'tisn't safe to keep,
 So I'll part with him now while he's sound asleep.
 See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curled,
 His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd;
 And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
 For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

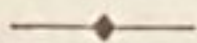
He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
 But never you mind — he's laughing all the while;
 For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
 And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
 His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
 His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
 And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
 Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
 He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
 And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
 He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.

* Πωλεισθω, και ματρος ετ' εν κολποισι καθευδων.

Ap. BRUNCK. *Analect.* xcν.

But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,
Sweet child no, no — though so naughty you be,
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.



TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 't would lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its beams,
'T will pale before one glance of thine:
Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us
With some divine mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there? †

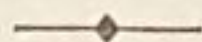
* Ουτε ῥόδων στεφανῶν ἐπιδευσσαι, ουτε συ πεπλῶν.

Ap. BRUNCK. xvii.

† ——— καὶ ἡ μελιφυρτος ἐκεῖνη

Ἡθεὸς ἀρμονιῇ, κεστός ἐφ' ὕ Παφίης.

Here, to this conq'ring host of charms
 I now give up my spell-bound heart,
 Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
 When thou her bright-ey'd conq'ror art.
 Thus to the wind all fears are given;
 Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
 Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
 Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!



WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY? *

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay?
 Night is waning fast away;
 Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
 Watching here in solitude.
 Where can she so long delay?
 Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
 See the third is nearly gone: †
 Oh that Love would, like the ray
 Of that weary lamp, decay!
 But no, alas, it burns still on,
 Still, still, burns on.

* Δηθυνει Κλεοφαντις.

Ap. BRUNCK. xxviii.

† ὁ δε τριτος αρχεται ηδε
 Λυχνος ὑποκλαζειν.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Swore, by Venus, she'd be here !
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity ?
Neither doth this proud one fear, —
No, neither doth she fear.



TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY
BROW ? *

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy brow ?
Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt, — this heart
Adores whate'er thou art !

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
Like sunny waves to wander free ?
Then, such a chain of charms they weave,
As draws my inmost soul from me.
Do what thou wilt, — I must
Be charm'd by all thou dost !

Ev'n when, enwrapped in silvery veils,†
Those sunny locks elude the sight, —

* *Κεκρυφαλοι σφιγγουσι την τριχα ;*

Ap. BRUNCK. xxxiv.

† *Αργενναῖς οθονησι κατηορα βοστρυχα κενθεις.*

Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails
 To haunt me with its unseen light.
 Change as thy beauty may,
 It charms in every way.

For, thee the Graces still attend,
 Presiding o'er each new attire,
 And lending every dart they send
 Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
 Be what thou wilt, — this heart
 Adores whate'er thou art!



WHEN THE SAD WORD.*

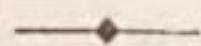
BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh
 falling,
 And with it, Hope passes away,
 Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart
 recalling
 That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
 For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
 One hour from thy presence to be,
 That death to this soul were less dreary,
 Less dark than long absence from thee.

* Σωζεο σοι μελλων ενεπειν.

Ap. BRUNCK. xxxix.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
 Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
 And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
 Made light what was darkness before.
 But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
 While thine hath a voice,* on whose breath,
 More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,†
 My hopes hang, through life and through death !



MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.‡

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
 But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
 And, for blushing, no rose can come near her ;
 In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
 That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part, —
 Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
 And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
 That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her ;

* Ηματι γαρ σεο φεγγος ὁμοιον. αλλα το μεν που
 Αφθογγον.

† Συ δ'εμοι και το λαλημα φερεις
 Κεινο, το Σειρηνων γλυκυερωτερον.

‡ Μικκη και μελανευσα Φιλιννιον.

Ap. BRUNCK. x.

Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb —
Unless I could meet with a live one.



STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.*

BY MELEAGER.

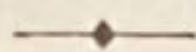
STILL, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on my ear,
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here for ever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep!

* *Αἰεὶ μοι δύνει μὲν ἐν οὐρανῷ ἡχὸς Ἐρωτός.*

Ap. BRUNCK. liii.

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
 Dooms me to this lasting pain,
 Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
 Why so slow to go again? *
 Why? why?



UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.

UP, sailor boy, 'tis day!
 The west wind blowing,
 The spring tide flowing,
 Summon thee hence away.
 Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow sing?
 Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd to say
 'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.
 Up boy, away,—
 Who'd stay on land to-day?
 The very flowers
 Would from their bowers
 Delight to wing away!

Leave languid youths to pine
 On silken pillows;
 But be the billows
 Of the great deep thine.

* Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' επιπτασθαι μεν, Ερωτες,
 Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουδ' οσον ισχυετε.

Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly;"
 While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,
 Says, with a yielding sigh,
 "Yes, where you please."
 Up, boy! the wind, the ray,
 The blue sky o'er thee,
 The deep before thee,
 All cry aloud, "Away!"



IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCÆUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,
 Like them of old whose one immortal blow
 Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
 Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.
 Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'rt undying;
 Still midst the brave and free,
 In isles, o'er ocean lying,
 Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,
 Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade
 Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight banquet
 bright'ning,
 And in the dust a despot victim laid.

Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
Your wedded names shall be ;
A tyrant's death your glory,
Your meed, a nation free !

UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

VOL. V.

16

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
No bliss above thee, —
If this be love, then know
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
That thou can'st know affection's pow'r.
No, try its strength in grief or pain;
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Thou'lt find true love's a chain
That binds for ever!

DEAR? YES.

DEAR? yes, tho' mine no more,
Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o'er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to weave
Their witchery o'er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think'st thou that aught but death could end
A tie not falsehood's self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more caress thee,
Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

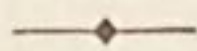


UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth! — thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,

With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee;
Though hard its links to sever;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

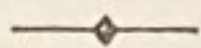


THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE'S something strange, I know not what,
Come o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
Before me.
I look on high, and in the sky
'T is shining;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining.
In vain I try this goblin's spells
To sever;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
 It plays me,
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
 Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
 'Tis glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
 Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
 I'm taunted.
Never was mortal man, in short,
 So haunted.



NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
 No, not from thee.
I care not what or whence my doom,
 So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
 This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
 Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee.

Yet no — my lips that wish recall;
 From thee, from thee —
If ruin o'er this head must fall,
 'T will welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
 This faithful heart;
Wound deep — thou'lt find that there,
 In every pulse thou art.
Yes from thee I'll bear it all:
 If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
 'T were sweet from thee.



GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,
 Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
 And beautiful in both is she,
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
 And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
 Awake the sigh, or wring the tear; —
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
 Come o'er me in my darkest ways;

And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.



WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er — the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explored;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.

“A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow’d in many a package there,
And labell’d slyly o’er, as “Glass,”
Were lots of all th’ illegal ware,
Love’s Custom-house forbids to pass.
“O’erhaul, o’erhaul, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
“Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

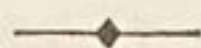
Mock sighs, too, — kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers, —
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters’ ears.
“Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen’s golden marts.
“For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
 Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
 And hoisted oft his flag, to make
 Rich wards and heiresses *bring-to*.*
 "A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
 "In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
 "If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
 "Are lent to cover frauds like these.
 "Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match —
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
 And swept the whole unhallow'd batch
 Of Falsehood to the depths below.
 "Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.



STILL THOU FLIEST.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,
 Lovely phantom, — all in vain;
 Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
 Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.

* To BRING-TO, to check the course of a ship." — *Falconer*.

Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
Who wooed, he thought, some angel's charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided, —
As thou dost from these out-stretched arms.

Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"
Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;
And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
Thou art still most sure to fly.
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me,"
Then flits again, its splendour hiding, —
Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.



THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from Love, in nature's bow'rs,
Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was ev'ry radiant hue,
Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art defies;

The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes?
'T was all in vain the painter strove;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo falleth
On my ear of joys gone by;
Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set, —
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light! —
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray, —

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropp'd away; —

But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone, —
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.



DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues its flight;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.

The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last;
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing —
Emblem of life's short doom!
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.



THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I
SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay —
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,

Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears, —
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.



THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,
In this snowy, icy clime.
Like yon star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale; —

What can match a lover's speed?
See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
Brightly hath the northern star
Lit us from yon radiant skies;
But, behold, how brighter far
Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER

OF THE

POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY,

1819.

LETTERS OF THE BISHOP

TO HIS LORDSHIP

THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL

OF

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN

PREFACE

TO RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

THE series of trifles contained in this volume, entitled "Rhymes on the Road," were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period from memorandums made on the spot. This will account for so many of those pieces being little better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which those Rhymes owed their existence was commenced in company with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1819. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barillon's Letters for a new edition of his life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set out together for the Simplon. At Milan, the agreeable society of the late Lord Kinnaird detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron, at Venice.

It was during the journey thus briefly described, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my

noble friend,* which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses on the Duke of Wellington,† from the prescient spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since become in the eyes of the world.

Of my visit to Lord Byron, — an event, to me so memorable, — I have already detailed all the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only cite, from that work, one passage, as having some reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. “As we were conversing after dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, on my saying that, fearful as I was of ever praising any picture, lest I should draw on myself the connoisseur’s sneer, for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which —— ‘The Hagar!’ ‡ he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was, in fact, that very picture I was about to mention to him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the *chefs d’œuvre* of Venice.”

In the society I chiefly lived with, while at Rome, I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind worshipper of those powers of Art of which my companions were all high-priests. Canova himself, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner,

* See p. 204 of this volume.

† See vol. iv. p. 120.

‡ Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino.

Eastlake, — such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of initiation any thing more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its own countless appeals to memory and imagination, the agreeable auspices under which I first visited all its memorable places could not but render every impression I received more vivid and permanent. Thus, with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was then meditating a statue,* there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey after gazing, for a few moments, in silence, upon that glorious site, — “What a place to work for!”

In one of the poems contained in this volume † allusion is made to an evening not easily forgotten, when Chantrey and myself were taken by Canova to the Borghese Palace, for the purpose of showing us by the light of a taper — his favourite mode of exhibiting that work — his beautiful statue of the Princess Borghese, called the *Venere Vincitrice*. In Chantrey's eagerness to point out some grace or

* A statue, I believe, of Pius VI.

† See page 320.

effect that peculiarly struck him, he snatched the light out of Canova's hand; and to this circumstance the following passage of the poem referred to was meant to allude:—

When he, thy peer in art and fame,
Hung o'er the marble with delight; *
And while his ling'ring hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,
Gave thee, with all the gen'rous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame — a rival's praise.

One of the days that still linger most pleasantly in my memory, and which, I trust, neither Lady Calcott nor Mr. Eastlake have quite forgotten, was that of our visit together to the Palatine Mount, when, as we sauntered about that picturesque spot, enjoying the varied views of Rome which it commands, they made me, for the first time, acquainted with Guidi's spirited Ode on the Arcadians, in which there is poetry enough to make amends for all the nonsense of his rhyming brethren. Truly and grandly does he exclaim, —

“Indomita e superba ancor è Roma
Benchè si veggia col gran busto a terra;

* * * * *

Son piene di splendor le sue ruine,
E il gran cenere suo si mostra eterno.”

With Canova, while sitting to Jackson for a portrait ordered by Chantrey, I had more than once

* A slight alteration here has rendered these verses more true to the actual fact than they were in their original form.

some interesting conversation, — or, rather, listened while he spoke, — respecting the political state of Europe at that period, and those “bricconi,” as he styled them, the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and before I left Rome, he kindly presented to me a set of engravings from some of his finest statues, together with a copy of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which a Roman poet named Missirini had written in praise of his different “Marmi.”

When Lord John Russell and myself parted, at Milan, it was agreed between us, that after a short visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed time) to Naples, I was to rejoin him at Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned, that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Manchester, rendered it necessary for Lord John to hasten his return to England. I was, therefore, most fortunate, under such circumstances, in being permitted by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their journey homeward; through which lucky arrangement, the same precious privilege I had enjoyed, at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their company, was afterwards continued to me through the various collections we visited together, at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.

To some of those pictures and statues that most took my fancy, during my tour, allusions will be

found in a few of the poems contained in this volume. But the great pleasure I derived from these and many other such works arose far more from the poetical nature of their subjects than from any judgment I had learned to form of their real merit as works of art, — a line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the last. For all that was lost upon me, however, in the halls of Art, I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gallery of Nature ; and a glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the Simplon is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind.

I have now a few words to devote to a somewhat kindred subject with which a poem or two contained in the following pages are closely connected.* In my Preface to the First Volume of this collection, I briefly noticed the taste for Private Theatrical Performances which prevailed during the latter half of the last century among the higher ranks in Ireland. This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr. Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, and through

* See pages 197, 199.

a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the two following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid.

'T is said our worthy manager intends
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends.*

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect from the homefelt truism they contained than could be effected by the most laboured burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I had anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits.

The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and “*longo intervallo*,” myself; and though, as usual, with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we used to indulge together, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish critic, indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre he most admired the prompter, — “because he was least seen and best heard.” But this joke was, of course, a mere good-humoured slander. There

* See page 198.

were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry — perhaps alone of all our company — would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage.

As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the Heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in "Raising the Wind," Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the "Mountaineers," Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado, there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words "Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow" was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keefe for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible: —

" Though born to be little's my fate,
 Yet so was the great Alexander;
 And, when I walk under a gate,
 I've no need to stoop like a gander.

I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky;
Though wanting two feet, in my body,
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

Some further account of the Kilkenny Theatre, as well as the history of Private Theatricals in general, will be found in an article I wrote on the subject for the Edinburgh Review, vol. xlv. No. 92, p. 368.

THE greater part of the following Rhymes were written or composed in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travelling; and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have been lately called “a *psychological* curiosity,” it is to be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose. — Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c. — Writing in Bed—in the Fields. — Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore. — Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs. — Madame de Staël. — Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

WHAT various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like BAYES,
Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like HENRY STEPHENS, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.*
HERODOTUS wrote most in bed;
And RICHERAND, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclin'd position.

* *Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit. — PARAVICIN Singular*

If you consult MONTAIGNE * and PLINY on
 The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
 That Thought its richest harvest yields
 Abroad, among the woods and fields ;
 That bards, who deal in small retail,
 At home may, at their counters, stop ;
 But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
 Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.
 And, verily, I think they're right —
 For, many a time, on summer eves,
 Just at that closing hour of light,
 When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
 For distant war his Haram bowers,
 The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
 Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
 Mid all the glory of his going ! —
 Ev'n *I* have felt, beneath those beams,
 When wand'ring through the fields alone,
 Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
 Which, far too bright to be my own,
 Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,
 That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,
 The few, whom genuine Genius warms ;
 Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
 Graven with Beauty's countless forms ; —

* "Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis." — MONTAIGNE.
 Animus eorum qui in aperto aere ambulant, attollitur.

PLINY.

The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,
Shadows of heavenly things appear,
Reflections of bright shapes that pass
Through other worlds, above our sphere !

But this reminds me I digress ; —
For PLATO, too, produc'd, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,) —
His glorious visions all in bed.*
'Twas in his carriage the sublime
SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme ;
And (if the wits don't do him wrong)
'Twixt death † and epics pass'd his time,
Scribbling and killing all day long —
Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,
Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains

* The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says : —

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
Desedit totos heic Plato sæpe dies.

† Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.

And horrors of exenteration,
 Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,
 You'll find preserv'd, with a translation,
 By BARTHOLINUS in his book.*

In short, 'twere endless to recite
 The various modes in which men write.
 Some wits are only in the mind,
 When beaus and belles are round them prat-
 ing;
 Some, when they dress for dinner, find
 Their muse and valet both in waiting;
 And manage, at the self-same time,
 To' adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
 Without a glove, to tear or nibble;
 Or a small twig to whisk about —
 As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
 Like wells of old, were thus found out
 By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
 Such was the little feathery wand,†
 That, held for ever in the hand
 Of her,‡ who won and wore the crown
 Of female genius in this age,

* Eâdem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelicem
 agenti fuit Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum, in-
 testina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim novem carmi-
 na cecinit, etc. — BARTHOLIN. *de Causis Contempt. Mort.*

† Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.

‡ Madame de Staël.

Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.

As for myself — to come, at last,
To the odd way in which *I* write —
Having employ'd these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
Of rhyming thus along the road —
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages —
'Twixt lays and *re-lays* no time lost —
In short, in two words, *writing post*.



EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura. — Anxious to reach
it before the Sun went down. — Obligated to proceed on Foot. —
Alps. — Mont Blanc. — Effect of the Scene.*

'T WAS late — the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

* Between Vattay and Gex.

'T was distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no — the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'T was at this instant — while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light —
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

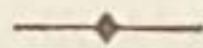
I stood entranc'd — as Rabbins say
This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand, upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,

As sure a sign of Deity
 As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
 Nor ever, were I destined yet
 To live my life twice o'er again,
 Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
 The dream, the trance that rapt me then !

'Twas all that consciousness of power
 And life, beyond this mortal hour ; —
 Those mountings of the soul within
 At thoughts of Heav'n — as birds begin
 By instinct in the cage to rise,
 When near their time for change of skies ; —
 That proud assurance of our claim
 To rank among the Sons of Light,
 Mingled with shame — oh bitter shame ! —
 At having risk'd that splendid right,
 For aught that earth through all its range
 Of glories, offers in exchange !
 'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
 Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought —
 'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
 Thus purely ever, man might grow,
 Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
 And be, once more, the creature made
 To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace
 Of what I've felt in this bright place.

And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
 Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power,
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,
 At the same calm and glowing hour,
 And here, at the sublimest shrine
 That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
 Rekindle all that hope divine,
 And *feel* my immortality!



EXTRACT II.

Geneva.

FATE OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1782.

A FRAGMENT.

YES — if there yet live some of those,
 Who, when this small Republic rose,
 Quick as a startled hive of bees,
 Against her leaguering enemies — *
 When, as the Royal Satrap shook
 His well-known fetters at her gates,
 Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took
 Their stations by their sons and mates;

* In the year 1782, when the forces of Berne, Sardinia, and France laid siege to Geneva, and when, after a demonstration of heroism and self-devotion, which promised to rival the feats of their ancestors in 1602 against Savoy, the Genevans, either panic-struck or betrayed, to the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates to the besiegers, and submitted without a struggle to the extinction of their liberties. — See an account of this Revolution in Coxe's Switzerland.

And on these walls there stood — yet, no,
 Shame to the traitors — *would* have stood
 As firm a band as e'er let flow

At Freedom's base their sacred blood ;
 If those yet live, who, on that night,
 When all were watching, girt for fight,
 Stole, like the creeping of a pest,
 From rank to rank, from breast to breast,
 Filling the weak, the old with fears,
 Turning the heroine's zeal to tears, —
 Betraying Honour to that brink,
 Where, one step more, and he must sink —
 And quenching hopes, which, though the last,
 Like meteors on a drowning mast,
 Would yet have led to death more bright,
 Than life e'er look'd, in all its light !
 Till soon, too soon, distrust, alarms

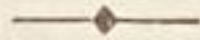
Throughout th' embattled thousands ran,
 And the high spirit, late in arms,
 The zeal, that might have work'd such charms,

Fell, like a broken talisman —
 Their gates, that they had sworn should be

The gates of Death, that very dawn,
 Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,

To the proud foe — nor sword was drawn,
 Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast
 To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd ;
 But, of the many sworn at night
 To do or die, some fled the sight,

Some stood to look, with sullen frown,
 While some, in impotent despair,
 Broke their bright armour and lay down,
 Weeping, upon the fragments there! —
 If those, I say, who brought that shame,
 That blast upon GENEVA's name,
 Be living still — though crime so dark
 Shall hang up, fix'd and unforgiven,
 In History's page, th' eternal mark
 For Scorn to pierce — so help me, Heaven,
 I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,
 No deeper, deadlier disaster,
 From all earth's ills no fouler curse
 Than to have ***** their master!



EXTRACT III.

Geneva.

*Fancy and Truth. — Hippomenes and Atalanta. — Mont Blanc —
 Clouds.*

EVEN here, in this region of wonders, I find
 That light-footed Fancy leaves Truth far behind;
 Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray
 By the golden illusions he flings in her way.

What a glory it seem'd the first evening I gaz'd!
 MONT BLANC, like a vision, then suddenly rais'd
 On the wreck of the sunset — and all his array
 Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light

Far holier, purer than that of the Day,
 As if nearness to Heaven had made them so
 bright!

Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away
 From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,
 One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,

O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,
 Like the last sunny step of ASTRÆA, when high

From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprung!
 And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight
 Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their
 light,

Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,
 Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by!

That scene — I have view'd it this evening again,
 By the same brilliant light that hung over it then —
 The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms —

MONT BLANC in his awfulest pomp — and the
 whole

A bright picture of Beauty, reclin'd in the arms

Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul!

But where are the mountains, that round me at
 first,

One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?

Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on

Like the waves of eternity — where are *they* gone?

Clouds — clouds — they were nothing but clouds
 after all!

[flew o'er,

That chain of MONT BLANCS, which my fancy

With a wonder that nought on this earth can recall,
 Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no
 more.

What a picture of Life's young illusions ! Oh, Night,
 Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide *all* from my
 sight.



EXTRACT IV.

Milan.

*The Picture Gallery. — Albano's Rape of Proserpine. — Reflec-
 tions. — Universal Salvation. — Abraham sending away Agar,
 by Guercino. — Genius.*

WENT to the *Brera* — saw a Dance of Loves
 By smooth ALBANO ; * him, whose pencil teems
 With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves
 The leaflets are, or motes in summer beams.

'Tis for the theft of Enna's flower from earth,
 These urchins celebrate their dance of mirth
 Round the green tree, like fays upon a heath —
 Those, that are nearest, link'd in order bright,
 Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath ;
 And those, more distant, showing from beneath
 The others' wings their little eyes of light.

* This picture, the Agar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera), were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna.

While see, among the clouds, their eldest brother,
 But just flown up, tells with a smile of bliss
 This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,
 Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice — and well did they,
 Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving,
 That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,
 ORIGEN lost his saintship for believing,) — *
 That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray
 Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overcast,
 Ev'n to the depths of hell will find his way,
 And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last!

GUERCINO'S Agar — where the bond-maid hears
 From Abram's lips that he and she must part;
 And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,
 That seem the very last drops from her heart.
 Exquisite picture! — let me not be told
 Of minor faults, of colouring tame and cold —
 If thus to conjure up a face so fair,†
 So full of sorrow; with the story there
 Of all that woman suffers, when the stay
 Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away —

* The extension of the Divine Love ultimately even to the regions of the damned.

† It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Camuccini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome.

If thus to touch the bosom's tenderest spring
 By calling into life such eyes, as bring
 Back to our sad remembrance some of those
 We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,
 Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,
 Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own —
 If *this* be deem'd the victory of Art —
 If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
 The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
 Before all eyes, be Genius — it is *there* !



EXTRACT V.

Padua.

Fancy and Reality. — Rain-drops and Lakes. — Plan of a Story.
— Where to place the Scene of it. — In some unknown Region. —
Psalmanazar's Imposture with respect to the Island of Formosa.

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've
 found,
 That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
 Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
 A world of scenes and creatures far more fair
 Nor is it that her power can call up there
 A single charm, that's not from Nature won,
 No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
 A single hue unborrow'd from the sun —
 But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
 That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue ;

As the same light, that o'er the level lake
 One dull monotony of lustre flings,
 Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
 Colours as gay as those on Peris' wings!

And such, I deem, the diff'rence between real,
 Existing Beauty and that form ideal,
 Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,
 Like sunshine in the drop — with all those dyes,
 Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies.

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
 With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
 And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd
 Two young and longing hearts in that sweet
 madness.

But where to choose the region of my vision
 In this wide, vulgar world — what real spot
 Can be found out sufficiently Elysian
 For two such perfect lovers, I know not.
 Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,
 The young Jew fabled of, in the' Indian Sea,
 By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known,
 And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
 Her fairy kingdom — take its people, lands,
 And tenements into her own bright hands,
 And make, at least, one earthly corner fit
 For Love to live in, pure and exquisite!

EXTRACT VI.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented. — Former Glory. — Expedition against Constantinople. — Giustinianis. — Republic. — Characteristics of the old Government. — Golden Book. — Brazen Mouths. — Spies. — Dungeons. — Present Desolation.

MOURN not for VENICE — let her rest
 In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
 Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
 Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
 No — let us keep our tears for them,
 Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
 Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
 Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
 But from high daring in the cause
 Of human Rights — the only good
 And blessed strife, in which man draws
 His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for VENICE; though her fall
 Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
 Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
 And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
 Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
 That run the guilty race she ran,
 Strong but in ill, and only great
 By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
 And all those days of glory gone,
 When the world's waters, east and west,
 Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
 When, with her countless barks she went
 To meet the Orient Empire's might,*
 And her Giustinianis sent
 Their hundred heroes to that fight.†

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
 But mourn them not — for vanish'd, too,
 (Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
 Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
 Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
 The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
 That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
 Where the Republic's standard stood.
 Desolate VENICE! when I track
 Thy haughty course through centuries back;
 Thy ruthless power, obey'd but curst —
 The stern machinery of thy State,
 Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
 Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate; —
 Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
 Thy own unblushing SARPI ‡ taught; —

* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

† “La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait.” — *Histoire de Venise, par DARU.*

‡ The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of Maxims which

Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
 Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death ; — *
 Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
 Clos'd against humble Virtue's name,†
 But open'd wide for slaves who sold
 Their native land to thee and shame ; — ‡
 Thy all-pervading host of spies,
 Watching o'er every glance and breath,
 Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
 To read their chance of life or death ; —
 Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
 And legaliz'd the assassin's knife ; — §

this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

* Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua. — Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see *Daru*, vol. ii. p. 141.

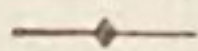
† “A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talents ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle.” — *DARU*.

‡ Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

§ By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a license is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to

Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads,* that burnt out life; —

When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee;
Thy nobles, towering once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now bow'd, —
A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,
But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, enthrall'd, —
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat
"Thus perish every King and State,
"That tread the steps which VENICE trod,
"Strong but in ill, and only great,
"By outrage against man and God!"



EXTRACT VII.

Venice.

*Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself. — Reflections, when
about to read them.*

LET me, a moment, — ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope —

have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

* "Les prisons des plombs; c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais."

As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
 Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
 If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven —
 Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
 Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
 How all who know — and where is he unknown?
 To what far region have his songs not flown,
 Like PSAPHON'S birds,* speaking their master's name,
 In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame? —
 How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
 Within the circle of that master-mind, —
 Like spells, deriv'd from many a star, and met
 Together in some wond'rous amulet, —
 Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
 In his young soul, — and if the gleams that broke
 From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd
 Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blaz'd;
 Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
 Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
 And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
 As did th' Egyptian traveller,† when he stood
 By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
 The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"

† Bruce.

They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
 In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams, —
 As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell

On earth of old,* had touch'd them with its beams, —
 Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
 From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate ;
 And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
 Comes out, at times, in love's own native light ; —
 How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
 Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,

Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
 What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
 That noble nature into cold eclipse ;

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
 And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
 With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
 Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
 Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts !

Eventful volume ! whatsoe'er the change
 Of scene and clime — th' adventures, bold and
 strange —

The griefs — the frailties, but too frankly told —
 The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks

His virtues as his failings, we shall find
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
 And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd ;

* “ And the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood.” — *Rev.* viii.

Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
 In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still;
 Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart;
 Of acts — but, no — *not* from himself must aught
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.
 While they, who court the world, like MILTON'S
 cloud,
 “Turn forth their silver lining” on the crowd,
 This gifted Being wraps himself in night;
 And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.



EXTRACT VIII.

Venice.

Female Beauty at Venice. — No longer what it was in the Time of Titian. — His Mistress. — Various forms in which he has painted her. — Venus. — Divine and profane Love. — La Fragilità d' Amore. — Paul Veronese. — His women. — Marriage of Cana. — Character of Italian Beauty. — Raphael Fornarina. — Modesty.

THY brave; thy learn'd have past away:
 Thy beautiful! — ah, where are they?
 The forms, the faces, that once shone,
 Models of grace, in Titian's eye,
 Where are they now? while flowers live on
 In ruin'd places, why, oh why
 Must Beauty thus with Glory die?

That maid, whose lips would still have mov'd,
 Could art have breath'd a spirit through them ;
 Whose varying charms her artist lov'd
 More fondly every time he drew them,
 (So oft beneath his touch they pass'd,
 Each semblance fairer than the last) ;
 Wearing each shape that Fancy's range
 Offers to Love — yet still the one
 Fair idol, seen through every change,
 Like facets of some orient stone, —
 In each the same bright image shown.
 Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd
 But in her beauty * — sometimes deck'd
 In costly raiment, as a maid
 That kings might for a throne select.†
 Now high and proud, like one who thought
 The world should at her feet be brought ;
 Now, with a look reproachful, sad, — ‡
 Unwonted look from brow so glad ; —
 And telling of a pain too deep
 For tongue to speak or eyes to weep.
 Sometimes, through allegory's veil,
 In double semblance seem to shine,

* In the Tribune at Florence.

† In the Palazzo Pitti.

‡ Alludes particularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something wrong, is exquisite.

Telling a strange and mystic tale
Of Love Profane and Love Divine — *
Akin in features, but in heart
As far as earth and heav'n apart.
Or else (by quaint device to prove
The frailty of all worldly love)
Holding a globe of glass, as thin
As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,
With a young Love confin'd therein,
Whose wings seem waiting to expand —
And telling, by her anxious eyes,
That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies! †

Thou, too, with touch magnificent,
PAUL of VERONA! — where are they,
The oriental forms, that lent
Thy canvas such a bright array?
Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress
Seems part of their own loveliness;
Like the sun's drapery, which, at eve,
The floating clouds around him weave
Of light they from himself receive!

* The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese, called (it is not easy to say why) "Sacred and Profane Love," in which the two figures, sitting on the edge of the fountain, are evidently portraits of the same person.

† This fanciful allegory is the subject of a picture by Titian in the possession of the Marquis Cambian at Turin, whose collection, though small, contains some beautiful specimens of all the great masters.

Where is there now the living face
 Like those that, in thy nuptial throng,*
 By their superb, voluptuous grace,
 Make us forget the time, the place,
 The holy guests they smile among, —
 Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,
 We see no miracles but thine.

If e'er, except in Painting's dream,
 There bloom'd such beauty here, 'tis gone, —
 Gone, like the face that in the stream
 Of Ocean for an instant shone,
 When Venus at that mirror gave
 A last look, ere she left the wave.
 And though, among the crowded ways,
 We oft are startled by the blaze
 Of eyes that pass, with fitful light,
 Like fire-flies on the wing at night,†
 'Tis not that nobler beauty, given
 To show how angels look in heaven.
 Ev'en in its shape most pure and fair,
 'Tis Beauty, with but half her zone, —
 All that can warm the Sense is there,
 But the Soul's deeper charm is flown: —
 'Tis RAPHAEL'S Fornarina, — warm,
 Luxuriant, arch, but unrefin'd;

* The Marriage of Cana.

† "Certain it is (as Arthur Young truly and feelingly says) one and now then meets with terrible eyes in Italy."

A flower, round which the noontide swarm
 Of young Desires may buzz and wind,
 But where true Love no treasure meets,
 Worth hoarding in his hive of sweets.

Ah no, — for this, and for the hue
 Upon the rounded cheek, which tells
 How fresh, within the heart, this dew
 Of Love's unrifled sweetness dwells,
 We must go back to our own Isles,
 Where Modesty, which here but gives
 A rare and transient grace to smiles,
 In the heart's holy centre lives ;
 And thence, as from her throne diffuses
 O'er thoughts and looks so bland a reign,
 That not a thought or feeling loses
 Its freshness in that gentle chain.



EXTRACT IX.

Venice.

The English to be met with everywhere. — Alps and Threadneedle Street. — The Simplon and the Stocks. — Rage for travelling. — Blue Stockings among the Wahabees. — Parasols and Pyramids. — Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

AND is there then no earthly place,
 Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
 Without some curst, round English face,
 Popping up near, to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits were doom'd to meet;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
 Fancying we leave this world behind,
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
 As — "Baddish news from 'Change, my dear —
 "The Funds — (pew, curse this ugly hill) —
 "Are lowering fast — (what, higher still?) —
 "And — (zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!) —
 "Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may — rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch —
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which* —
 Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon!
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
 Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands,
 No soul among them understands;
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees;
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids

Young ladies with pink parasols,
 To glide among the Pyramids — *
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot, that's free from London-kind!
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina —
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China!



EXTRACT X.

Mantua.

Verses of Hippolyta to her Husband.

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
 Of every fair and brilliant throng;
 No wit, like thine, to wake the jest,
 No voice like thine, to breathe the song.
 And none could guess, so gay thou art,
 That thou and I are far apart.
 Alas, alas, how different flows,
 With thee and me the time away.
 Not that I wish thee sad, heaven knows —
 Still, if thou canst, be light and gay;
 I only know that without thee
 The sun himself is dark for me.

* It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

Do I put on the jewels rare
 Thou'st always lov'd to see me wear?
 Do I perfume the locks that thou
 So oft hast braided o'er my brow,
 Thus deck'd, through festive crowds to run,
 And all th' assembled world to see, —
 All but the one, the absent one,
 Worth more than present worlds to me!
 No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart —
 My only joy, from thee apart,
 From thee thyself, is sitting hours
 And days, before thy pictur'd form —
 That dream of thee, which Raphael's powers
 Have made with all but life-breath warm!
 And as I smile to it, and say
 The words I speak to thee in play,
 I fancy from their silent frame,
 Those eyes and lips give back the same;
 And still I gaze, and still they keep
 Smiling thus on me — till I weep!
 Our little boy, too, knows it well,
 For there I lead him every day,
 And teach his lisping lips to tell
 The name of one that's far away.
 Forgive me, love, but thus alone
 My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone.

EXTRACT XI.

Florence.

No — 'tis not the region where Love's to be found —
They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances
that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip might re-
sound,
When she warbled her best — but they've nothing
like Love.

Nor is't that pure *sentiment* only they want,
Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil hath
made —

Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;

That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,
Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,
The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,
Grow wreath'd into one — like the column, combin'd
Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.

Of this — bear ye witness, ye wives, everywhere,
By the ARNO, the Po, by all ITALY's streams —

Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.

But it *is* not this, only ; — born full of the light
Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,
That, beside him, our suns of the north are but
moons, —

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they
burn'd ;
And that Love, though unus'd, in this region of
spring,
To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are* those explosions of heart,
Which burst, when the senses have first caught
the flame ;
Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,
Where Love is a sunstroke, that maddens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the
soul ;
Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source
Of some small mountain rivulet, destin'd to roll
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course —

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends
A more headlong descent, without chance of recall ;

But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,
And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion — ay, exquisite, even
Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,
'That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd —

This entireness of love, which can only be found,
Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd
over,
And fenc'd, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move ;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love! —

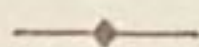
This perfection of Passion — how *can* it be found,
Where the mystery nature hath hung round
the tie
By which souls are together attracted and bound,
Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye ; —

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,
That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
And curtains them round in their own native
light ; —

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought;
 But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
 From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones
 taught.

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh,
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's sky,
 Here *is* not the region, to fix or to stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
 Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?
What have they, a lover can prize as a gain?



EXTRACT XII.

Florence.

*Music in Italy. — Disappointed by it. — Recollections of other Times
 and Friends. — Dalton. — Sir John Stevenson. — His Daughter.
 — Musical Evenings together.*

If it *be* true that Music reigns,
 Supreme, in ITALY's soft shades,
 'Tis like that Harmony, so famous,
 Among the spheres, which, He of SAMOS
 Declar'd, had such transcendent merit,
 That not a soul on earth could hear it;

For, far as I have come — from Lakes,
 Whose sleep the Tramontana breaks,
 Through MILAN, and that land, which gave
 The Hero of the rainbow vest — *
 By MINCIO's banks, and by that wave,†
 Which made VERONA's bard so blest —
 Places, that (like the Attic shore,
 Which rung back music, when the sea
 Struck on its marge) should be, all o'er,
 Thrilling alive with melody —
 I've heard no music — not a note
 Of such sweet native airs as float,
 In my own land, among the throng,
 And speak our nation's soul for song.

Nay, ev'n in higher walks, where Art
 Performs, as 'twere, the gardener's part,
 And richer, if not sweeter, makes
 The flow'rs she from the wild-hedge takes —
 Ev'n there, no voice hath charm'd my ear,
 No taste hath won my perfect praise,
 Like thine, dear friend ‡ — long, truly dear —
 Thine, and thy lov'd OLIVIA's lays.
 She, always beautiful, and growing
 Still more so every note she sings —
 Like an inspir'd young Sibyl, glowing
 With her own bright imaginings!

* Bergamo — the birthplace, it is said, of Harlequin.

† The Lago di Garda.

‡ Edward Tuite Dalton, the first husband of Sir John Stevenson's daughter, the late Marchioness of Headfort.

And thou, most worthy to be tied
 In music to her, as in love,
 Breathing that language by her side,
 All other language far above,
 Eloquent Song — whose tones and words
 In every heart find answering chords!

How happy once the hours we past,
 Singing or listening all day long,
 Till Time itself seem'd chang'd, at last,
 To music, and we liv'd in song!
 Turning the leaves of HAYDN o'er,
 As quick, beneath her master hand,
 They open'd all their brilliant store,
 Like chambers, touch'd by fairy wand;
 Or o'er the page of MOZART bending,
 Now by his airy warblings cheer'd,
 Now in his mournful *Requiem* blending
 Voices, through which the heart was heard.

And still, to lead our evening choir,
 Was He invok'd, by thy lov'd-one's Sire — *
 He, who, if aught of grace there be
 In the wild notes I write or sing,
 First smooth'd their links of harmony,
 And lent them charms they did not bring; —
 He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
 With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,

* Sir John Stevenson.

(That art, which gives this world of ours
 A notion how they speak in heaven,)
 I've pass'd more bright and charmed hours
 Than all earth's wisdom could have given.
 Oh happy days, oh early friends,
 How Life, since then, hath lost its flowers!
 But yet — though Time *some* foliage rends,
 The stem, the Friendship, still is ours;
 And long may it endure, as green,
 And fresh as it hath always been!

How I have wander'd from my theme!
 But where is he, that could return
 To such cold subjects from a dream,
 Through which these best of feelings burn? —
 Not all the works of Science, Art,
 Or Genius in this world are worth
 One genuine sigh, that from the heart
 Friendship or Love draws freshly forth.

EXTRACT XIII.

Rome.

Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347. — The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May. — Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol. — Rienzi's Speech.

"T WAS a proud moment — ev'n to hear the words
 Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breath'd,

And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
 In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed —
 That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
 For his dear ROME, must to a Roman be,
 Short as it was, worth ages past away
 In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'T was on a night of May, beneath that moon,
 Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune
 The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
 From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell —
 The sound of the church clock, near ADRIAN'S
 Tomb,
 Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for ROME,
 To meet unarm'd, — with none to watch them there,
 But God's own eye, — and pass the night in prayer.
 Holy beginning of a holy cause,
 When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause
 Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,
 Call down its blessing on that coming fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band ;
 And, as the breeze, fresh from the TIBER, fann'd
 Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
 The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of
 Heaven — *

* “Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé *le bon diseur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux

Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
 That were to bless them, when their chains were
 riven.

On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,
 While many a Shade of other times, that still
 Around that grave of grandeur sighing rov'd,
 Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
 And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
 High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.

'T was then that thou, their Tribune,* (name, which
 brought

Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
 Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
 To wake up in her sons again, thus speak : —

“ ROMANS, look round you — on this sacred place
 “ There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike
 men.

“ What see you now ? what solitary trace
 “ Is left of all, that made ROME's glory then ?
 “ The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
 “ Ev'n of its name — and nothing now remains

lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre *une Palme* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de la *Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite *une Epée* nue et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté la justice et la paix.” — DU CERCEAU, liv. ii.

* Rienzi.

- “ But the deep memory of that glory, left
 “ To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains !
 “ But *shall* this be ? — our sun and sky the same, —
 “ Treading the very soil our fathers trode, —
 “ What withering curse hath fall’n on soul and
 frame,
 “ What visitation hath there come from God,
 “ To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
 “ *Here*, on our great forefathers’ glorious graves ?
 “ It cannot be — rise up, ye Mighty Dead, —
 “ If we, the living, are too weak to crush
 “ These tyrant priests, that o’er your empire tread,
 “ Till all but Romans at Rome’s tameness blush !
- “ Happy, PALMYRA, in thy desert domes,
 “ Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss ;
 “ And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
 “ For the stork’s brood, superb PERSEPOLIS !
 “ Thrice happy both, that your extinguish’d race
 “ Have left no embers — no half-living trace —
 “ No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
 “ Till past renown in present shame’s forgot.
 “ While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
 “ If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl’d,
 “ Would wear more true magnificence than decks
 “ The’ assembled thrones of all the’ existing world—
 “ ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain’d, and curst,
 “ Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,
 “ By living human things — the deadliest, worst,
 “ This earth engenders — tyrants and their slaves !

“And we — oh shame! — we, who have ponder’d
o’er

“The patriot’s lesson and the poet’s lay; *

“Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,

“Tracking our country’s glories all the way —

“Ev’n *we* have tamely, basely kiss’d the ground

“Before that Papal Power, — that Ghost of Her,

“The World’s Imperial Mistress — sitting, crown’d

“And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre! †

“But this is past: — too long have lordly priests

“And priestly lords led us, with all our pride

“Withering about us — like devoted beasts,

“Dragg’d to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.

“’Tis o’er — the dawn of our deliverance breaks!

“Up from his sleep of centuries awakes

“The Genius of the old Republic, free

“As first he stood, in chainless majesty,

“And sends his voice through ages yet to come,

“Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!”

* The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning “Spirto gentil,” is supposed by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguené asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome.

† This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect: — “For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?”

EXTRACT XIV.

Rome.

Fragment of a Dream. — The great Painters supposed to be Magicians. — The Beginnings of the Art. — Gildings on the Glories and Draperies. — Improvements under Giotto, etc. — The first Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio. — Studied by all the great Artists who followed him. — Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the Golden Age of Painting. — His Knowledge of Mathematics and of Music. — His female Heads all like each other. — Triangular Faces. — Portraits of Mona Lisa, etc. — Picture of Vanity and Modesty. — His chef-d'œuvre, the Last Supper. — Faded and almost effaced.

FILL'D with the wonders I had seen,
 In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,
 I felt the veil of sleep, serene,
 Come o'er the memory of each scene,
 As twilight o'er the landscape falls.
 Nor was it slumber, sound and deep,
 But such as suits a poet's rest —
 That sort of thin, transparent sleep,
 Through which his day-dreams shine the best.
 Methought upon a plain I stood,
 Where certain wondrous men, 't was said,
 With strange, miraculous power endu'd,
 Were coming, each in turn, to shed
 His arts' illusions o'er the sight,
 And call up miracles of light.
 The sky above this lonely place,
 Was of that cold, uncertain hue,

The canvas wears, ere, warm'd apace,
Its bright creation dawns to view.

But soon a glimmer from the east
Proclaim'd the first enchantments nigh *
And as the feeble light increas'd,
Strange figures mov'd across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garments' dyes ;
And life's resemblance ting'd their cheeks,
But nought of life was in their eyes ; —
Like the fresh-painted Dead one meets,
Borne slow along Rome's mournful streets.

But soon these figures pass'd away ;
And forms succeeded to their place,
With less of gold, in their array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And all could see the charming wands
Had pass'd into more gifted hands.†

Among these visions there was one,‡
Surpassing fair, on which the sun,
That instant risen, a beam let fall,
Which through the dusky twilight trembled,
And reach'd at length, the spot where all
Those great magicians stood assembled.

* The paintings of those artists who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.

† Cimabue, Giotto, etc.

‡ The works of Masaccio.

And as they turn'd their heads, to view
 The shining lustre, I could trace
 The bright varieties it threw
 On each uplifted studying face ; *
 While many a voice with loud acclaim,
 Call'd forth, " Masaccio " as the name
 Of him, the' Enchanter, who had rais'd
 This miracle, on which all gaz'd.

'T was daylight now — the sun had risen,
 From out the dungeon of old Night, —
 Like the Apostle, from his prison
 Led by the Angel's hand of light ;
 And — as the fetters, when that ray
 Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away,
 So fled the clouds at touch of day !
 Just then, a bearded sage came forth,
 Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,
 To trace upon the dusky earth
 Strange learned figures with his wand ;
 And oft he took the silver lute †
 His little page behind him bore,
 And wak'd such music as, when mute,
 Left in the soul a thirst for more !

* All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from Masaccio. Several figures in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescos.

† On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de Milan, dans un espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construit en argent. — *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.*

Meanwhile, his potent spells went on,
And forms and faces, that from out
A depth of shadow mildly shone,
Were in the soft air seen about.
Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd,
Yet all like living sisters seem'd,
So close, in every point, resembling
Each other's beauties — from the eyes
Lucid as if through crystal trembling,
Yet soft as if suffused with sighs,
To the long, fawn-like mouth, and chin,
Lovely tapering, less and less,
Till, by this very charm's excess,
Like virtue on the verge of sin,
It touch'd the bounds of ugliness.

Here look'd as when they liv'd the shades
Of some of Arno's dark-ey'd maids —
Such maids as should alone live on,
In dreams thus, when their charms are gone :
Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes
A painter for whole years might gaze,*
Nor find in all his pallet's dyes,
One that could even approach their blaze !

Here float two spirit shapes,† the one,
With her white fingers to the sun

* He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able after all, to come up to his idea of her beauty.

† Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome.

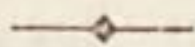
Outspread, as if to ask his ray
 Whether it e'er had chanc'd to play
 On lilies half so fair as they !
 This self-pleas'd nymph, was Vanity —
 And by her side another smil'd,
 In form as beautiful as she,
 But with that air, subdu'd and mild,
 That still reserve of purity,
 Which is to beauty like the haze
 Of evening to some sunny view,
 Softening such charms as it displays,
 And veiling others in that hue,
 Which fancy only can see through !
 This phantom nymph, who could she be,
 But the bright Spirit, Modesty ?

Long did the learn'd enchanter stay
 To weave his spells, and still there pass'd,
 As in the lantern's shifting play,
 Group after group in close array,
 Each fairer, grander, than the last.
 But the great triumph of his power
 Was yet to come : — gradual and slow,
 (As all that is ordain'd to tower
 Among the works of man must grow,)
 The sacred vision stole to view,
 In that half light, half shadow shown,
 Which gives to ev'n the gayest hue,
 A sober'd, melancholy tone.

It was a vision of that last,
Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd
With his disciples when he said
Mournfully to them — "I shall be
"Betray'd by one, who here hath fed
"This night at the same board with me."
And though the Saviour, in the dream
Spoke not these words, we saw them beam
Legibly in his eyes (so well
The great magician work'd his spell),
And read in every thoughtful line
Imprinted on that brow divine,
The meek, the tender nature, griev'd,
Not anger'd, to be thus deceiv'd —
Celestial love requited ill
For all its care, yet loving still —
Deep, deep regret that there should fall
From man's deceit so foul a blight
Upon that parting hour — and all
His Spirit must have felt that night,
Who, soon to die for human-kind,
Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,
How many a soul was left behind
For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was the heavenly scene — alas
That scene so bright so soon should pass!
But pictur'd on the humid air,
Its tints, erelong, grew languid there;

And storms came on, that, cold and rough,
 Scatter'd its gentlest glories all —
 As when the baffling winds blow off
 The hues that hang o'er Terni's fall, —
 Till, one by one, the vision's beams
 Faded away, and soon it fled,
 To join those other vanish'd dreams
 That now flit palely 'mong the dead, —
 The shadows of those shades, that go,
 Around Oblivion's lake, below !



EXTRACT XV.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen. — Her Story. — Numerous Pictures of her. — Correggio. — Guido. — Raphael, etc. — Canova's two exquisite Statues. — The Somariva Magdalen. — Chantrey's Admiration of Canova's Works.

No wonder, MARY, that thy story
 Touches all hearts — for there we see
 The soul's corruption, and its glory,
 Its death and life combin'd in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
 Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
 Of dark desires, — like demons shrin'd
 Unholily in that fair form, —
 Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,
 Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold

(So oft the gaze of BETHANY),
And, covering in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years! —
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master, — Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last: —
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revealment known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindest record ever given,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless — were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!

No wonder that the painter's skill
 Should oft have triumph'd in the power
 Of keeping thee all lovely still
 Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitterest hour ;
 That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse
 His melting shadows round thy form ;
 That GUIDO's pale, unearthly hues
 Should, in portraying thee, grow warm ;
 That all — from the ideal, grand,
 Inimitable Roman hand,
 Down to the small, enamelling touch
 Of smooth CARLINO — should delight
 In picturing her, who "lov'd so much,"
 And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, MARY, 'mong these bold essays
 Of Genius and of Art to raise
 A semblance of those weeping eyes —
 A vision, worthy of the sphere
 Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,
 And in the hearts of all men here, —
 None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,
 CANOVA's day-dream of thy face,
 In those bright sculptur'd forms, more bright
 With true expression's breathing light,
 Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
 Of chisel, into life awoke.
 The one,* portraying what thou wert
 In thy first grief, — while yet the flower

* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to

Of those young beauties was unhurt
 By sorrow's slow, consuming power ;
 And mingling earth's seductive grace
 With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
 We doubt, while gazing, in *which* place
 Such beauty was most form'd to dwell ! —
 The other, as thou look'dst, when years
 Of fasting, penitence, and tears
 Had worn thy frame ; — and ne'er did Art
 With half such speaking power express
 The ruin which a breaking heart
 Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.
 Those wasting arms, that keep the trace,
 Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,
 That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow
 Was once so proud, — neglected now ! —
 Those features, ev'n in fading worth
 The freshest bloom to others given,
 And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
 But, to the last, still full of heaven !

Wonderful artist ! praise, like mine —
 Though springing from a soul, that feels
 Deep worship of those works divine,
 Where Genius all his light reveals —
 How weak 'tis to the words that came
 From him, thy peer in art and fame,*

prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression,
 of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture,
 was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the
 Count Somariva, at Paris.

* Chantrey.

Whom I have known, by day, by night,
 Hang o'er thy marble with delight;
 And, while his lingering hand would steal
 O'er every grace the taper's rays,*
 Give thee, with all the generous zeal
 Such master spirits only feel,
 That best of fame, a rival's praise!



EXTRACT XVI.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens. — Their Ménage. — Its Grossness. — Claude Anet. — Reverence with which the Spot is now visited. — Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame. — Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene. — Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History. — Impostures of Men of Genius. — Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, etc.

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw
 Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
 Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
 As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes.

'Tis worse than weak — 'tis wrong, 'tis shame,
 This mean prostration before Fame;

† Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice by the light of a small candle.

This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No — give triumphant Genius all
For which his loftiest wish can call:
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold; — may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know;
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt;
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it *not*: —
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot;
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget;
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rivulet;
The flitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man disturb'd their orisons;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lin'd,

And lighted only by the breaks
 The gay wind in the foliage makes,
 Or vistas, here and there, that ope
 Through weeping willows, like the snatches
 Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
 Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches! —
 All this, which — could I once but lose
 The memory of those vulgar ties,
 Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
 Of Genius can no more disguise,
 Than the sun's beams can do away
 The filth of fens o'er which they play —
 This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
 With thoughts of all that happiest is; —
 Of Love, where self hath only part,
 As echoing back another's bliss;
 Of solitude, secure and sweet,
 Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
 Which, while it shelters, never chills
 Our sympathies with human woe,
 But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
 Purer and fresher in their flow;
 Of happy days, that share their beams
 'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;
 Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
 The moonlight of the morning's joy! —
 All this my heart could dwell on here,
 But for those gross mementos near;
 Those sullyng truths, that cross the track
 Of each sweet thought, and drive them back

Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
 With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,
In fullest warmth and radiance) show'd
 What an impostor Genius is ;
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
 Which forms its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
 Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes ;
How like a gem its light may smile
 O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
 As crawls at midnight o'er the sod ;
What gentle words and thoughts may fall
 From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness ;
How, with the pencil hardly dry
 From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
 And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
 The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know a joy, above
 Some Maman's or Theresa's arms !

How all, in short, that makes the boast
 Of their false tongues they want the most ;

And, while with freedom on their lips,
 Sounding their timbrels, to set free
 This bright world, labouring in the' eclipse
 Of priestcraft, and of slavery, —
 They may, themselves, be slaves as low
 As ever Lord or Patron made
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,
 Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
 Out on the craft! — I'd rather be
 One of those hinds, that round me tread,
 With just enough of sense to see
 The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
 Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
 That hath no heart for its foundation,
 Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
 Sublimest, meanest in creation!

A L C I P H R O N :

A FRAGMENT.

ALPHABET

ALPHABET

ALCIPHRON.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

WELL may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On such sweet eves as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire ;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even ;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away —
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute — but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones

Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears ;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown ;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How lovelily they all must shine ;
Can see that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending ;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o'ersadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts ! — nor let me grieve
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee — what I fear
Thou'lt gravely smile at — *why* I'm here.

Though through my life's short, sunny dream,
I've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awaked a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts — I knew not whence or why —
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange dark'nings of my mind —
While nought but joy around me beam'd
So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 'twas the thought
How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness must decay —
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught —
Myself — the crowd that mirth had brought
Around me — swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say

That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey —
But for this bitter — only this —
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity !

Thou know'st that night — the very last
That 'mong my Garden friends I pass'd —
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth.

And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known —
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew —
By hearts and bosoms that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more —
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been —
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away —

That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night — thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness — but 'twas a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon — like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels — shone.
“Oh that from yonder orbs,” I thought,
“Pure and eternal as they are,
“There could to earth some power be brought,
“Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
“To make man deathless as a star,
“And open to his vast desires
“A course, as boundless and sublime
“As that which waits those comet-fires,
“That burn and roam throughout all time !”

While thoughts like those absorb'd my mind,
That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As if to show how earthly 'tis,
Came lulling o'er me, and I laid
My limbs at that fair statue's base —
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature's grace —
To which so oft I've knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me — and I seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully a smile
Came o'er the wanness of his cheek —
“Go, and, beside the sacred Nile,
“You'll find th' Eternal Life you seek.”

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death o'er all his features grew
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory, full of light;

While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
 Ev'n to the far horizon's line —
Along whose level I could see
 Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then o'er them freshly play'd
A vernal rainbow's rich cascade ;
And music floated every where,
Circling, as 'twere itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heaven still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendours broke,
That with the excess of light, I woke !

Such was my dream ; — and, I confess,
 Though none of all our creedless school
E'er conn'd, believ'd, or reverenc'd less
 The fables of the priest-led fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
Separate and pure, within us shrin'd,
Which is to live — ah, hope too bright ! —
For ever in yon fields of light ;
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
 Of Gods are on him — as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal Gods were not too wise
 To let weak man disturb their rest ! —
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
 And all our Garden sages think,

Yet is there something, I allow,
In dreams like this — a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.
And who can tell, as we're combin'd
Of various atoms — some refin'd,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars — some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay —
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest; —
Ev'n as the stars themselves, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought! — but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, hath prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 'twas the words — thou'lt hear and smile —
The words that phantom seem'd to speak —
“Go, and beside the sacred Nile
“You'll find the Eternal Life you seek” —

That, haunting me by night, by day,
At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd — oh, blessed thought! —
May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell — when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
Is worthy of the School and them; —
Still, all their own — nor e'er forgets,
Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
The many meteor joys that *do*,
But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life *must* wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'Tis true, alas — the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights.
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those *I* seek
Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honouring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,
And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead —
The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name —
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.

And where — oh where's the heart that could with-
stand

Th' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to win; and shades but to adorn;
Where that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy; — where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.

Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks! — the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,

Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands ;
While there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny
tracts

Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour ;
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet. —
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is played in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand
As poor in charms, the women of this land.

* Cleopatra.

Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells —
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes! — long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays —
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace — mark but the nymph-like
shapes

Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers —
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him*
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!

Yet are there times — though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves away —
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall

* Apelles.

That Garden dream — that promise of a power,
Oh, were there such! — to lengthen out life's hour,
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening — bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world — when first
Th' eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight — standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders — and I said
“Are things eternal only for the Dead?
“Hath Man no loftier hope than this, which dooms
“His only lasting trophies to be tombs?
“But *'tis* not so — earth, heaven, all nature shows
“He *may* become immortal — *may* unclothe
“The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
“Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!

“And who can say, among the written spells
“From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells

“ Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
“ Some secret clue to immortality,
“ Some amulet, whose spell can keep life’s fire
“ Awake within us, never to expire !
“ ’Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,* hid
“ For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
“ The Thrice-Great † did himself, engrave, of old,
“ The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
“ And why may not this mightier secret dwell
“ Within the same dark chambers ? who can tell
“ But that those kings, who, by the written skill
“ Of th’ Emerald Table, call’d forth gold at will,
“ And quarries upon quarries heap’d and hurl’d,
“ To build them domes that might outstand the
 world —
“ Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which
 shares
“ The life of Gods with man, was also theirs —
“ That they themselves, triumphant o’er the power
“ Of fate and death, are living at this hour ;
“ And these, the giant homes they still possess,
“ Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
“ Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
“ Even now they wander, with the few they love,
“ Through subterranean gardens, by a light
“ Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor
 night !
“ Else, why those deathless structures ? why the grand
“ And hidden halls, that undermine this land ?

* See Notes on the Epicurean.

† The Hermes Trismegistus.

“Why else hath none of earth e’er dared to go
“Through the dark windings of that realm below,
“Nor aught from heav’n itself, except the God
“Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?”

Thus did I dream — wild, wandering dreams, I own.
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that pause ’twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush’d between two waves at sea.
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o’er Pleasure’s surge I mount again!

Ev’n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing; — this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o’er
From Memphis’ gardens to the eastern shore,
Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes; —
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian† grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav’n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav’n but Love.
Think, then, what bliss will be abroad to-night! —
Besides those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight

* The great Festival of the Moon.

† Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies, —
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines — to-night shall be
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark! — from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon — farewell — farewell.

LETTER III

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis

THERE is some star — or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night —
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I've seen — oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have given such beauty birth! —
That man — but, hold — hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,
Welcom'd from every breezy height;
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lit up all around them, say,

That never yet had Nature been
Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,
Or rivall'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis — still grand, though not the same
Unrival'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
And wear it bright through centuries —
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming still, awakes
To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west — where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or fair sphynx
That stood in kingly courts, of old —
It seem'd as, mid the pomps that shone
Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should sink beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,
And, mid their idol's fullest beams,
The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat

To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind — from those
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
To tambour's beat and breath of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name ; —
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon ;
And there — as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd —
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bird,* whose plumes of black and white

* The Ibis.

Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad; and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

'They seem'd all fair — but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly — so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell
A charm about that unseen face —
A something, in the shade that fell
Over that brow's imagin'd grace,

Which won me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And *her* alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit were moving there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light — as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both — there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With luxury of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
Full o'er her features — oh 't was then,
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw — not Psyche's self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.

Never — tho' well thou know'st how much
I've felt the sway of Beauty's star —
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into its depths so far ;
And had that vision linger'd there
One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful *who* I was and where,
And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proffer'd my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mix'd element
Of light and song, the young maids went ;
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow ; — bands
Of reverend chanters fill'd the aisle :
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands
Motion'd me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs — but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for — throng'd the way.
Perplex'd, impatient, mid this crowd
Of faces, lights — the o'erwhelming cloud

Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire — I stood,
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
 A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
 Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 't was vain — hour after hour,
 Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
 I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot — wilder'd — in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the busy Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
 Have a proud City of their own,*
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread —
● Where many an ancient kingly head
 Slumbers, immortaliz'd in stone;
And where, through marble grots beneath,
 The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
 Lie in their painted coverings,

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

And on each new successive race,
That visit their dim haunts below,
Look with the same unwithering face,
They wore three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighbourhood of death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves —
Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
Save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas tow'rd this place of death — in mood
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark —
I now across the shining flood
Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possess —
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine —
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night —

If 't was a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these — but often crost
By darker threads — my mind was lost,
Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead —
As if by some enchanter bid

Suddenly from the wave to rise —
Pyramid over pyramid

Tower in succession to the skies ;
While one, aspiring, as if soon

'T would touch the heavens, rose o'er all :
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal !

The silence of the lonely tombs

And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been ;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumbered lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream ;

While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
 Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple — now,
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane —
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein,
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire ; —
And now — oh Darkness of the tomb,
 That must eclipse ev'n light like hers !
Cold, dead, and blackening mid the gloom
 Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
 From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
 From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
 A little gilded bark, that bore
Two female figures, closely veil'd
 And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed — and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess — to *thee* I may —
 That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
 From woman's voice, from woman's glance,

Which — let it find me how it might,
In joy or grief — I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
In the horizon, or some star —
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought —
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome — and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urg'd my bark,
And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on — till in the shade
Of a small pyramid, which through
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,
They vanish'd instant from my view.

I hurried to the spot — no trace
Of life was in that lonely place ;

And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal — opening high
 'Twixt peak and base — and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving Moon, whose eye
 Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
 A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
 But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself, "Can aught
 That man delights in sojourn here?" —
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
 A glimpse of light, remote, but clear —
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
 From some alcove or cell, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor,
 Through which I now, all hope, descended.
Never did Spartan to his bride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.

Reaching, at length, that light, I saw —
Oh listen to the scene, now rais'd
Before my eyes — then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gaz'd.
'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' "Universal Sea." —
While on the roof was pictur'd bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings : —
Emblem of vain imaginings !
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on !

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday.
While in relief, of silv'ry hue,
Grav'd on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,

And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare

To the wild, mystic wonders round ;

For there was yet *one* wonder there,

That held me as by witch'ry bound.

The lamp, that through the chamber shed

Its vivid beam, was at the head

Of her who on that altar slept ;

And near it stood, when first I came —

Bending her brow, as if she kept

Sad watch upon its silent flame —

A female form, as yet so plac'd

Between the lamp's strong glow and me,

That I but saw, in outline trac'd,

The shadow of her symmetry.

Yet did my heart — I scarce knew why —

Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.

Nor was it long, ere full in sight

The figure turn'd ; and by the light

That touch'd her features, as she bent

Over the crystal monument,

I saw 't was she — the same — the same —

That lately stood before me, bright'ning

The holy spot, where she but came

And went again, like summer lightning !

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast

Of her who took that silent rest,

There was a cross of silver lying —
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come :—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips :— then, having gaz'd
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heav'n, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies,
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd
Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whate'er comes near,
And make ev'n vagrant Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere !
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er
My heart and brain — whom gladly, even
From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heav'n,
I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And risk'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine ;—
She, she was now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms —

There standing, beautiful, alone,
With nought to guard her, but her charms.
Yet did I, then — did ev'n a breath
From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No — smile and taunt me as thou wilt —
Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
To win by stealth so pure a sight:
And rather than a look profane
Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heav'nward face,
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.

Gently, as if on every tread,
My life, my more than life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this blest scene I now ascended,
And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
The marble hills of Araby,

Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on — as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this entangling net —
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort — spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now inclos'd her 'mong the dead ;
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'Twas her light form again I saw
Starting to earth — still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas — she ne'er return'd :
Nor yet — though still I watch — nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, hath met

The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless! —
Nor yet she comes — while here, alone,
Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by —
How gay it was, when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids —
Some we had won, and some we sought —
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down attune
Their Fountain Hymns * to the young moon?

That time, too — oh, 'tis like a dream —
When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung as Genius of the Stream,
And bore away that blooming bride,

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.

Who thither came, to yield her charms
 (As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
 But met, and welcom'd mine, instead —
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
 Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
 But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the reed replies,
To the least breath that round it sighs —
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet so it is — and the same thirst
 For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first,
 Made me drink deep of woman's love —
As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall —
Or bright, or dark — thou'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH-PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS,
THE PRÆTORIAN PREFECT.

REJOICE, my friend, rejoice:—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons
aim'd,

At priestly creeds, since first a creed was fram'd,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers
conceal'd.

And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
As any *thou* canst boast—ev'n when the feet
Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian
blood,

To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tam'd and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.
What!—do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?

Fools! — did they know how keen the zest that's
given

To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius — thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally —
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for
ours?

Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That slily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school —
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide,
Till Pleasure's self is chill'd by Wisdom's pride —
Be taught by *us*, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager priests pursue,
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this*: —
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray; —

Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe! — Apis forbid — forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall —
Deities, fram'd in jest, as if to try
How far gross man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food —
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe! — oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st no care
For things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs —
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part —
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade —
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.

Oh! many a time, when, mid the Temple's blaze,
 O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
 Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
 The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind —
 A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
 To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd —
 I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
 At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
 Besotted round; and — like that kindred breed
 Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
 At fam'd Arsinoë * — make my keepers bless,
 With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, *is* it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
 Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
 Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
 And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
 It must not be: — think'st thou that Christian sect,
 Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
 Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
 That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride —
 Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n
 they
 Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
 Of Wit's resistless archery cleared their way? —
 That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
 Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummary knows,

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicurean, chap. x.

Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threat'ning such change as do the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

But, to my point — a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool
Down to that freezing point where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there —
Hath, some nights since — it was, methinks, the
night

That follow'd the full Moon's great annual rite —
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward
stray

To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth — which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move —
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh: —
'T was the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observ'd, curiously wand'ring round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepar'd, —
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dar'd,

That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian * pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to — *what*, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Priestcraft; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities —
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods, again; —
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold myst'ry — can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept — that they have none to tell;
And, dup'd themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time —
That earliest master of our craft sublime —
So many minor Myst'ries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind

* Pythagoras.

Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way —
Where through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods ;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.
But chiefly in that skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our use, scoop'd out from Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne ;—
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,
A light that knows no change — its brooks that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surpris'd,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devis'd
For man's Elysium, priests have realiz'd.

Here, at this moment — all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last —
Our new Initiate roves — as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery ;

Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still ; —
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own ;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest, quail
To *any* goblin thron'd behind a veil.

Yes — such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere ;
Till, if our Sage be not tam'd down, at length,
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine —
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites —
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chas'd
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

* * * * *

FRAGMENTS FROM THE EPICUREAN.

You, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back. —

You who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air —

If danger, and pain,
And death you despise,
On — for again
Into light you shall rise ;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine.

“ DRINK of this cup — Osiris sips
 The same in his halls below ;
 And the same he gives, to cool the lips
 Of the Dead who downward go.

“ Drink of this cup — the water within
 Is fresh from Lethe's stream ;
 'T will make the past, with all its sin,
 And all its pain and sorrows, seem
 Like a long-forgotten dream !

“ The pleasure, whose charms
 Are steep'd in woe ;
 The knowledge, that harms
 The soul to know ;

“ The hope, that, bright
 As the lake of the waste,
 Allures the sight,
 But mocks the taste ;

“ The love that binds
 Its innocent wreath,
 Where the serpent winds,
 In venom, beneath ; —

“ All that, of evil or false, by thee
 Hath ever been known or seen,
 Shall melt away in this cup, and be
 Forgot, as it never had been !”

“DRINK of this cup — when Isis led
Her boy, of old to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said —
‘Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die!’

“Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav’n on high,
Though frail, and fall’n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die!

“And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit’s home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

“Glimpses of glory, ne’er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be.”



“OH! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough’s salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

“ Oh ! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, ‘ Come rest thee here.’
Oh ! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me ! ”

—— on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam.
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

[THE NILE.]

—— the glorious stream,
That late between its banks was seen to glide —
With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain —
Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.



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PREFACE

TO LALLA ROOKH.

THE Poem, or Romance, of LALLA ROOKH, having now reached, I understand, its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812 that, far more through the encouraging suggestions of friends than from any confident promptings of my own ambition, I conceived the design of writing a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's successful publications in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman, in the same year; but, from some causes which I cannot now recollect, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter, — their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which,

from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, Mr. Perry kindly offered himself as my representative in the treaty ; and, what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom, I think, occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place, between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry, — enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite, — "that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work." "That was," answered the Messrs. Longman, "three thousand guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry, "and no less a sum ought he to receive."

It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem ; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no ; — the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me ; but, to the honour and glory of Ro-

mance, — as well on the publishers' side as the poet's, — this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this “auguring hope,” became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows: “We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable.” *

I continued to pursue my task for another year being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing Lalla Rookh. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers. But the state of distress to which England was reduced, in that dismal year by

* April 10, 1815.

the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes, both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favourable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as *Lalla Rookh*. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement with me, — leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether, I wrote them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer: “We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for ‘poetry and thousands;’ but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment.” *

The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in *Lalla Rookh* will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and “light o’ love” fictions. But, besides that I have been, at all times, a far more slow and pains-taking workman than would ever be guessed, I fear, from the result, I felt that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the im-

* November 3, 1816.

mense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been concluded, though generally at work with a view to this task, I made but very little real progress in it; and I have still by me the beginnings of several stories, continued, some of them, to the length of three or four hundred lines, which, after in vain endeavouring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the tale of Cambuscan, "left half-told." One of these stories, entitled *The Peri's Daughter*, was meant to relate the loves of a nymph of this aërial extraction with a youth of mortal race, the rightful Prince of Ormuz, who had been, from his infancy, brought up, in seclusion, on the banks of the river Amou, by an aged guardian named Mohassan. The story opens with the first meeting of these destined lovers, then in their childhood; the Peri having wafted her daughter to this holy retreat, in a bright, enchanted boat, whose first appearance is thus described: —

* * * * *

For, down the silvery tide afar,
There came a boat as swift and bright
As shines, in heav'n, some pilgrim-star
That leaves its own high home, at night,
To shoot to distant shrines of light.

"It comes, it comes," young Orian cries
And panting to Mohassan flies.
Then, down upon the flowery grass
Reclines to see the vision pass;
With partly joy and partly fear,

To find its wondrous light so near,
 And hiding oft his dazzled eyes
 Among the flowers on which he lies.

* * * * *

Within the boat a baby slept,
 Like a young pearl within its shell;
 While one, who seem'd of riper years,
 But not of earth, or earth-like spheres,
 Her watch beside the slumberer kept;
 Gracefully waving, in her hand,
 The feathers of some holy bird,
 With which, from time to time, she stirr'd
 The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd
 The baby's brow, or brush'd away
 The butterflies that, bright and blue
 As on the mountains of Malay,
 Around the sleeping infant flew.

And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
 Beside the bank, — the nymph has dropp'd
 Her golden anchor in the stream;

* * * * *

A song is sung by the Peri in approaching, of
 which the following forms a part: —

My child she is but half divine,
 Her father sleeps in the Caspian water;
 Sea-weeds twine
 His funeral shrine,
 But he lives again in the Peri's daughter.
 Fain would I fly from mortal sight
 To my own sweet bowers of Peristan;
 But, there, the flowers are all too bright
 For the eyes of a baby born of man.
 On flowers of earth her feet must tread;
 So hither my light-wing'd bark hath brought her,
 Stranger, spread
 Thy leafiest bed,
 To rest the wandering Peri's daughter.

In another of these inchoate fragments, a proud female saint, named Banou, plays a principal part; and her progress through the streets of Cufa, on the night of a great illuminated festival, I find thus described:—

It was a scene of mirth that drew
A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,
As, through the hush'd, admiring throng,
She went with stately steps along,
And counted o'er, that all might see,
The rubies of her rosary.
But none might see the worldly smile
That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while:—
Alla forbid! for, who would wait
Her blessing at the temple's gate,—
What holy man would ever run
To kiss the ground she knelt upon,
If once, by luckless chance, he knew
She look'd and smil'd as others do.
Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist
By threads of pearl and golden twist
Hung relics of the saints of yore,
And scraps of talismanic lore,—
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,
Some made for use, and all for sale.
On either side, the crowd withdrew,
To let the Saint pass proudly through;
While turban'd heads, of every hue,
Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,
And gay tiaras touch'd the ground,—
As tulip-bells, when o'er their beds
The musk-wind passes, bend their heads.
Nay, some there were, among the crowd
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,
So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught
Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd,

That, sinking low in reverence then,
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being yet turned to account.

In only one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of *The Peri's Daughter*, had I yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of *The Fire-worshippers* its main attraction and interest. That it was my intention, in the concealed *Prince of Ormuz*, to shadow out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian:—

Bright child of destiny! even now
I read the promise on that brow,
That tyrants shall no more defile
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,
But Ormuz shall again be free,
And hail her native Lord in thee!

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies, I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

“ Oh no, I have no voice or hand
For such a song, in such a land.”

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers,* or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as Fancy required the aid of fact, in her spiritings, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her “strong bidding,” to furnish materials for the spellwork,—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may

* Voltaire, in his tragedy of “Les Guèbres,” written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed his Fire-worshippers into Jansenists: “Quelques figuristes,” he says, “prétendent que les Guèbres sont ’es Jansenistes.”

have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel W——s, the historian of British India, “whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?” “Never,” answered Mackintosh. “Well, that shows me,” replied Colonel W——s, “that reading over D’Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel.”

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D’Herbelot’s valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D’Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by De Choiseul, on the spot; and, for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in my day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this painstaking has been found in such welcome tributes as I have just now cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From an

other distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed; — that eminent person, in a speech spoken by him at a Literary Fund Dinner, having remarked, that together with those qualities of the poet which he much too partially assigned to me was combined also “the truth of the historian.”

Sir William Ouseley, another high authority, in giving his testimony to the same effect, thus notices an exception to the general accuracy for which he gives me credit: “Dazzled by the beauties of this composition,* few readers can perceive, and none surely can regret, that the poet, in his magnificent catastrophe, has forgotten, or boldly and most happily violated, the precept of Zoroaster, above noticed, which held it impious to consume any portion of a human body by fire, especially by that which glowed upon their altars.” Having long lost, I fear, most of my Eastern learning, I can only cite, in defence of my catastrophe, an old Oriental tradition, which relates, that Nimrod, when Abraham refused, at his command, to worship the fire, ordered him to be thrown into the midst of the flames.† A precedent so ancient for this sort of use of the worshipped element, would appear, for all purposes at least of poetry, fully sufficient.

* The Fire-worshippers.

† Tradunt autem Hebræi hanc fabulam quod Abraham in ignem missus sit quia ignem adorare noluit. — ST. HIERON. in *quæst. in Genesim*.

In addition to these agreeable testimonies, I have also heard, and, need hardly add, with some pride and pleasure, that parts of this work have been rendered into Persian, and have found their way to Ispahan. To this fact, as I am willing to think it, allusion is made in some lively verses, written many years since, by my friend, Mr. Luttrell:—

“I’m told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.”

That some knowledge of the work may have really reached that region, appears not improbable from a passage in the *Travels of Mr. Frazer*, who says, that, “being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse himself with a copy of *Lalla Rookh*, which a Persian had lent him.”

Of the description of Balbec, in “*Paradise and the Peri*,” Mr. Carne, in his *Letters from the East*, thus speaks: “The description in *Lalla Rookh* of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely faithful. The minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin’s cry to break the silence.”

I shall now tax my reader’s patience with but one more of these generous vouchers. Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that prosaic quality, industry; since, as the reader of the foregoing pages is now fully apprised, it was

in a slow and laborious collection of small facts, that the first foundations of this fanciful Romance were laid.

The friendly testimony I have just referred to, appeared, some years since, in the form in which I now give it, and, if I recollect right, in the *Athenæum*:—

“I embrace this opportunity of bearing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less changing monuments, both in his *Lalla Rookh* and in the *Epicurean*. It has been my fortune to read his *Atlantic*, *Bermudean*, and *American Odes and Epistles*, in the countries and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his *Lalla Rookh*, in Persia itself: and I have perused the *Epicurean*, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate), for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

“J. S. B.”

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid *Divertisse-*

ment, founded upon it, which was acted at the Château Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in Tableaux Vivans and songs; and among the crowd of royal and noble personages engaged in the performances, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find thus enumerated in the published account of the Divertissement.*

" Fadladin, Grand-Nasir . . .	{ Comte Haack, (<i>Maréchal de Cour</i>).
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie . . .	S. A. I. <i>Le Grand Duc.</i>
Lallah Roûkh	S. A. I. <i>La Grande Duchesse.</i>
Aurungzeb, le Grand Mogol . . .	{ S. A. R. <i>Le Prince Guillaume, frère du Rio.</i>
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris . . .	{ S. A. R. <i>Le Duc de Cumberland.</i>
La Reine, son épouse . . .	{ S. A. R. <i>La Princesse Louise Radzivill."</i>

Besides these and other leading personages, there were also brought into action, under the various denominations of Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses, etc. nearly 150 persons.

Of the manner and style in which the Tableaux of the different stories are described in the work from which I cite the following account of the per-

* Lalla Roûkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of coloured engravings, representing groups, processions, etc., in different Oriental costumes.

formance of Paradise and the Peri will afford some specimen : —

“ La décoration représentoit les portes brillantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l’Ange de lumière qui lui adresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second représente le moment, où la Peri, dans l’espoir que ce don lui ouvrira l’entrée du Paradis recueille la dernière goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien.

“ La Péri et l’Ange de lumière répondoient pleinement à l’image et à l’idée qu’on est tenté de se faire de ces deux individus, et l’impression qu’a faite généralement la suite des tableaux de cet épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de s’effacer de notre souvenir.”

In this grand Fête, it appears, originated the translation of Lalla Rookh into German verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; and the circumstances which led him to undertake the task, are described by himself, in a Dedicatory Poem to the Empress of Russia, which he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as the performance, he tells us, had ended, Lalla Rookh (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with a sigh, “ Is it, then, all over? are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? and lives there no poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?” On hearing

this appeal, a Knight of Cashmere (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world "the Poem itself in the measure of the original:"—whereupon Lalla Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

L A L L A R O O K H .

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.* During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH;† — a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila,‡

* These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharía to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

† Tulip cheek.

‡ The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.

Shirine,* Dewildé,† or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the scattering of the Roses;‡ till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and while

* For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see *D'Herbelot*, *Gibbon*, *Oriental Collections*, etc.

† "The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero." — *Ferishta*.

‡ Gul Reazee.

Aurangzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul Lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour,* the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles; — the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied on this occasion with the guards of the great Keder Khan,† in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold; — the glittering of

* "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end." — *Fryer's Travels*.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles." — *Elphinstone's Account of Caubul*.

† "Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — *Richardson's Dissertation* prefixed to his Dictionary.

the gilt pine-apples * on the tops of the palankeens ; — the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined ; — the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,† at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing ; ‡ — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses ; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen imme-

* “The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin.” — *Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush*.

† In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of “a company of maidens seated on camels.”

“They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

“When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

“Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion.”

‡ See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum, in her progress to Cashmere.

diately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, — from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, "Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." — And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector,* was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.†

* This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues. "He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high-priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations." — *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

† "The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi,* found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;† sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,‡ as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amuse-

one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol.” — *Tavernier*.

* See a description of these royal Gardens in “An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin.” — *Asiat. Research*. vol. iv. p. 417.

† “In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.” — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

“Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talah, ‘the Lake of Pearls,’ which it still retains.” — *Wilks's South of India*.

‡ Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

ment. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,* the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver;† not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.‡ At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the great Pagoda

* "The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet." — *Note on the Oriental Tales.*

† Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namêh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion's* translation.

‡ Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deev, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat i-Deev Sepeed, or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophilacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. — See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.*

to attend her, much to the horror of the good Musselman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets * was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium † which is dis-

* "The women of the Idol, or dancing-girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells, fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices." — *Maurice's Indian Antiquities*.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them." — See *Calmet's Dictionary*, art. Bells.

† "Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium." — *D'Herbelot*.

tilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Fàther's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,* — such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.† Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of

* The Indian Apollo. — “He and the three Rámas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.” — *Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

† See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, “the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats.” The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

studied negligence ; — nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics ; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar ; — such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra — and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,* who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began : —

* For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.

THE
VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.*

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream,†
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves
Among MEROU'S ‡ bright palaces and groves ; —
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed

* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun. — *Sir W. Jones*.

† "The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces with groves, and streams, and gardens." — *Ebn Haukal's Geography*.

‡ One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

O'er MOUSSA'S * cheek,† when down the Mount he
trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God !

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death !
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,‡
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;
Their weapons various — some equipp'd, for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed ; §
Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems || that bloom on IRAN'S rivers ; ¶

* Moses.

† “ Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moyse.” — *D'Herbelot*.

‡ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards. — “ Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des cœffures et des étendarts des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée.” — *D'Herbelot*.

§ “ Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate.” — *Poem of Amru*.

|| Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

¶ The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. — “ Noth-

While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
 And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
 The milk-white plumage of their helmets, they seem
 Like a chenar-tree grove* when winter throws
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
 Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
 To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
 No — wrongful thought! — commission'd from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)
 There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
 And crown the' Elect with bliss that never fades —

ing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."— *Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.*

* The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green." — *Morier's Travels.*

Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done ;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at BRAHMA'S burning fount,*
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S mounts ;
 From PERSIA'S eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY ; †
 And GEORGIA'S bloom, and AZAB'S darker smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;
 All, all are there ; — each Land its flower hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds, ‡ of different shape and dyes,
 Bending beneath the' invisible West-wind's sighs !
 What new made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud ;
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,

* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy. — *Turner*.

† China.

‡ "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban." — *Beckmann's History of Inventions*.

With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,*
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;
That youth to-day, — a proselyte, worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords, —
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young AZIM's fame; — beyond the' Olympian snows
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,†
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains; —
Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior, — no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd the' awakening spell;

* "The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body." — *Account of Independent Tartary in Pinkerton's Collection*.

† In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which vide *Gibbon*, vol. x.

And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart, — proud views of human-kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd, —
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet! —
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA'S host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
The' inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause; — never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
Than his, the' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,

Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.*

Then thus he spoke:—“Stranger, though new the
frame

“Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame

“For many an age,† in every chance and change

“Of that existence, through whose varied range,—

“As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand

“The flying youths transmit their shining brand,

“From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul

“Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

“Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd

“With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,

“That run this course;—Beings, the most divine,

“Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.

* This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled “The History of Jerusalem,” *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235. — When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, “He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun.” — *Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

† The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines. — Vide *D'Herbelot*.

“ Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,
 “ To which all Heav’n, except the Proud One,
 knelt :*

“ Such the refin’d Intelligence that glow’d
 “ In MOUSSA’s† frame, — and, thence descending,
 flow’d [shone,

“ Through many a Prophet’s breast;‡ — in ISSA§

“ And in MOHAMMED burn’d; till, hastening on,

“ (As a bright river that, from fall to fall

“ In many a maze descending, bright through all,

“ Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,

“ In one full lake of light it rests at last)

“ That holy Spirit, settling calm and free

“ From lapse or shadow, centers all in me !”

Again, throughout the’ assembly at these words,
 Thousands of voices rung : the warrior’s swords

* “ And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused ” — *The Koran*, chap. ii.

† Moses.

‡ This is according to D’Herbelot’s account of the doctrines of Mokanna: “ Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu’il eut commandé aux Anges d’adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu’après la mort d’Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu’il avoit choisis, jusqu’à ce qu’il prit celle d’Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l’erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempschychose; et qu’après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne.”

§ Jesus.

Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind
In the' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth — like those the Houris wave
When beck'ning to their bowers the' immortal Brave.

“ But these,” pursued the Chief, “ are truths sublime,

“ That claim a holier mood and calmer time
“ Than earth allows us now ; — this sword must first
“ The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
“ Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
“ Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.
“ But then, — celestial warriors, then, when all
“ Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;
“ When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
“ His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
“ The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
“ And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
“ Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
“ That whole dark pile of human mockeries ; —
“ Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
“ And starting fresh as from a second birth,
“ Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
“ Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !
“ Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
“ Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,

“ And gladden’d Earth shall, through her wide ex-
panse,

“ Bask in the glories of this countenance !

“ For thee, young warrior, welcome ! — thou hast
yet

“ Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,

“ Ere the white war-plume o’er thy brow can wave ; —

“ But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !”

The pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone —
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill’d like ALLA’S own !
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram’s half-caught
glances ;

The Old deep pondering on the promis’d reign
Of peace and truth ; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow’s miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush’d behind the gallery’s silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death : — you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet’s throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer;
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 't was sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own, —
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice the' ærial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes, — brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before, — but, ah! not bright for thee;
No — dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From the' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight: —
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair! — In proud BOKHARA's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?

Born by that ancient flood,* which from its spring
In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,
And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ; —
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin-glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd !
But war disturb'd this vision, — far away
From her fond eyes summon'd to join the' array
Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;
His ZELICA's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away — but, ah, how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him !

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches ; one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr or the Lake of Eagles.

From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,
Just e'er he dies : — at length those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"
Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die ; —
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad days its master-chord was broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Ev'n reason sunk, — blighted beneath its touch ;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate
chain

Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ; —
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild ;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul* utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her
heart !

* The nightingale.

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young ZELICA, — that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies : —
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught ; —
Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought !
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth — ha ! durst they say “ of *some* ? ”
No — of the one, one only object trac'd
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd ;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd
With every broken link of her lost mind ;
Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor ZELICA ! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;
Or dream that he, — of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim, — shining came
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here !
No — had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet

In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death! —
But lost, inflam'd, — a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms, — too well the' Impostor nurs'd
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.
No art was spar'd, no witchery; — all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns —
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breath'd around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride! —

'T was from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house ; — through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine —
And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them
cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd —
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
Such — oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies — he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever. —
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never,
never !"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and — she believ'd, lost maid ! — to heaven ;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd.
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
The Priestess of the Faith ! — how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas, that was not of the skies,
When round, in trances, only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.

Well might MOKANNA think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own: —
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away:
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across the' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look — oh! where's the heart so wise
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth — now crost
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without controul,
The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA — so chang'd
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
The almond groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd; —
When — bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back

Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light —
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew !
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, wakened in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !
But though light came, it came but partially ;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about, — but not to guide it thence ;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind ;
But, oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone ;
And, then, her oath — *there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony !
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain, — tears, floods of
tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,

And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray ;
Sometimes alone — but, oftener far, with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess ; and though, since that night
When the death-caverns echoed every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
The' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt, —
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone ; — and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here

Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Ev'n purer than before, — as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the
 skies —

And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again! —
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance — oh how terrible, if true!
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep; —
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
MOKANNA waited her — too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,

That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er the' unechoing ground, —
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,
While lamps around — not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy KOOM,* or MECCA'S dim arcades, —
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE'S † golden wine,
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like ZEMZEM'S Spring of Holiness,‡ had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see
The' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;

* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia. — *Chardin*.

† An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

‡ The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which
broke

From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—

“Yes, ye vile race, for hell’s amusement given,

“Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;

“God’s images, forsooth!—such gods as he

“Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity;—*

“Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,

“To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,

“Refus’d, though at the forfeit of heaven’s light,

“To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right!—†

“Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck

“Of your foul race, and without fear or check,

* The god Hannaman. “Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race.” — *Pennant’s Hindoostan*.

See a curious account, in *Stephen’s Persia*, of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey’s tooth which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

† This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted: “The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God’s presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung; and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.” — *Sale on the Koran*.

“Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
“My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man’s name! —
“Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
“As hooded falcons, through the universe
“I’ll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
“Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

“Ye wise, ye learn’d, who grope your dull way on
“By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
“Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
“From dead men’s marrow guides them best at
 night — *

“Ye shall have honours — wealth — yes, Sages
 yes —

“I know, grave fools, your wisdom’s nothingness :
“Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
“But a gilt stick, a bawble blinds it here.
“How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
“In lying speech, and still more lying song,
“By these learn’d slaves, the meanest of the throng ;
“Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
“A sceptre’s puny point can wield it all !

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
“Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds ;
“Who, bolder ev’n than NEMROD, think to rise,
“By nonsense heap’d on nonsense, to the skies

* A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

“Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
“Seen, heard, attested, every thing — but true.
“Your preaching zealots, too inspir’d to seek
“One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
“Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
“For truths too heavenly to be understood;
“And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,
“That works salvation; — as, on AVA’s shore,
“Where none *but* priests are privileg’d to trade
“In that best marble of which Gods are made; *
“They shall have mysteries — aye, precious stuff
“For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enough;
“Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
“Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
“While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
“A Heav’n too ye must have, ye lords of dust, —
“A splendid Paradise, — pure souls, ye must:
“That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
“Who finds not heav’ns to suit the tastes of all;
“Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
“And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
“Vain things! — as lust or vanity inspires,
“The heav’n of each is but what each desires,
“And, soul or sense, whate’er the object be,
“Man would be man to all eternity!
“So let him — EBLIS! grant this crowning curse,
“But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse.”

* The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred. “Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made.” — *Symes’s Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

“Oh my lost soul!” exclaim’d the shuddering
maid,

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said:—

MOKANNA started—not abash’d, afraid,—

He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!

But, in those dismal words that reach’d his ear,

“Oh my lost soul!” there was a sound so drear,

So like that voice, among the sinful dead,

In which the legend o’er Hell’s Gate is read,

That, new as ’t was from her, whom naught could
dim

Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“Ha, my fair Priestess!”—thus, with ready wile,
Th’ impostor turn’d to greet her—“thou whose
smile

“Hath inspiration in its rosy beam

“Beyond th’ Enthusiast’s hope or Prophet’s dream;

“Light of the Faith! who twin’st religion’s zeal

“So close with love’s, men know not which they feel,

“Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,

“The heav’n thou preachest or the heav’n thou art!

“What should I be without thee? without thee

“How dull were power, how joyless victory!

“Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine

“Bless’d not my banner, ’twere but half divine.

“But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that
shone

“All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?

“ Come, come — this morn’s fatigue hath made them
pale,

“ They want rekindling — suns themselves would
fail

“ Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,

“ From light’s own fount supplies of brilliancy.

“ Thou seest this cup — no juice of earth is here,

“ But the pure waters of that upper sphere,

“ Whose rills o’er ruby beds and topaz flow,

“ Catching the gem’s bright colour, as they go.

“ Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —

“ Nay, drink — in every drop life’s essence burns ;

“ ’Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all
light —

“ Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night :

“ There is a youth — why start? — thou saw’st him
then ;

“ Look’d he not nobly? such the godlike men

“ Thou’lt have to woo thee in the bowers above ; —

“ Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,

“ Too rul’d by that cold enemy of bliss

“ The world calls virtue — we must conquer this ;

“ Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! ’tis not for thee

“ To scan the mazes of Heav’n’s mystery :

“ The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield

“ Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.

“ This very night I mean to try the art

“ Of powerful beauty on that warrior’s heart.

“ All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,

“ Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,

“ Shall tempt the boy ; — young MIRZALA’S blue
eyes,

“ Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies ;

“ AROUYA’S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,

“ And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,

“ Have magic in their pressure ; ZEBBA’S lute,

“ And LILLA’S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot

“ Rapid and white as sea-birds o’er the deep —

“ All shall combine their witching powers to steep

“ My convert’s spirit in that softening trance,

“ From which to heav’n is but the next advance ; —

“ That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,

“ On which Religion stamps her image best.

“ But hear me, Priestess ! — though each nymph of
these

“ Hath some peculiar, practis’d power to please,

“ Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,

“ First charms herself, then all the world beside ;

“ There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,

“ One who in every look joins every lure ;

“ Through whom all beauty’s beams concenter’d
pass,

“ Dazzling and warm, as through love’s burning
glass ;

“ Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,

“ Whose words, ev’n when unmeaning, are ador’d,

“ Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,

“ Which our faith takes for granted are divine !

“ Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,

“ To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;

“Such the refin’d enchantress that must be
“This hero’s vanquisher, — and thou art she!”

With her hands clasp’d, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From which these words, like south winds through a
fence

Of Kerzrah flow’rs, came fill’d with pestilence;*
So boldly utter’d too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
And the wretch felt assur’d that, once plung’d in,
Her woman’s soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, tho’ mute she listen’d, like a dream
Seem’d all he said: nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter’d, “Thou art she!”
All flash’d at once, and shrieking piteously,
“Oh not for worlds!” she cried — “Great God! to
whom

“I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
“Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
“My purity, my pride, then come to this, —
“To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
“The pander of his guilt — oh infamy!
“And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
“In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!

* “It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzerah), it will kill him.” — *Thevenot*.

“Others — ha! yes — that youth who came to-day —

“*Not* him I lov’d — not him — oh! do but say,

“But swear to me this moment ’tis not he,

“And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee!”

“Beware, young raving thing! — in time beware,

“Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,

“Ev’n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice,

“The boy must feel their magic; — I rejoice

“To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,

“Once more illuming my fair Priestess’ eyes;

“And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,

“*Indeed* resemble thy dead lover’s form,

“So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,

“As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,

“Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

“Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were made

“For love, not anger — I must be obey’d.”

“Obey’d! — ’tis well — yes, I deserve it all —

“On me, on me Heaven’s vengeance cannot fall

“Too heavily — but AZIM, brave and true

“And beautiful — must *he* be ruin’d too?

“Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven

“A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?”

“ Like me? — weak wretch, I wrong him — not like
me ;

“ No — he’s all truth and strength and purity !

“ Fill up your madd’ning hell-cup to the brim,

“ Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.

“ Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,

“ He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !

“ Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign

“ Pure as when first we met, without a stain !

“ Though ruin’d — lost — my memory, like a charm

“ Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.

“ Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow

“ He kiss’d at parting is dishonour’d now ; —

“ Ne’er tell him how debas’d, how sunk is she,

“ Whom once he lov’d — once ! — *still* loves dotingly.

“ Thou laugh’st, tormentor, — what ! — thou’lt brand
my name ?

“ Do, do — in vain — he’ll not believe my shame —

“ He thinks me true, that nought beneath God’s sky

“ Could tempt or change me, and — so once thought I.

“ But this is past — though worse than death my
lot,

“ Than hell — ’tis nothing while *he* knows it not.

“ Far off to some benighted land I’ll fly,

“ Where sunbeam ne’er shall enter till I die ;

“ Where none will ask the lost one whence she
came,

“ But I may fade and fall without a name.

“ And thou — curst man or fiend, whate’er thou art,

“ Who found’st this burning plague-spot in my heart,

“And spread’st it — oh, so quick! — thro’ soul and
frame,

“With more than demon’s art, till I became

“A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame! —

“If, when I’m gone ——”

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold,

“Nor tempt my rage — by Heaven, not half so bold

“The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum

“Within the crocodile’s stretch’d jaws to come! *

“And so thou’lt fly, forsooth? — what! — give up all

“Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,

“Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,

“Half mistress and half saint, thou hang’st as even

“As doth MEDINA’S tomb, ’twixt hell and heaven!

“Thou’lt fly? — as easily may reptiles run,

“The gaunt snake once hath fix’d his eyes upon;

“As easily, when caught, the prey may be

“Pluck’d from his loving folds, as thou from me.

“No, no, ’tis fix’d — let good or ill betide,

“Thou’rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA’S
bride!

“Hast thou forgot thy oath?” —

At this dread word,

The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr’d

* The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile’s teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *Paul Lucas*, Voyage fait en 1714.

The ancient story concerning the *Trochilus*, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java. — *Barrow’s Cochín-China*.

Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair —
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as
 death.

“ Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
 “ Their bridal place — the charnel vault was ours !
 “ Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 “ Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;
 “ Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were
 wed,
 “ And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
 “ (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)
 “ From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out !
 “ That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine
 repeat —
 “ That cup — thou shudderest, Lady, — was it sweet ?
 “ That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
 “ Hath bound thee — aye — body and soul all mine ;
 “ Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
 “ No matter now, not hell itself shall burst !
 “ Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 “ Look wild, look — any thing but sad ; yet stay —
 “ One moment more — from what this night hath
 pass'd,
 “ I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 “ Ha ! ha ! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all
 true,
 “ And that I love mankind ? — I do, I do —

“ As victims, love them ; as the sea-dog doats
“ Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats ;
“ Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
“ That rank and venomous food on which she
lives ? — *

“ And, now thou seest my *soul's* angelic hue,
“ 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too ; —
“ This brow, whose light — oh rare celestial light !
“ Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight ;
“ These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
“ Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and
quake —
“ Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his
sake !
“ But turn and look — then wonder, if thou wilt,
“ That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
“ Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
“ Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth ;
“ And on that race who, though more vile they be
“ Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me !
“ Here — judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
“ Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !” —

He raised his veil — the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him — shriek'd — and sunk upon the
ground !

* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpen-
tum populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis re-
fert. — *Solinus*

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou * having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work † were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much oc-

* “The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence.” — *The present State of China*, p. 156.

† See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register* of 1804.

cupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, — and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.*

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded : —

* “The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom.” — *Present State of China*.

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM! — thou hast
braved

The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslaved;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now, —
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast
lid; —

Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites; —
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,

Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that
 one : — *

While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,†
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream :
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,‡
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to
 cull
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

* "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes." --
Sol. Song.

† "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so
 that they resembled branches of coral." — *Story of Prince Fut-
 tun in Bahardanush.*

‡ "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a
 powder named the black Kohol." — *Russel.*

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be
 completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of
 their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. Now, as this operation
 is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden
 bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards
 through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a
 lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30) may be supposed
 to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no
 doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken
 notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30)
to have painted her face, the original words are, *she adjusted her
 eyes with the powder of lead-ore.*" — *Shaw's Travels.*

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls
 Are shining everywhere : — some younger girls
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ; —
 Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
 How each prefers a garland from that tree
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.
 The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,*
 Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood
 Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —
 The sweet Elcaya,† and that courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy,‡
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
 And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again !

* “ The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions.” — See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

† A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen. — *Niebuhr*.

‡ Of the genus mimosa, “ which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade.” — *Niebuhr*.

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd, — nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of TIBET,* send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode: —
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as the' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things

* "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence." — *Turner's Tibet*.

Of land and wave, whose fate — in bondage thrown
 For their weak loveliness — is like her own !
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ; —
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,*
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ; —
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree †
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, ‡ and the thrush
 Of Hindostan, § whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ; —
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food ||
 Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood ; ¶

* " C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité." — *D'Herbelot*.

† " Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees." — *Barrow*.

‡ " In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill." — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

§ " The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song." — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

|| *Tavernier* adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs ; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

¶ Birds of Paradise, which at the nutmeg season, come in

And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;*
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds † that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
 More like the luxuries of that impious King, ‡
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,
 Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
 Arm'd with Heav'n's sword, for man's enfranchise-
 ment —

Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

“Is this, then,” thought the youth, “is this the way
 “To free man's spirit from the deadening sway

flights from the southern isles to India; and “the strength of the nutmeg,” says *Tavernier*, “so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth.”

* “That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon.” — *Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

† “The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.” — *Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

‡ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

“Of worldly sloth, — to teach him while he lives,
“To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
“And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
“A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
“It was not so, Land of the generous thought
“And daring deed, thy god-like sages taught;
“It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
“Thy Freedom nurs’d her sacred energies;
“Oh! not beneath the’ enfeebling, withering glow
“Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
“With which she wreath’d her sword, when she
 would dare
“Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
“Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,
“Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
“Life, health, and lustre into Freedom’s wreath.
“Who, that surveys this span of earth we press, —
“This speck of life in time’s great wilderness,
“This narrow isthmus ’twixt two boundless seas,
“The past, the future, two eternities! —
“Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
“When he might build him a proud temple there,
“A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
“And be each purer soul’s high resting-place.
“But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God
“Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood’s rod, —
“A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
“Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its cause
“With the world’s vulgar pomps; — no, no, — I
 see —

“ He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury
“ Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
“ Of my young soul — shine on, ’twill stand the
 blaze !”

So thought the youth ; — but, ev’n while he defied
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through ev’ry sense. The perfume breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit ; — the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep ; *
And music, too — dear music ! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this ;
Softened he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look’d into each other’s eyes,
Silent and happy — as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.

* “ My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.” — *Sir W. Jones.*

“ Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still
“ Is with me, round me, wander where I will —
“ It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
“ The paths of glory ; to light up thy cheek
“ With warm approval — in that gentle look,
“ To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
“ And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
“ I gain a smile worth immortality !
“ How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
“ To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
“ Though of such bliss unworthy, — since the best
“ Alone deserve to be the happiest : —
“ When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
“ I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
“ And find those tears warm as when last they
 started,
“ Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.
“ O my own life ! — why should a single day,
“ A moment keep me from those arms away ? ”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps, — like the rich track which
 Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
So long the path, its light so tremulous ; —

He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers ; *
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery ;
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;
While others wak'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun, —
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the chamber
 leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind, —
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone ;

* "They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage." — *The Bahardanush*.

No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair,*
 Such as the maids of YEZD † and SHIRAS wear,
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden amulet, in the' Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried
 strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
 And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her
 down
 Upon a musnud's ‡ edge, and, bolder grown,

* "One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear." — *Hanway's Travels*.

† "Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz." — *Tavernier*.

‡ Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN *
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began :—

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's † stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long ;

In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet ?
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER ?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly
they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDE-
MEER !

* 'The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

† A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou
wert sent,
“With thy soft lute and beauty’s blandishment,
“To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
“Or tempt its truth, thou little know’st the art.
“For though thy lip should sweetly counsel
wrong,
“Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
“But thou hast breath’d such purity, thy lay
“Returns so fondly to youth’s virtuous day,
“And leads thy soul — if e’er it wander’d thence —
“So gently back to its first innocence,
“That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
“When swift returning to its home of love,
“And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
“Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass’d, when, sparkling
through
The gently open’d curtains of light blue
That veil’d the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look’d laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there: —
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, ’mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they
Who live in the’ air on odours, — and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,

Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;*
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze,†
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere the' extatic language of their feet.
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd

* "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku,) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystal with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

† "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music."
— *Sale*.

Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air ;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes — oh ! *they* resemble *
Blue water-lilies,† when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night ;

* “ Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze.” — *Jayadeva*.

† The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

By the tear that shows •
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part ;

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which — oh, could it last,
This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing Power !
Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round, — *

* It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals ; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr

Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense : —
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;
 Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best, —
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest. *
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering
 With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ; — †

Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

* This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

† For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, or Saba, see *D'Herbelot* and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, 'Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass.'" — Chap. 27.

Here fond ZULEIKA * woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won ;
 And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his MARY's smile ; —
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love.†

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,
 Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took
 away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.

* The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef van Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami*; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez*.

† The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'd?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven.
Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrin'd in solitude — thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.
Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone; —
Alone? — no, not alone — that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh —
Whose could it be? — alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near; — not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,*
BOKHARA's maidens wear in mindfulness

* "Deep blue is their mourning colour."—*Hanway*.

Of friends or kindred, dead or far away ; —
And such as ZELICA had on that day
He left her — when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him, — more
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before ;
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground ; —
Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his
knees —

'Tis she herself ! — 'tis ZELICA he sees !
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd — none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
The once ador'd divinity — ev'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;
Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest — when loth
He left her for the wars — in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,*
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

* The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

“Look up, my ZELICA — one moment show
“Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
“Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
“But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
“Come, look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,
“Like those of old, were heav’n! whatever chance
“Hath brought thee here, oh, ’t was a blessed one!
“There — my lov’d lips — they move — that kiss
 hath run
“Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
“And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.
“Oh the delight — now, in this very hour,
“When had the whole rich world been in my
 power,
“I should have singled out thee, only thee,
“From the whole world’s collected treasury —
“To have thee here — to hang thus fondly o’er
“My own, best, purest ZELICA once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
Upon her eyes that chas’d their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven’s breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclos’d, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his — not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, ev’n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his belov’d caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.

But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh, 't was too much — too dreadful to endure !
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, “ Pure ! — oh Heav-
en ! ” —

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the wither-
ing blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light ;
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;
And then the place, — that bright, unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves, — *
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself ; — it needs not to be told —
No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,
That could from Heav'n and him such brightness
sever,
'Tis done — to Heav'n and him she's lost for ever !
It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years

* “ Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry ; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda.” — *Bruce*.

Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand tow'ards Heav'n — “though I am
lost,

“Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,

“No, no — 't was grief, 't was madness did it all!

“Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath
ceas'd —

“I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,

“That every spark of reason's light must be

“Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.

“They told me thou wert dead — why, AZIM, why

“Did we not, both of us, that instant die

“When we were parted? oh! could'st thou but know

“With what a deep devotedness of woe

“I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again

“Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew
pain,

“And memory, like a drop that, night and day,

“Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.

“Did'st thou but know how pale I sat at home,

“My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,

“And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,

“Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —

“Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,

“When every hope was all at once o'er cast,

“ When I heard frightful voices round me say
“ *Azim is dead!* — this wretched brain gave way,
“ And I became a wreck, at random driven,
“ Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven —
“ All wild — and even this quenchless love within
“ Turn’d to foul fires to light me into sin! —
“ Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would’st — that
 sky
“ Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
“ The fiend, who lur’d me hither — hist! come near,
“ Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —
“ Told me such things — oh! with such devilish art,
“ As would have ruin’d ev’n a holier heart —
“ Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
“ Where bless’d at length, if I but serv’d *him* here,
“ I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
“ And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
“ Think, think how lost, how madden’d I must be,
“ To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
“ Thou weep’st for me — do weep — oh, that I
 durst
“ Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are curst,
“ They must not touch thee; — one divine caress,
“ One blessed moment of forgetfulness
“ I’ve had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
“ Shrin’d in my soul’s deep memory till I die;
“ The last of joy’s last relics here below,
“ The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
“ My heart has treasur’d from affection’s spring,
“ To soothe and cool its deadly withering!

“ But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go
“ This place is not for thee — for thee ! oh no,
“ Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur’d brain
“ Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !
“ Enough, that Guilt reigns here — that hearts, once
 good,
“ Now tainted, chill’d, and broken, are his food. —
“ Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls
“ A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
“ Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
“ As hell from heav’n to all eternity ! ”

“ ZELICA, ZELICA ! ” the youth exclaim’d,
In all the tortures of a mind inflam’d
Almost to madness — “ by that sacred Heav’n,
“ Where yet, if pray’rs can move, thou ’lt be for-
 given,
“ As thou art here — here, in this writhing heart,
“ All sinful, wild, and ruin’d as thou art !
“ By the remembrance of our once pure love,
“ Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
“ The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in thee
“ Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me !
“ I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —
“ If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
“ Fly with me from this place ——— ”

“ With thee ! oh bliss !

“ ’T is worth whole years of torment to hear this.
“ What ! take the lost one with thee ? — let her rove
“ By thy dear side, as in those days of love,

“ When we were both so happy, both so pure --
“ Too heavenly dream ! if there’s on earth a cure
“ For the sunk heart, ’t is this — day after day
“ To be the blest companion of thy way ;
“ To hear thy angel eloquence — to see
“ Those virtuous eyes for ever turn’d on me ;
“ And, in their light re-chasten’d silently,
“ Like the stain’d web that whitens in the sun,
“ Grow pure by being purely shone upon !
“ And thou wilt pray for me — I know thou wilt —
“ At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
“ Come heaviest o’er the heart, thou’lt lift thine eyes
“ Full of sweet tears, unto the dark’ning skies,
“ And plead for me with Heav’n, till I can dare
“ To fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;
“ Till the good angels, when they see me cling
“ For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
“ Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
“ And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven !
“ Oh yes, I’ll fly with thee ———”

Scarcely had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
From their first sleep — so startling ’t was to both —
Rung through the casement near, “ Thy oath ! thy
oath ! ”

Oh Heav’n, the ghastliness of that Maid’s look ! --
“ ’Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the
skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before —
 “’Tis he, and I am his — all, all is o’er —
 “Go — fly this instant, or thou’rt ruin’d too —
 “My oath, my oath, oh God! ’tis all too true,
 “True as the worm in this cold heart it is —
 “I am MOKANNA’S bride — his, AZIM, his —
 “The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
 “Their blue lips echo’d it — I hear them now!
 “Their eyes glar’d on me, while I pledg’d that bowl,
 “’Twas burning blood — I feel it in my soul!
 “And the Veil’d Bridegroom — hist! I’ve seen to-
 night
 “What angels know not of — so foul a sight,
 “So horrible — oh! never may’st thou see
 “What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
 “But I must hence — off, off — I am not thine,
 “Nor Heav’n’s, nor Love’s, nor aught that is divine —
 “Hold me not — ha! think’st thou the fiends that
 sever
 “Hearts, cannot sunder hands? — thus, then — for
 ever!”

With all that strength, which madness lends the
 weak,
 She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more
 years
 Than wretch e’er told, can never leave his ears —
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,
 Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar,* is all sweetness on the one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank,† whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that

* “In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour.” — *Ebn Haukal*.

† For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpré's Voyage* in the Indian Ocean.

often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,*) informed the Princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and, after a few unheard remarks

* "The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
 Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
 This City of War which, in a few short hours,
 Hath sprung up here,* as if the magic powers
 Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,
 Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,†

* "The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents." — *Dow's Hindostan*.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment: "His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair." — *Historical Sketches of the South of India*.

† The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright
armory : —

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold : —
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun ;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,*
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust bird †
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ; —
Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the
wind ;

The neigh of cavalry ; — the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ; — ‡

* “ A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells.” — *Ali Bey*.

† A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

‡ “ Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fere-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot), singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully.” — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

“ The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe ; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster

Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ; —
 War-music, bursting out from time to time,
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ; —
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of the' Abyssinian trumpet,* swell and float.

Who leads this mighty army ? — ask ye “ who ? ”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,† over yonder tent ? —
 It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.
 Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam ‡ and the world, —
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign ;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave §
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave

the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music.” — *Tavernier*.

* “ This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.” — *Note of Bruce's Editor*.

† The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — See *Gibbon*.

‡ The Mahometan religion.

§ “ The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is

His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nurs'd in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
Such pomp before ; — not ev'n when on his way
To MECCA'S Temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury ; *
When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow : — †
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock, ‡
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock : §
Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ; — ||

buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."
— *Struy.*

* Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

† Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam. — *Abulfeda.*

‡ The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." — *Ebn Haukal.*

§ "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds." — *Nicbuhr.*

|| "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are

Men, from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
 From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,*
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
 Round the white standard of the' impostor throng'd.
 Beside his thousands of Believers — blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind —
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner; — Chiefs of the' UZBEK race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace;†
 TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From the' aromatic pastures of the North;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,‡ — and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of HINDOO KOSH,§ in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.

wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." —
Asiat. Misc. v. i.

* Azab or Saba.

† "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans." — *Account of Independent Tartary*.

‡ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises. — *Ebn Haukal*.

§ For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul*.

But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire* — all panting then
For vengeance on the' accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd
From YEZD's † eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire:
From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the CASPIAN, ‡ fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet-Chief — all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,

* The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

† “Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain.” — *Stephen's Persia*.

‡ “When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible.” — *Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku*.

That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet ;
While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,
Smoke up to Heav'n — hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,*
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.

“On, Swords of God !” the panting CALIPH calls, —
“Thrones for the living — Heav'n for him who
falls !” —

“On, brave avengers, on,” MOKANNA cries,
“And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies !”
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day —
They clash — they strive — the CALIPH's troops
give way !

MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's Impérial crown
Is just within his grasp — when, hark, that shout !
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout ;
And now they turn, they rally — at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,

* *Savary* says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, “Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand cool before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it.”

In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDER's
vale,*)

Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back —
While hope and courage kindle in his track ;
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks !
In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky —
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.
The panic spreads — “A miracle !” throughout
The Moslem ranks, “a miracle !” they shout,
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath

* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. — See *The Koran and its Commentators*.

He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed — though, in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all,
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
 Of flying thousands — he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
 In this forc'd flight, is — murdering as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

“Alla illa Alla!” — the glad shout renew —
 “Alla Akbar!”* — the Caliph's in MEROU,
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets.†
 The swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.

* The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. “Alla Acbar!” says Ockley, means, “God is most mighty.”

† The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russel*.

Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name —
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls, —
He turns away — coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine; —
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake,*
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden — over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —
'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;

* The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd — like fount-drops, frozen as they
start —

And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance! — dire vengeance on the wretch who
cast

O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night, —
Rumours of armies, thronging to the' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief, — for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists — like lightning-fire,
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,
He gain'd MEROÛ — breath'd a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the JIHON'S flood,*

* The ancient Oxus.

And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB's gates,*
And there, untam'd, the' approaching conqueror
waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One — not for love — not for her beauty's light —
No, ZELICA stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From the' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead.†
Oh, not for love — the deepest Damn'd must be
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.
But no, she is his victim ; — *there* lie all
Her charms for him — charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin, — to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul —

* A city of Transoxiana.

† “ You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead,” etc. etc. — *Nieuhoff*.

This is his triumph ; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him among demons all but first :
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes !

But other tasks now wait him — tasks that need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives* have gifted him — for
mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
That spangle INDIA'S fields on showery nights,—†
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along the' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
MOKANNA views that multitude of tents ;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet ; —
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they.

* The Demons of the Persian mythology.

† Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. — See his Travels.

“ Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel’s wing,
 “ Who brush’d the thousands of the’ Assyrian
 King*
 “ To darkness in a moment, that I might
 “ People Hell’s chambers with yon host to-night !
 “ But, come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
 “ Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan ;
 “ Let who will torture him, Priest — Caliph —
 King —

“ Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
 “ With victims’ shrieks and howlings of the slave, —
 “ Sounds, that shall glad me ev’n within my grave !”
 Thus, to himself — but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain : —
 “ Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown
 “ I bear from Heav’n, whose light nor blood shall
 drown
 “ Nor shadow of earth eclipse ; — before whose gems
 “ The paly pomp of this world’s diadems,
 “ The crown of GERASHID, the pillar’d throne
 “ Of PARVIZ,† and the heron crest that shone,‡

* Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal. — *D’Herbelot*.

† Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D’Herbelot*.

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with “treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou.” — *Universal History*.

‡ “The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the

“Magnificent, o’er ALI’s beauteous eyes,*
 “Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies :
 “Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we’ve pass’d
 “O’er Destiny’s dark wave, beams out at last !
 “Victory’s our own — ’tis written in that Book
 “Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 “That ISLAM’s sceptre shall beneath the power
 “Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 “When the moon’s mighty orb, before all eyes,
 “From NEKSHEB’s Holy Well portentously shall
 rise !
 “Now turn and see !” —

 They turn’d, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well,† and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles, — ‡
 Flinging such radiance o’er the gilded tiles

heron tuft of thy turban.” — From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas’s tomb. — See *Chardin*.

* The beauty of Ali’s eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali. — *Chardin*.

† We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was “une machine, qu’il disoit être la Lune.” According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb. “Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day.”

‡ “Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhsheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d’un puits un

Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret
As autumn suns shed round them when they set.
Instant from all who saw the' illusive sign
A murmur broke — Miraculous ! divine !”
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war ;
While he of MOUSSA's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark,* and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

“To victory !” is at once the cry of all —
Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call ;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea they speed their course
Right on into the MOSLEM's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp, — who, in their rounds,
Had paus'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night,†
To gaze upon that supernatural light, —
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.

corps lumineux semblable à Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles.” — *D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendéhmah, or the Moon-maker.

* The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran. — See *Sale's Note*, chap. ii.

† The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums. — See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

“ On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,*
 “ Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean ;
 “ *There* rests the CALIPH — speed — one lucky lance
 “ May now achieve mankind’s deliverance.”

Desperate the die — such as they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate’s no longer with him — blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them thro’ the glimmering
 shade,

And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot, like bees of KAUZEROON †
 To the shrill timbrel’s summons, — till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 And back to NEKSHEB’s gates, covering the plain
 With random slaughter, drives the’ adventurous train ;
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
 Of some toss’d vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest’s momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low ?
 Nor dash’d his brow, nor check’d his daring ? No.

* The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to inclose a considerable space round the royal tents. — *Notes on the Bahardanush.*

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it. — See *Harmer’s Observations on Job.*

† “ From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey.” — *Morier’s Travels.*

Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
 To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,
 Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest; —
 And they believe him! — oh, the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away; —
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With Heaven's rainbow; — alchymists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out;
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts,
 That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;
 Nor, mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.
 Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never could'st have borne it — Death had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 'twas not so — a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
 When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke, —
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom, —
 Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,

And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath —
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice, —
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.*
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now, — and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

* "A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river." — *Savary*.

But vain at length his arts — despair is seen
 Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean
 All that the sword had left unreap'd : — in vain
 At morn and eve across the northern plain
 He looks impatient for the promis'd spears
 Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers ;
 They come not — while his fierce beleaguers pour
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,*

* That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Account of Mamood I.* "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agne aster*, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire. — See *Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471. — And in the curious Javan poem, the *Brata Yudha* given by *Sir Stamford Raffles* in his *History of Java*, we find, "He aimed at the heart of Soéta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A

And horrible as new ; * — javelins, that fly
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,†
 Showers of consuming fire, o'er all below ;
 Looking, as through the' illumin'd night they go,
 Like those wild birds‡ that by the Magians oft,
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft

fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel. — See the extracts from *Casiri's* Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to *Berington's* Literary History of the Middle Ages.

* The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

† See *Hanway's* Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookée, or, the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke*, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says, that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

. many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
 As from a sky.

‡ "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezê, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth

Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.
 All night the groans of wretches who expire,
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
 Ring through the city — while, descending o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore, —
 Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd, —
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
 Now gush with blood, — and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the evening glare
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ; —
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
 And death and conflagration throughout all
 The desolate city hold high festival !

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more ; —
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 “ What ! drooping now ? ” — thus, with unblushing
 cheek,

He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ; —
 “ What ! — drooping now ? — now, when at length
 we press

“ Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
 “ When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away
 “ Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray

appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures
 naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive the
 conflagrations they produced.” — *Richardson's Dissertation.*

"Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 "Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 "The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 "Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all!
 "Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
 "All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
 "Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 "Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 "Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 "Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?
 "Long have its lightnings slept — too long — but
 now
 "All earth shall feel the' unveiling of this brow!
 "To-night — yes, sainted men! this very night,
 "I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 "Where — having deep refresh'd each weary limb
 "With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,
 "And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 "With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above
 "Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they
 love,— *
 "I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 "The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
 "Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 "Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen — while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;

* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed;
 the seal whereof shall be musk." — *Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.

Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "To-night!" —
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.
 Deluded victims! — never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out: —
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
 Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around; —
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his
 wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

"Twas more than midnight now — a fearful
 pause
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
 When ZELICA — alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part! —
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave

Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went — a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Rous'd every feeling, and brought Reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil — even the foe had ceas'd,
As if aware of that démoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'T was but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark — she stops — she listens — dreadful tone!
'T is her Tormentor's laugh — and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it: — can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters — Holy ALLA, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing — garlands overhead —
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd
All gold and gems, but — what had been the
draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swell'd heads sunk blackening on their
breasts,
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!

While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd ; — but, as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last
 strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ; —
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beam-
 ing
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
On its own brood ; — no Demon of the Waste,*
No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
The' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows : —
“ There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your
 Star —

“ Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.

* “ The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoollee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.” — *Elphinstone's Caubul*.

- “ Is it enough ? or must I, while a thrill
“ Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?
“ Swear that the burning death ye feel within
“ Is but the trance with which Heav’n’s joys begin ;
“ That this foul visage, foul as e’er disgrac’d
“ Ev’n monstrous man, is — after God’s own taste ;
“ And that — but see ! — ere I have half-way said
“ My greetings through, the’ uncourteous souls are
 fled.
“ Farewell, sweet spirits ! not in vain ye die,
“ If EBLIS loves you half so well as I. —
“ Ha, my young bride ! — ’tis well — take thou thy
 seat ;
“ Nay come — no shuddering — didst thou never
 meet
“ The Dead before ? — they grac’d our wedding,
 sweet ;
“ And these, my guests to-night, have brimm’d so
 true
“ Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
“ But — how is this ? — all empty ? all drunk up ?
“ Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
“ Young bride — yet stay — one precious drop re-
 mains,
“ Enough to warm a gentle Priestess’ veins ; —
“ Here, drink — and should thy lover’s conquering
 arms
“ Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
“ Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
“ And I’ll forgive my haughty rival’s bliss !

“ For, *me* — I too must die — but not like these
 “ Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze ;
 “ To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 “ With all death’s grimness added to its own,
 “ And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 “ Of slaves, exclaiming, ‘ There his Godship lies !’
 “ No — cursed race — since first my soul drew
 breath,
 “ They’ve been my dupes, and *shall* be ev’n in death.
 “ Thou see’st yon cistern in the shade — ’tis fill’d
 “ With burning drugs, for this last hour distill’d : — *
 “ There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame —
 “ Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet’s frame ! —
 “ There perish, all — ere pulse of thine shall fail —
 “ Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 “ So shall my votaries, wheresoe’er they rave,
 “ Proclaim that Heav’n took back the Saint it gave ; —
 “ That I’ve but vanish’d from this earth awhile,
 “ To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile !
 “ So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 “ Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel ;
 “ Where Faith may mutter ‘ o’er her mystic spell,
 “ Written in blood — and Bigotry may swell
 “ The sail he spreads for Heav’n with blasts from
 hell !

* “ Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jetta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu’il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte pussent croire qu’il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d’arriver.” — *D’Herbelot*.

"So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 "The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy ;—
 "Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA'S name,
 "And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 "Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 "And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.
 "But, hark ! their battering engine shakes the wall —
 "Why, *let* it shake — thus I can brave them all.
 "No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 "And I can trust thy faith, for — thou'lt be dumb.
 "Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 "In one bold plunge, commences Deity !"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said —
 Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,
 And ZELICA was left — within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing ;
 The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death !
 More like some bloodless ghost — such as, they tell,
 In the Lone Cities of the Silent* dwell,
 And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.

* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—
Elphinstone.

Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
 By GREECE to conquering MAHADI) are spent;
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,
 All speak the' impatient Islamite's intent
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
 Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
 First in impatience and in toil is he,
 The burning AZIM — oh! could he but see
 The' Impostor once alive within his grasp,
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
 Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
 With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
 But still no breach — "Once more, one mighty swing
 "Of all your beams, together thundering!"
 There — the wall shakes — the shouting troops
 exult,
 "Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
 "Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own!"
 'Tis done — the battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.
 But strange! no signs of life — nought living seen
 Above, below — what can this stillness mean?

A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —
“In through the breach,” impetuous AZIM cries;
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile. —
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd
Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil! — “’Tis He, ’tis He,
“MOKANNA, and alone!” they shout around;
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground —
“Mine, Holy Caliph! mine,” he cries, “the task
“To crush yon daring wretch — ’tis all I ask.”
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows —
Oh! — ’tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

“I meant not AZIM,” soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear —
“I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this:—
“Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
“Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but
know,
“How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
“But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—
“To linger on were maddening — and I thought

" If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caught
 " The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 " Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 " But this is sweeter — oh! believe me, yes —
 " I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 " This death within thy arms I would not give
 " For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 " All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
 " Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
 " A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 " Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 " And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 " Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
 " But live, my AZIM; — oh! to call thee mine
 " Thus once again! *my* AZIM — dream divine!
 " Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
 " Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
 " Oh, live to pray for her — to bend the knee
 " Morning and night before that Deity,
 " To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 " As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain, —
 " And pray that He may pardon her, — may take
 " Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 " And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
 " Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
 " Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
 " Our youthful hearts together — every wind
 " That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known
 flowers,
 " Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours

“ Back to thy soul, and thou may’st feel again
“ For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.
“ So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
“ To Heav’n upon the morning’s sunshine, rise
“ With all love’s earliest ardour to the skies !
“ And should they — but, alas, my senses fail —
“ Oh for one minute ! — should thy prayers prevail —
“ If pardon’d souls may, from that World of Bliss,
“ Reveal their joy to those they love in this —
“ I’ll come to thee — in some sweet dream — and
 tell —
“ Oh Heav’n — I die — dear love ! farewell, fare-
 well.”

Time fled — years on years had pass’d away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden’s death, and the youth’s agony,
Were living still — when, by a rustic grave,
Beside the swift Amoo’s transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down — and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play’d
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten’d even Death — like the last streak
Of intense glory on the horizon’s brim,
When night o’er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept ;
She, for whose spirit he had pray’d and wept

So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died.—
 And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
 He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FAD-LADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.* In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain,† had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered

* "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

† This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442). — *Dunn's Collection of curious Observations, etc.*; — a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, “to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever——” —“My good FADLADEEN!” exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, “we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without

any further waste of your valuable erudition." — "If that be all," replied the critic, — evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him — "if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face; — a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise; — and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected? — after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet

(to whom be all honour and glory !) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling." *

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter ; — it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's † apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable : it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafex, nor the sententious march of Sadi ; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable ; — for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such ; —

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said FADLADEEN,
“and has his full complement of fingers to count

* “La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoient étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.”
— *D'Herbelot*.

† The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?" — He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: — "Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man: — so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion — to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome; — but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet, himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient; — the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude

that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep ; — while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone — and Love knew why — persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi, — “ Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever ! ” — that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “ It is true,” she said, “ few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth : * — it is only once in many ages

* “ The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground ; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen ; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.” — *Richardson*.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, “ that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family.” — *Wilks's South of India*. He adds in a note ; — “ The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy.”

a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever : * — but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back !" † — FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued ; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful

* "To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, etc. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain." — *Volney*. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions ; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument ; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts." — *Niebuhr*.

† The Story of Sinbad.

spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair,* to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.† As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay,‡ or of one

* See *Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

† "The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalatá*, or Love's Creeper." — *Sir W. Jones*.

"*Cámalatá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomæa*." — *Ib.*

‡ "According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, sur-named Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself." — *Asiat. Res.*

of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost, — the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. “It is,” said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, “in a lighter and humbler strain than the other.” then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
"Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
"One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all !

"Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it." — *Foster*.

“ And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;
 “ Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
 “ And the golden floods that thitherward stray,*
 “ Yet — oh, ’t is only the Blest can say
 “ How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

“ Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 “ From world to luminous world, as far
 “ As the universe spreads its flaming wall :
 “ Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
 “ And multiply each through endless years,
 “ One minute of Heaven is worth them all ! ”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen’d
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten’d
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden’s fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow’r, which — Bramins say —
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.†

* “ The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it.” — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

† “ The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise.” — *Sir W. Jones*. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. “ This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.” — *Marsden’s Sumatra*.

“Nymph of a fair but erring line !”
Gently he said — “One hope is thine.
“Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 “*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
“Who brings to this *Eternal gate*
 “*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
“Go seek it, and redeem thy sin —
“Tis sweet to let the Pardon’d in.”

Rapidly as comets run
To the’ embraces of the Sun ; —
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands *
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the’ empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning’s eyes,
 Hung hovering o’er our world’s expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heav’n? — “I know
“The wealth,” she cries, “of every urn,
“In which unnumber’d rubies burn,

* “The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire-brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens.”
— *Fryer*.

" Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR ; *
 " I know where the Isles of Perfume are †
 " Many a fathom down in the sea,
 " To the south of sun-bright ARABY ; ‡

" I know, too, where the Genii hid
 " The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID, §
 " With Life's elixir sparkling high —
 " But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 " Where was there ever a gem that shone
 " Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne ?
 " And the Drops of Life — oh ! what would they
 be
 " In the boundless Deep of Eternity ? "

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,

* The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. — *D'Herbelot, Volney.*

† *Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpré*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations." — *Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

‡ The Isles of Panchaia.

§ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis." — *Richardson.*

Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks, and amber beds ; *
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise !
 But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood — the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades — †
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
 Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones ? ‡

* "It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics ; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands." — *Travels of two Mohammedans*.

† in the ground
 The blended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother-tree, *a pillar'd shade*,
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between. MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see *Cordiner's Ceylon*.

‡ "With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni

'Tis He of GAZNA * — fierce in wrath
 He comes, and INDIA'S diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path. —
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and lov'd Sultana; †
 Maidens within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone beside his native river, —
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

“Live,” said the Conqueror, “live to share
 “The trophies and the crowns I bear!”

and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.” — *Ferishta*.

* “Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.” — See his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm*.

† “It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.” — *Universal History*, vol. iii.

Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell! —
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
“Though foul are the drops that oft disul
“On the field of warfare, blood like this,
“For Liberty shed, so holy is,*
“It would not stain the purest rill,

* Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist; and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mus-

"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 "Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 "A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 "'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 "From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
 cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 "Who die thus for their native Land. —
 "But see — alas! — the crystal bar
 "Of Eden moves not — holier far
 "Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
 "That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"
 Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains,*
 Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide — whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods

sulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise." — *Bruce*.

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbél Kumrie, or the white or lunar coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile.*
 Thence over EGYPT's palmy groves,
 Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings,†
 The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm ROSETTA's vale ‡ — now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake.§
 'T was a fair scene — a Land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold!
 Who could have thought, that saw this night
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in Heav'n's serenest light; —
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds; — ||

* "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant." — *Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

† See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

‡ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves." — *Sonnini.*

§ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

|| "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep." — *Dafard el Hadad.*

Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved Sun's awake ; —
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream ;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam),
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird ! —
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame !
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering !
The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,

* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana." — *Sonnini*.

Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again.
 And, oh ! to see the' unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey !
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks*
 Throughout the city's desolate walks †
 At midnight, and his carnage plies : —
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes ‡
 Amid the darkness of the streets !
 " Poor race of men ! " said the pitying Spirit,
 " Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —
 " Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
 " But the trail of the Serpent is over them all ! "
 She wept — the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;
 For there's a magic in each tear,
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man !

* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, " The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," etc.

† " Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — *Bruce*.

‡ *Bruce*.

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy —
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him — none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard; —
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath, —

Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth,*
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay

* This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry; — by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

• All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
“ Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
“ The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
“ And, whether on its wings it bear
“ Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !
“ There — drink my tears, while yet they fall —
“ Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
“ And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
“ To give thy brow one minute's calm.
“ Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
“ Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —
“ The one, the chosen one, whose place
“ In life or death is by thy side ?
“ Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
“ In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
“ Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
“ That must be hers when thou art gone ?
“ That I can live, and let thee go,
“ Who art my life itself ? — No, no —
“ When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
“ Out of its heart must perish too !
“ Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
“ Before, like thee, I fade and burn ;
“ Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
“ The last pure life that lingers there ! ”
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,

So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

“Sleep,” said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e’er warm’d a woman’s breast —
“Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
“In balmier airs than ever yet stirr’d
“The’ enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
“Who sings at the last his own death-lay,*
“And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o’er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem’d,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;
While that benevolent PERI beam’d

* “In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.”—*Richardson*.

Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take ! *

But, ah ! even PERIS' hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
The' immortal barrier clos'd — “Not yet,”
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
“True was the maiden, and her story,

* “On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.”—From *Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise*, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

“Written in light o’er ALLA’s head,
“By seraph eyes shall long be read.
“But, PERI, see — the crystal bar
“Of Eden moves not — holier far
“Than ev’n this sigh the boon must be
“That opes the Gates of Heav’n for thee.”

Now, upon SYRIA’s land of roses *
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look’d from upper air
O’er all the’ enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls; —
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls †

* Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous; — hence Suristan, the Land of Roses.

† “The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them.” — *Bruce*.

Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West, — as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 The' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,* with hum
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,†
 Banquetting through the flowery vales;
 And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.‡

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
 Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,§

* "The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria." — *Russel*.

† "Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.) 'honey out of the stony rock.' " — *Burder's Oriental Customs*.

‡ "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together." — *Thevenot*.

§ The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,*

* "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—
Sonnini.

That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems : —
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount *

Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire ;
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests ! — *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play : —

* Imaret, "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours." — *Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Cour-*
nand. — See also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans.* tom. v. p. 145.

Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA'S thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels,* with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the, eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,

* "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohnnun ghell*, or Come, dear, follow me." — *Aaron Hill's Travels*.

And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 't was a sight — that Heav'n — that child —
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — “thou blessed child!
“When, young and haply pure as thou,
“I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —”
He hung his head — each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

“There’s a drop,” said the PERI, “that down from the
“Falls through the withering airs of June [moon
“Upon EGYPT’S land,* of so healing a power,
“So balmy a virtue, that ev’n in the hour
“That drop descends, contagion dies,
“And health re-animates earth and skies! —
“Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
“The precious tears of repentance fall?
“Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
“One heavenly drop hath dispell’d them all!”

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child’s side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

’Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger’d yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew’d that repentant sinner’s cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the’ enraptur’d PERI knew
’Twas a bright smile the Angel threw

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John’s day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near !

“Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done —

“The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !

“Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am —

“To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad

“Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,*

“And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD !

“Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die

“Passing away like a lover's sigh ; —

“My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,†

“Whose scent is the breath of eternity !

“Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone

“In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ; —

“Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown

“To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S throne,‡

“Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.

“Joy, joy for ever ! — my task is done —

“The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won !”

* The Country of Delight — the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

† The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* — Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

‡ Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel “by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.” This tree, says the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

“AND this,” said the Great Chamberlain, “is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!” After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.* They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder

* “It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.” — *Ebn Haukal*.

sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence; — who, like them, flung the jereed * carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark; — “and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam !”

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies, — a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s “radiant hand” he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. “But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous, — puny even among its

* The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise. See *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital* for Sick Insects should undertake."

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places, — reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them; † — that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman, — no one had ever yet reached its summit.‡ Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated,

* "This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects." — *Parsons's Travels*.

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people. — See *Grandpré*.

† "A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour." — *Sir W. Jones* on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

‡ "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit." — *Kinnier*.

could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN:— he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,— worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, dispatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence, — which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure, — convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first

disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! * She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharria might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever! †

* “The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.” — *P. Vanslebe, Relat. d’Egypte.*

† See *Sale’s Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots* adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers,† and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore,

* Oriental Tales.

† Ferishta. “Or rather,” says *Scott*, upon the passage of *Ferishta*, from which this is taken, “small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.”

a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary; — FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,* at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere; — while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words: —

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

* The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

Tell me not of Houris' eyes ; —
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood — all its pain —
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart ; — and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East ; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra, — that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with

fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus;† while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before

* The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. — *Sir W. Jones.*

† “Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen.” — *Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them — looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors,* preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,† when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another ; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers,‡ and seen her ancient

* “ On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi.” — *M. Anquetil*, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

† The “ Ager ardens ” described by *Kempfer*, *Amœnitat. Exot.*

‡ “ Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4,000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have

shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors! — sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" * — while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse; — he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she

found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs." — *Pennant*.

* Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers: —

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S SEA ; *
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA'S † walls,
And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel, ‡
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ; —
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.
All hush'd — there's not a breeze in motion ;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ; —

* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

The wind-tower on the EMIR's dome*
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on IRAN's † name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
 Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven;—
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword;— ‡
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

* "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."
 — *Le Bruyn*.

† "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."
 — *Asiat. Res. Disc. 5*.

‡ "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed." — *Russel*.

Just ALLA ! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book, —
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime ; —
Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad.*

Never did fierce ARABIA send
A satrap forth more direly great ;
Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd —
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land, — no more their own, —
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where MITHRA once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines — oh shame ! — were turn'd,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance ; — hearts that yet —
Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays

* “ There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.” — *Tournefort*.

They've treasur'd from the sun that's set, —
Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.
Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —
None but the loving and the lov'd
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,*
Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race; —
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain! †

* "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." — *Hanway*.

† "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East." — *Richardson*.

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er! —
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through YEMEN'S * dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils; —
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,*

* Arabia Felix.

† "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices,

Before their mirrors count the time,*
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness ; —
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze ; — †

round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montagu*.

* The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—*Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents:—

"He with salute of deference due,
 A lotus to his forehead prest;
 She rais'd her mirror to his view,
 Then turn'd it inward to her breast.'"

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

† "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre

Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this:
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus, — with tearful eyes
And beating heart, — she us'd to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night,
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height! —

of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind." —
Ahmed ben Abdalaziz, Treatise on Jewels.

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night-air,
 After the day-beam's withering fire,*
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare;—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive
 For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water.
 Yes — ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb the' untrodden solitude
 Of ARARAT's tremendous peak,†

* "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—*Marco Polo*.

† This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. *Struy* says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part

And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led!
Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way;—
Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,*
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scal'd the terrace of his bride;—
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.

of it, they say, exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for: "Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten." — See *Carreri's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

* In one of the books of the *Shâh Nâmeh*, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair), comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent; — he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam. — See *Champion's Ferdosi*.

See — light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,*
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.
 She loves — but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in the' undiscover'd seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover ?

ALLA forbid ! 't was by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,†
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :

And — though, when terror's swoon had past,

* "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats." — Niebuhr.

† "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux ; es dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de cooc." — Toderini, translated by De Cournand.

She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast, —
Yet often since, when he hath spoke
Strange, awful words, — and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow; —
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which t'was joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood —
“How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
“To-night upon yon leafy isle!
“Oft, in my fancy’s wanderings,
“I’ve wish’d that little isle had wings,
“And we, within its fairy bowers,
“Were wafted off to seas unknown,
“Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
“And we might live, love, die alone!
“Far from the cruel and the cold, —
“Where the bright eyes of angels only
“Should come around us, to behold
“A paradise so pure and lonely.
“Would this be world enough for thee?” —
Playful she turn’d, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark’d how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt-tears,
“Yes, yes,” she cried, “my hourly fears,
“My dreams have boded all too right —
“We part — for ever part — to-night!
“I knew, I knew it *could* not last —
“’T was bright, ’t was heavenly, but ’t is past!
“Oh! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,
“I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;

“ I never loved a tree or flower,
“ But ’t was the first to fade away.
“ I never nurs’d a dear gazelle,
“ To glad me with its soft black eye,
“ But when it came to know me well,
“ And love me, it was sure to die !
“ Now too — the joy most like divine
“ Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
“ To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
“ Oh misery ! must I lose *that* too ?
“ Yet go — on peril’s brink we meet ; —
“ Those frightful rocks — that treacherous sea —
“ No, never come again — though sweet,
“ Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
“ Farewell — and blessings on thy way,
“ Where’er thou go’st, beloved stranger !
“ Better to sit and watch that ray,
“ And think thee safe, though far away,
“ Than have thee near me, and in danger ! ”

“ Danger ! — oh, tempt me not to boast — ”
The youth exclaim’d — “ thou little know’st
“ What he can brave, who, born and nurst
“ In Danger’s paths, has dar’d her worst ;
“ Upon whose ear the signal-word
“ Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;
“ Who sleeps with head upon the sword
“ His fever’d hand must grasp in waking.
“ Danger ! — ”

“ Say on — thou fear’st not then,
“ And we may meet — oft meet again ? ”

“ Oh ! look not so — beneath the skies
“ I now fear nothing but those eyes.
“ If aught on earth could charm or force
“ My spirit from its destin’d course, —
“ If aught could make this soul forget
“ The bond to which its seal is set,
“ ’T would be those eyes ; — they, only they,
“ Could melt that sacred seal away !
“ But no — ’tis fix’d — *my* awful doom
“ Is fix’d — on this side of the tomb
“ We meet no more ; — why, why did Heaven
“ Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
“ Has rent asunder wide as ours ?
“ Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers
“ Of Light and Darkness may combine,
“ As I be link’d with thee or thine !
“ Thy Father ——”

“ Holy ALLA save
“ His grey head from that lightning glance !
“ Thou know’st him not — he loves the brave ;
“ Nor lives there under heaven’s expanse
“ One who would prize, would worship thee
“ And thy bold spirit, more than he.
“ Oft when, in childhood, I have play’d
“ With the bright falchion by his side,
“ I’ve heard him swear his lisping maid
“ In time should be a warrior’s bride.
“ And still, whene’er at Haram hours,
“ I take him cool sherbets and flowers.

"He tells me, when in playful mood,
 "A hero shall my bridegroom be,
 "Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
 "And won with shouts of victory!
 "Nay, turn not from me — thou alone
 "Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
 "Go — join his sacred ranks — thou know'st
 "The' unholy strife these Persians wage:—
 "Good Heav'n, that frown!—even now thou
 glow'st
 "With more than mortal warrior's rage.
 "Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 "And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,
 "Oh still remember, Love and I
 "Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
 "One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 "Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 "Abhors ——"
 "Hold, hold — thy words are death ——"
 The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.—*
 "Here, maiden, look — weep — blush to see
 "All that thy sire abhors in me!

* "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's Voyage*. —"Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebr," etc. etc. — *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani. "Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau." — *Encyclopédie Française*
D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

“ Yes — *I* am of that impious race,
 “ Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
 “ Hail their Creator’s dwelling-place
 “ Among the living lights of heaven : *
 “ Yes — *I* am of that outcast few,
 “ To IRAN and to vengeance true,
 “ Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 “ To desolate our shrines of flame,
 “ And swear, before God’s burning eye,
 “ To break our country’s chains, or die !
 “ Thy bigot sire, — nay, tremble not, —
 “ He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 “ With me is sacred as the spot
 “ From which our fires of worship rise !
 “ But know — ’t was he I sought that night,
 “ When, from my watch-boat on the sea,

* “ They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.” — *Hanway*. “ As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God ; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man.” — *Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer’s remark, that “ calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it.”

“ I caught this turret’s glimmering light,
“ And up the rude rocks desperately
“ Rush’d to my prey — thou know’st the rest —
“ I climb’d the gory vulture’s nest,
“ And found a trembling dove within ; —
“ Thine, thine the victory — thine the sin —
“ If Love hath made one thought his own,
“ That Vengeance claims first — last — alone !
“ Oh ! had we never, never met,
“ Or could this heart ev’n now forget
“ How link’d, how bless’d we might have been,
“ Had fate not frown’d so dark between !
“ Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
“ In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
“ Through the same fields in childhood play’d.
“ At the same kindling altar knelt, —
“ Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
“ In which the charm of Country lies,
“ Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
“ Till IRAN’S cause and thine were one ;
“ While in thy lute’s awakening sigh
“ I heard the voice of days gone by,
“ And saw, in every smile of thine,
“ Returning hours of glory shine ; —
“ While the wrong’d Spirit of our Land
“ Liv’d, look’d, and spoke her wrongs through
thee, —
“ God ! who could then this sword withstand ?
“ Its very flash were victory !

“ But now — estrang’d, divorc’d for ever,
 “ Far as the grasp of Fate can sever ;
 “ Our only ties what love has wove, —
 “ In faith, friends, country, sunder’d wide ;
 “ And then, then only, true to love,
 “ When false to all that’s dear beside !
 “ Thy father IRAN’S deadliest foe —
 “ Thyself, perhaps, ev’n now — but no —
 “ Hate never look’d so lovely yet !
 “ No — sacred to thy soul will be
 “ The land of him who could forget
 “ All but that bleeding land for thee.
 “ When other eyes shall see, unmov’d,
 “ Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 “ Thou’lt think how well one Gheber lov’d,
 “ And for *his* sake thou’lt weep for all !
 “ But look ——”

 With sudden start he turn’d
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn’d
 Bluely, as o’er some seaman’s grave ;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,*
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

* “ The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.”— *Baumgarten*.

“My signal lights! — I must away —
“Both, both are ruin’d, if I stay.
“Farewell — sweet life! thou cling’st in vain —
“Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!”
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp’d,
Nor look’d — but from the lattice dropp’d
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor mov’d, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe; —
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
 “I come — I come — if in that tide
“Thou sleep’st to-night, I’ll sleep there too,
 “In death’s cold wedlock, by thy side.
“Oh! I would ask no happier bed
 “Than the chill wave my love lies under —
“Sweeter to rest together dead,
 “Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”
But no — their hour is not yet come —
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where’er that ill-starr’d home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem’d to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind!

THE princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story ; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme ; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country ; — through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,† with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that

* “ Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.” — *Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein*, by W. Hunter, Esq.

† “ It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good wagon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension.” — *Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,* which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story :—

* “The FicusIndica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors.” —*Pennant*.

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea* palely shines,
 Revealing BAHREIN's† groves of palm,
 And lighting KISHMA's‡ amber vines.
 Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,
 While breezes from the Indian sea
 Blow round SELAMA's‡ sainted cape,
 And curl the shining flood beneath, —
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
 Had tow'rd that holy headland cast —
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentle skies and breezes fair !

The nightingale now bends her flight §
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen ;
 And hides her from the morning star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten

* The Persian Gulf. — “ To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.” — *Sir W. Jones*.

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. “ The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.” — *Morier*.

§ The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day time, and from the loftiest trees at night.” — *Russel's Aleppo*.

In the clear dawn, — bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar *
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign.

And see — the Sun himself! — on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd? —

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESSIA's † bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From IRAN's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains: —
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,

* In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

† The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,*
 Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
 Far from his beauteous land of dates,
 Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:
 Yet happier so than if he trod
 His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod! —
 Oh, he would rather houseless roam
 Where Freedom and his God may lead,
 Than be the sleekest slave at home
 That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,
 Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves? —
 No — she has sons, that never — never —
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heaven has light or earth has graves; —
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm,†

* Derbend. — “Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens.” — *D'Herbelot*.

† The Talpot or Talipot tree. “This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon.” — *Thunberg*.

Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round !
Yes, EMIR ! he, who scal'd that tower,
 And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
 How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest —
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue, — blest to be
Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty !
Thou know'st them well — 'tis some moons since
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags ;
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown ;
Here — ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er —
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.
Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name,

Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again; —
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthron'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light *
The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink?
Who comes, embower'd in the spears
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers? —
Those mountaineers that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on IRAN's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED — name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm! —
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

* "When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink." — *The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,*
Who in their fairy helms, of yore
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales, that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief, —
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
For happy homes and altars free, —

* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty!
 One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names, that have sanctified their blood;
 As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.*
 'T was not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;
 'T was not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,
 Though fram'd for IRAN'S happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!—
 'T was not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame;

* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar saints" among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See *Chateaubriand's* Beauties of Christianity.

While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour — vain the flower
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,
Against AL HASSAN's whelming power. —
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way —
In vain — for every lance they rais'd,
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er, —
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust cloud.
There stood — but one short league away
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay —
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of OMAN beetling awfully; *

* This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs par-

A last and solitary link
 Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,
 As if to guard the Gulf across ;
 While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
 That oft the sleeping albatross *
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started — to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air !
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ; —
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd, —
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,

allel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sindh." — *Kinnier's Persian Empire*.

* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.*

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between :
It seemed a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.

Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came,
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For, each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire ; †
And, though for ever past the days
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze

" There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it " — *Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

† The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

That from its lofty altar shone, —
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on,*
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
 His little army's last remains; —
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 "Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers, —
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours; —
 "Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 "Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
 "Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 "To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 "Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 "Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

* "At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man." — *Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

“ Here — happy that no tyrant’s eye
“ Gloats on our torments — we may die ! ” —
’Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin’d altar broke,
Glared on his features as he spoke : —
“ ’Tis o’er — what men could do, we’ve done —
“ If IRAN *will* look tamely on,
“ And see her priests, her warriors driven
 “ Before a sensual bigot’s nod,
“ A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,
 “ And makes a pander of his God ;
“ If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 “ Men, in whose veins — oh last disgrace !
“ The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM* rolls, —
 “ If they *will* court this upstart race,
“ And turn from MITHRA’s ancient ray,
“ To kneel at shrines of yesterday ;
“ If they *will* crouch to IRAN’s foes,
 “ Why, let them — till the land’s despair
“ Cries out to Heav’n, and bondage grows
 “ Too vile for ev’n the vile to bear !
“ Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
“ Their inmost core, and conscience turns
“ Each coward tear the slave lets fall
“ Back on his heart in drops of gall.
“ But *here*, at least, are arms unchain’d,

* Ancient heroes of Persia. “ Among the Guebres there are some, who boast their descent from Rustam.” — *Stephen’s Persia*.

“ And souls that thralldom never stain’d ; —
“ This spot, at least, no foot of slave
“ Or satrap ever yet profaned ;
“ And though but few — though fast the wave
“ Of life is ebbing from our veins,
“ Enough for vengeance still remains.
“ As panthers, after set of sun,
“ Rush from the roots of LEBANON
“ Across the dark-sea robber’s way,*
“ We’ll bound upon our startled prey ;
“ And when some hearts that proudest swell
“ Have felt our falchion’s last farewell ;
“ When Hope’s expiring throb is o’er,
“ And ev’n Despair can prompt no more,
“ This spot shall be the sacred grave
“ Of the last few who, vainly brave,
“ Die for the land they cannot save !”
His Chiefs stood round — each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid —
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate ;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering Spirits of their Dead ; †

* See Russel’s account of the panther’s attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

† “ Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.” — *Richardson*.

Though neither priest nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate ; *
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ; †
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
 They swore ‡ the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame —
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe —
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in

* In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

† Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—*Rabbi Benjamin*.

‡ "Nul d'entre eux oseroit se parjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopédie Francoise*.

His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, EMIR ! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd, —
Tranquil as on some battle plain

 The Persian lily shines and towers,*
Before the combat's reddening stain

 Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood —
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along

 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear !

Far other feelings Love hath brought —

 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,

 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness !
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words — “for *my* sake weep for all ;”
And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,

* “A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour.” — *Russel's Aleppo*.

She weeps a lover snatch'd away
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim ;
There's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight ;
And — had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes —
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech — the look estrang'd —
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd —
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone !

Ah ! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast ;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness !
No, HINDA, no, — thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame ; —
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure, —

Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away, —
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep ; —
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting —
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn — AL HASSAN's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy —
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon HERKEND's Sea,
When toss'd at midnight furiously,*

* "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire." — *Travels of Two Mohammedans.*

Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
“Up, daughter, up — the KERNA’s* breath
“Has blown a blast would waken death,
“And yet thou sleep’st — up, child, and see
“This blessed day for Heaven and me,
“A day more rich in Pagan blood
“Than ever flash’d o’er OMAN’s flood.
“Before another dawn shall shine,
“His head — heart — limbs — will all be mine;
“This very night his blood shall steep
“These hands all over ere I sleep!” —

“*His blood!*” she faintly scream’d — her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind —
“Yes — spite of his ravines and towers,
“HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
“Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 “Without whose aid the links accurst,
“That bind these impious slaves, would be
 “Too strong for ALLA’s self to burst!
“That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
“My path with piles of Moslem dead,
“Whose baffling spells had almost driven
“Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
“This night, with all his band shall know
“How deep an Arab’s steel can go,

* A kind of trumpet; — it “was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.” — *Richardson*.

“ When God and Vengeance speed the blow.

“ And — Prophet ! by that holy wreath

“ Thou wor’st on OHOD’S field of death,*

“ I swear, for every sob that parts

“ In anguish from these heathen hearts,

“ A gem from PERSIA’S plunder’d mines

“ Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.

“ But, ha ! — she sinks — that look so wild —

“ Those livid lips — my child, my child,

“ This life of blood befits not thee,

“ And thou must back to ARABY.

“ Ne’er had I risk’d thy timid sex

“ In scenes that man himself might dread,

“ Had I not hop’d our every tread

“ Would be on prostrate Persian necks —

“ Curst race, they offer swords instead !

“ But cheer thee, maid, — the wind that now

“ Is blowing o’er thy feverish brow,

“ To-day shall waft thee from the shore ;

“ And, e’er a drop of this night’s gore

“ Have time to chill in yonder towers,

“ Thou ’lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers ! ”

His bloody boast was all too true ;

There lurk’d one wretch among the few

Whom HAFED’S eagle eye could count

Around him on that Fiery Mount, —

* “ Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one : the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod.” — *Universal History*.

One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers, where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their Sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay — but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave; —
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim, —
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips! *

* They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of

His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die, —
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,*
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

ashes." — *Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there;
 v. *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water." — *Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813*. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruit of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*, — magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

* "The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake." — *Pottinger*.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing." — *Koran*, chap. 24.

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.* She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,† enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her.

* “A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name.” — “The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month.” — *Le Bruyn*.

† “The Biajús are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it.” — *Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations*.

It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer —

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets; — the violet sherbets * were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,† which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued: —

* “The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar.”—*Hasselquist*.

“The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar.”—*Tavernier*.

† “Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers.”—*Persian Tales*.

THE day is lowering — stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.

There's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past ; —
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast ; —
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling !

While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth
And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 't was yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land ; — upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ; —
And all was boding, drear, and dark
As her own soul, when HINDA's bark

Went slowly from the Persian shore. —
 No music tim'd her parting oar,*
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more ; —
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.†
 And where was stern AL HASSAN then?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there?
 No — close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood, —
 With that keen, second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath!‡

* “The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.” — *Harmer*.

† “The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean.” — *Richardson*.

‡ “I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.” — *Pennant*.

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter, —
 As a young bird of BABYLON,*
 Let loose to tell of victory won,
 Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
 The flowers she nurs'd — the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves —
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells;
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount; †
 Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again, at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary ‡
 In her own sweet acacia bower. —

* "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon." — *Travels of certain Englishmen*.

† "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them." — *Harris*.

‡ "Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière precieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres." — *Toderini*.

Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No, — silent, from her train apart, —
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom, —
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
“Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
“So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
“Foe — Gheber — infidel — whate'er
“The' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
“Still glorious — still to this fond heart
“Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
“Yes — ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes —
“If there be wrong, be crime in this,
“Let the black waves that round us roll,
“Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
“Forgetting faith — home — father — all —
“Before its earthly idol fall,
“Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him —
“For, oh, so wildly do I love him,
“Thy Paradise itself were dim
“And joyless, if not shar'd with him!”
Her hands were clasp'd — her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;

And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd, — though wandering earthward
now, —

Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes — for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm — the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd —
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head —
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky. —

But, hark! — that war-whoop on the deck —

That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,

Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain-waves — “Forgive me, God!
“Forgive me” — shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over — for she felt

As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd —
When, hark! — a second crash — a third —
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in — what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm, —
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on — and some that call
“For GOD and IRAN!” as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of the' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not — for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck — the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above —
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore
Flutter'd like bloody flags — the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash

Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands * — as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too — but no — it could not be —
'T was fancy all — yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul, — even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of EGYPT,† whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,‡
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.
But no — 't was but the minute's dream —
A fantasy — and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

† "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates." —
Brown.

‡ See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn ! —
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ; —
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem *
Whose liquid flame is born of them !
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears, —
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs :
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients, Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.

And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when HINDA woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she? — her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still — is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA'S bay
Bore her at morn — whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd? — no — strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade, —
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around — there lay
 A group of warriors in the sun,
Resting their limbs, as for that day
 Their ministry of death were done.

Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
 Lost in unconscious reverie ;
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
 That sluggish calm, with many a look
 To the slack sail impatient cast,
 As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA ! who shall save her now ?
 There's not in all that warrior band
 One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
 From her own Faithful Moslem land.
 Their garb — the leathern belt * that wráps
 Each yellow vest † — that rebel hue —
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps — ‡
 Yes — yes — her fears are all too true,
 And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
 Abandon'd her to HAFED's power ; —
 HAFED, the Gheber ! — at the thought
 Her very heart's blood chills within ;
 He, whom her soul was hourly taught
 To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
 Some minister, whom Hell had sent
 To spread its blast, where'er he went,
 And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
 His shadow betwixt man and God !

* *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

† “The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes.” — *Thevenot*.

‡ “The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary.” — *Waring*.

And she is now his captive, — thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels — all enemies !
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
 She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
 That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no — she sees him not — 'tis gone,
The vision that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled — 't was but a phantom form —
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
 Scales the blue wave — the crew's in motion,
The oars are out, and with light sound
 Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees — with horror sees,
 Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold, —
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where MECCA'S godless enemies

Lie like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold !
Amid the' illumin'd land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood ;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone. —
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass ; —
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands ! —
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch
Through which departed spirits go : —
Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated — as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark, — so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 't were some secret of the grave!

But soft — they pause — the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track; —
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oars' redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;
When, hark! — some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks — the chain is flung —
The oars are up — the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous — but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! — genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!

To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet, —
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.
Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled —
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom — 'mid crash of
boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard, from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry — the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone —
And that eternal saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful — ev'n to see,
To gaze on those terrific things

She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings ;
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near —
“Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?”
She *does* not dream — all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, “Thy Gheber's here.”
’Twas his own voice — she could not err —
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,*
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. “The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.” — *Jami*.

Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear, —
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her — a maid of ARABY —
A Moslem maid — the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast — Oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

“Save him, my God!” she inly cries —
“Save him this night — and if thine eyes
“Have ever welcom'd with delight
“The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
“Of sinners' hearts — guard him this night,
“And here, before thy throne, I swear
“From my heart's inmost core to tear
“Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
“Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
“And give it bleeding all to Thee!

“ Let him but live, — the burning tear,
“ The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
“ Which have been all too much his own,
“ Shall from this hour be Heaven’s alone.
“ Youth pass’d in penitence, and age
“ In long and painful pilgrimage,
“ Shall leave no traces of the flame
“ That wastes me now — nor shall his name
“ Ere bless my lips, but when I pray
“ For his dear spirit, that away
“ Casting from its angelic ray
“ The’ eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine
“ Redeem’d, all glorious and all Thine!
“ Think — think what victory to win
“ One radiant soul like his from sin, —
“ One wandering star of virtue back
“ To its own native, heaven-ward track!
“ Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 “ Together thine — for, blest or crost,
“ Living or dead, his doom is mine,
 “ And, if *he* perish, both are lost!”

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.*

FADLADEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows:—

* “Blossoms of the sorrowful *Nyctanthes* give a durable colour to silk.”—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—*Sir W. Jones*. The Persians call it Gul.—*Carreri*.

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'T was one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting — when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'T was stillness all — the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,*
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream:
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,

* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers." — *Ebn Haukal*.

Look like those PERI isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And, pale and aw'd as those who waken
In their dark tombs — when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave * appear, —
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying ev'n the smile
Of that soft heav'n to gild their pile.
In vain with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come like music, to her ear —
Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
“ HAFED, the Chief ” — and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name !
He comes — the rock resounds his tread —
How shall she dare to lift her head,

* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called “the Searchers of the Grave” in the “Creed of the orthodox Mahometans” given by Ockley, vol. ii.

Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.*
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:
And shuddering as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band. —
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till HAFED with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
“HINDA;” — that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough — the shriek that broke
From her full bosom, told the rest. —
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!

* “The Arabians call the mandrake ‘the Devil's candle,’ on account of its shining appearance in the night.” — *Richardson*.

'Tis he, 'tis he — the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
HAFED, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight, —
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smil'd
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse —
Or, like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past — the future — all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth — though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on —
His glories lost — his cause betray'd —
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves! —
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long struggling breath

Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down and share her death —
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was lov'd — well, warmly lov'd —
Oh ! in this precious hour he prov'd
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe ; —
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup — how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught !

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !
The mighty Ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay

Now bounded on, and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
Were still with lingering glories bright, —
As if, to grace the gorgeous West;
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love !
Beneath them waves of crystal move
In silent swell — Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah ! too soon that dream is past —
Again, again her fear returns ; —
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts — then wildly cries
“ *At night*, he said — and, look, 't is near —
“ Fly, fly — if yet thou lov'st me, fly —
“ Soon will his murderous band be here,
“ And I shall see thee bleed and die. —

“ Hush ! heard’st thou not the tramp of men
“ Sounding from yonder fearful glen ? —
“ Perhaps ev’n now they climb the wood —
 “ Fly, fly — though still the West is bright,
“ He’ll come — oh ! yes — he wants thy blood —
 “ I know him — he’ll not wait for night ! ”

In terrors ev’n to agony

 She clings around the wondering Chief ; —
“ Alas, poor wilder’d maid ! to me
 “ Thou ow’st this raving trance of grief.
“ Lost as I am, nought ever grew
“ Beneath my shade but perish’d too —
“ My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
“ And nothing lives that enters there !
“ Why were our barks together driven
“ Beneath this morning’s furious heaven ?
“ Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 “ Had thrown into my desperate arms, —
“ When, casting but a single glance
 “ Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
“ I vow’d (though watching viewless o’er
 “ Thy safety through that hour’s alarms)
“ To meet the’ unmanning sight no more —
“ Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?
“ Why weakly, madly met thee now ? —
“ Start not — that noise is but the shock
 “ Of torrents through yon valley hurl’d —
“ Dread nothing here — upon this rock
 “ We stand above the jarring world,

“ Alike beyond its hope — its dread —
“ In gloomy safety, like the Dead !
“ Or, could ev’n earth and hell unite
“ In league to storm this Sacred Height,
“ Fear nothing thou — myself, to-night,
“ And each o’erlooking star that dwells
“ Near God will be thy sentinels ; —
“ And, ere to-morrow’s dawn shall glow,
“ Back to thy sire ——”

“ To-morrow ! — no —— ”

The maiden scream’d — “ thou’lt never see
“ To-morrow’s sun — death, death will be
“ The night-cry through each reeking tower,
“ Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !
“ Thou art betray’d — some wretch who knew
“ That dreadful glen’s mysterious clew —
“ Nay, doubt not — by yon stars, ’tis true —
“ Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;
“ This morning, with that smile so dire
“ He wears in joy, he told me all,
“ And stamp’d in triumph through our hall,
“ As though thy heart already beat
“ Its last life-throb beneath his feet !
“ Good Heav’n, how little dream’d I then
“ His victim was my own lov’d youth ! —
“ Fly — send — let some one watch the glen —
“ By all my hopes of heaven ’tis truth ! ”

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play’d,

Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it — deeply felt — and stood,
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
So maz'd and motionless was he ; —
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE ! *

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days.
Never in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise ; —
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes !
'Tis come — his hour of martyrdom
In IRAN'S sacred cause is come ;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave shall long look back

* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

With proud regret, — and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the' oppressor's crimes.

This rock, his monument aloft,

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
And hither bards and heroes oft

Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where HAFED fell ;
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never — while breath of life shall live
Within them — never to forgive
The' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on IRAN's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthroned themselves on HAFED's brow ;
And ne'er did Saint of ISSA * gaze

On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
More proudly than the youth surveys

That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers — his destin'd funeral pyre !
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death,

* Jesus.

The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er —
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd! *

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends —
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear?
 "HAFED, my own beloved Lord,"
 She kneeling cries — "first, last ador'd!
 "If in that soul thou 'st ever felt
 "Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
 "Here on my knees that never knelt
 "To any but their God before,
 "I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly —
 "Now, now — ere yet their blades are nigh.

* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." — *Tavernier*.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. — v. *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

“ Oh haste — the bark that bore me hither
“ Can waft us o’er yon darkening sea
“ East — west — alas, I care not whither,
“ So thou art safe, and I with thee !
“ Go where we will, this hand in thine,
“ Those eyes before me smiling thus,
“ Through good and ill, through storm and
shine,
“ The world’s a world of love for us !
“ On some calm, blessed shore we’ll dwell,
“ Where ’tis no crime to love too well ; —
“ Where thus to worship tenderly
“ An erring child of light like thee
“ Will not be sin — or, if it be,
“ Where we may weep our faults away,
“ Together kneeling, night and day,
“ Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA’s shrine,
“ And I — at *any* God’s, for thine !”

Wildly these passionate words she spoke —
Then hung her head, and wept for shame ;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heav’d sob that came.
While he, young, warm — oh ! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath — his cause — that shrine of flame,
And IRAN’S self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn’d in his soul, and threw her smile

O'er hours to come -- o'er days and nights,
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share.

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd

To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ; —
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown

As soft, as yielding as her own,

And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said, —

“ Yes — if there be some happier sphere,

“ Where fadeless truth like ours is dear, —

“ If there be any land of rest

“ For those who love and ne'er forget,

“ Oh ! comfort thee — for safe and blest

“ We'll meet in that calm region yet ! ”

Scarce had she time to ask her heart

If good or ill these words impart,

When the rous'd youth impatient flew
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn* hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows. —
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
 Through life and death, that signal knew;
 For 'twas the' appointed warning-blast,
 The' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
 And the tremendous death-die cast!
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.
 They came — his Chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all —
 Alas, how few! — the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun,
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,†

* “The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.” — *Pennan*.

† “The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.” — *Thevenot*.

Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;—
 How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paus'd before the flame
 To light their torches as they pass'd!
'T was silence all — the youth bath plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed — night gems the skies —
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand — that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope — so fondly hope can err!

'T was joy, she thought, joy's mute excess —
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;

'T was warmth — assurance — tenderness —

'T was any thing but leaving her.

“ Haste, haste !” she cried, “ the clouds grow
 dark,

“ But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;

“ And by to-morrow's dawn — oh bliss !

“ With thee upon the sun-bright deep,

“ Far off, I'll but remember this,

“ As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep ,

“ And thou ——” but ah ! — he answers not —

Good Heav'n ! — and does she go alone ?

She now has reach'd that dismal spot,

Where, some hours since, his voice's tone

Had come to soothe her fears and ills,

Sweet as the angel ISRAFIL'S,*

When every leaf on Eden's tree

Is trembling to his minstrelsy —

Yet now — oh, now, he is not nigh. —

“ HAFED ! my HAFED ! — if it be

“ Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

“ Let me but stay to die with thee,

“ And I will bless thy loved name,

“ Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

“ Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid

“ But near each other while they fade ;

* “ The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all
 God's creatures.” — *Sale*.

“ Let us but mix our parting breaths,

“ And I can die ten thousand deaths !

“ You too, who hurry me away

“ So cruelly, one moment stay —

“ Oh ! stay — one moment is not much —

“ He yet may come — for *him* I pray —

“ HAFED ! dear HAFED ! — ” all the way

In wild lamentings, that would touch

A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name

To the dark woods — no HAFED came : —

No — hapless pair — you've look'd your last : —

Your hearts should both have broken then :

The dream is o'er — your doom is cast —

You'll never meet on earth again !

Alas for him, who hears her cries !

Still half-way down the steep he stands,

Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,

Light all he loves on earth away !

Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd

The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind ;

And on the deck still lingering stay,

And long look back, with sad delay,

To watch the moonlight on the wave,

That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see — he starts — what heard he then ?

That dreadful shout ! — across the glen

From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm ; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout !
“ They come — the Moslems come ! ” — he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes, —
“ Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
“ Enfranchis’d through yon starry dome,
“ Rejoice — for souls of kindred fire
“ Are on the wing to join your choir ! ”
He said — and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, reclimb’d the steep
And gain’d the Shrine — his Chiefs stood round —
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark ! — again — again it rings ;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm — oh ! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp’d, their eyes of flame
Turn’d on their Chief — could doubt the shame,
The’ indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still ?

He read their thoughts — they were his own —
“ What ! while our arms can wield these blades,
“ Shall we die tamely ? die alone ?
Without one victim to our shades,

“One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
“The sabre from its toil may sleep?
“No — God of IRAN’S burning skies!
“Thou scorn’st the’ inglorious sacrifice.
“No — though of all earth’s hope bereft,
“Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
“We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves
 “Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
“Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 “Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen.
“Follow, brave hearts! — this pile remains
“Our refuge still from life and chains;
“But his the best, the holiest bed,
“Who sinks entomb’d in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart. — The’ exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track’d by his torches’ lurid fire,
 Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA’S vale
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail
No torch the Ghebers need — so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross’d the wild race that round them dwell,
 The very tigers from their delves

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untam'd and fearless like themselves !

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way ;
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fall'n before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd, —
The guards with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of IRAN'S last avengers stand ;
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem's tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard !

They come — that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now — if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now —
Woe to the file that foremost wades !

They come — a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless ;

Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome — never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!

All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand; —
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire; —
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;
Countless as tow'rs some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour —
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,

It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes; —
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by HAFED'S side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion swept away.

By sudden swell of JORDAN'S pride
From the wild covert where he lay,*

Long battles with the' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escap'd — guide, torches gone —

* "In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that illusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*" — *Maundrell's Aleppo.*

By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on —
“Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”
They panting cry, “so far behind;
“Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
“To track the way the Gheber went!”
Vain wish — confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures, — while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds — the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear, —
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And IRAN'S self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness — 't was she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet

Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her radiance cast; —
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him — 't was the tone
Of a lov'd friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife. —
“And must we then, my chief, die here?
“Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!”
These words have rous'd the last remains
Of life within him — “what! not yet
“Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!”
The thought could make ev'n Death forget
His icy bondage — with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!
They mount — they bleed — oh save them now —

The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore; —
Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!
Haste, haste — the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below —
One effort more — thank Heav'n! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now HAFED sees the Fire divine —
When, lo! — his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
“And must I leave thee withering here,
“The sport of every ruffian's tread,
“The mark for every coward's spear?
“No, by yon altar's sacred beams!”
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd the flame
Bears him along; — with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN'S Sea. —
“Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,”
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on OMAN's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just hath caught upon her side
The death-light — and again is dark.

It is the boat — ah, why delay'd ? —
That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;
Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom,
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize. —

Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell —

Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,

They rock'd along the whispering tide ;
While every eye, in mute dismay,

Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh ! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power
Of Fancy's most terrific touch

To paint thy pangs in that dread hour —
Thy silent agony — 't was such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!
'T was not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart ; —
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart ;
No — pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain ; —
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave — heav'n's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow ; —
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown —

No joy but that, to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast, —
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now! — but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings — brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge — in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er — in rust your blades may lie: —
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour —
Ah! she could tell you — she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast; —
Too well she knows — her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see — what moves upon the height?
Some signal! — 'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine
All eyes are turn'd — thine, HINDA, thine
Fix their last fading life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment — fierce and high
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,

And far away, o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent ;
While HAFED, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrin'd in its own grand element !
" 'Tis he ! " — the shuddering maid exclaims, —
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more ;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And IRAN'S hopes and hers are o'er !
One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave ;
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave, —
Deep, deep, — where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again !

Farewell — farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter !
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south * o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

* " This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia*.

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star * to light up her tomb

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,†
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
 old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she
 dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee —
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep,

* "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb*.

† For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ; *
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian † are
sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this
wave.

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux*, *Chambers*,

† “The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.” — *Struy*.

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly ; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, — which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharía of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel ; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharía. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general ; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and

* “ The application of whips or rods.” — *Dubois*.

made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen, — he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe, — the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur, — who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLA-DEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,* and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

* Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him "*formæ corporis estimator*." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within proper bounds.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,* beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet, lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer, — or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose very look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy, —

* The Attock.

“Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilāṭ, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river.” — *Dow's Hindostan*.

resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge,* who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.†

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLA-DEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,‡ which all pious Mussulmans make

* “The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich:—

“‘Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

“‘(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicksome with tipsiness and mirth.’

“The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night.”—*Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called Heft Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

† The star Soheil, or Canopus.

‡ “The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—*Hasselquist*

it a point to kill ; — taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens,* which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, “it was too delicious ;” † — and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the

* For these particulars respecting Hussun Abdaul I am indebted to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone’s work upon Caubul.

† “As you enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious.” — *Thevenot*. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: — “When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, ‘that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.’ ”

Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram,* who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,† — the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida,‡ which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began :—

* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

† See note, Vol. VI. p. 263.

‡ “ Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en apperçût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien qu'il alla aussi-tôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle.” — *D'Herbelot*.

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,*
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hung over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes! —
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is
swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
ringing.†

* "The rose of Kashmire for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East." — *Forster*.

† "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody." — *Song of Jayadeva*.

Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
meet. —

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away ;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees,* till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal † that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !
But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines — all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night !
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,

* "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall." — *Bernier*.

† "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake." — *Forster*.

And all is ecstasy, — for now
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses ; *
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round and, in their shower,
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose, —
 The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves, †
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'T was when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE, ‡
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad — the busiest hive
 On BELA's § hills is less alive,
 When saffron-beds are full in flower,
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade ;

* "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom." — See *Pietro de la Valle*.

† "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species." — *Ouseley*.

‡ *Bernier*.

§ A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or *Memoirs of Jehanguire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron-flowers about Cashmere.

A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret ;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 't was night.
And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaim'd to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ; —
The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers !
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie, —
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky !
And then the sounds of joy, — the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet ; —

The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,*
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet; —
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing †
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange-grove;
 Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents ‡ that line the way,
 Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other. —
 Then, the sounds from the lake, — the low whisper-
 ing in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight; — the dip-
 ping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
 Through the groves round the islands, as if all
 the shores,

* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus." — *Russell*.

† "The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air extremely refreshing in those sultry climates." — *Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings." — *Thevenot*.

‡ "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," etc. etc. — *Herbert*.

Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.*
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing, —
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
 Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
 To be near the lov'd *One*, — what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his
 side!

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of
 CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,†
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the HARAM, his young NOUR-
 MAHAL.

When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror lov'd
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,

* "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them." — *Grosier*.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus littus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illius terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum." — *Ludov. Vives in Augustin de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

† Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This *was* not the beauty — oh, nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of
bliss !

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the
eyes ;

Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his
dreams.

When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face !
And when angry, — for ev'n in the tranquillest
climes

Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when
shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,

From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.

Then her mirth — oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took
wing

From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in
spring ;

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,

Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.*

While her laugh, full of life, without any control

But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her
soul ;

And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,

In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over, —

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,

When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave

NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her
slave :

And though bright was his Haram,— a living parterre

Of the flow'rs † of this planet — though treasures
were there,

For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the
store

That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,

* In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours." — *Richardson*.

† In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMA-
HAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ? —
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw that City of Delight*
In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers!
Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas! — how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air — a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken —
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

* The capital of Shadukiam. See note, p. 162.

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin ;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said ;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round ; — *
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings ;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird, — whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies ! †

* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers in *Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses*.

† “ Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which

Some difference, of this dangerous kind, —
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst; —
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.*

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the Earth supplies

Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim:—though rich the spot
 With every flow'r this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not? †

sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour.”—*Grosier*.

* “As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French ‘les âmes damnées.’”—*Dalloway*.

† “You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his con-

In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not — one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heav'n that lights the Star!

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,
NAMOUNA, the Enchantress; — one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, — as the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by, —
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!

stant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.'

— *Jami.*

All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,* which around
 The Air sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems † of AFRIC, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's ‡ harm.
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art, —
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 't was to lose a love so dear, —
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's § smile to NOURMAHAL !

'T was midnight — through the lattice, wreath'd
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd
 From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep
 Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sun-light dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about ; —
 When thus NAMOUNA : — “ 'T is the hour
 “ That scatters spells on herb and flower,

* “ He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell, or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations.” — *Wilford*.

† “ The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain.” — *Jackson*.

‡ “ A demon, supposed to haunt woods, etc. in a human shape.” — *Richardson*.

§ The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

“ And garlands might be gather’d now,
 “ That, twin’d around the sleeper’s brow,
 “ Would make him dream of such delights,
 “ Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 “ As Genii of the Sun behold,
 “ At evening, from their tents of gold
 “ Upon the’ horizon — where they play
 “ Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 “ Their sunny mansions melt away.
 “ Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath’d
 “ Of buds o’er which the moon has breath’d,
 “ Which worn by her, whose love has stray’d,
 “ Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 “ Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 “ Of flow’rets’ breaths and lovers’ sighs,
 “ And who might tell ——”

“ For me, for me,”

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently, —
 “ Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-night.”
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light
 As the young musk-roe’s, out she flew,
 To cull each shining leaf that grew
 Beneath the moonlight’s hallowing beams,
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,*
 And new-blown lilies of the river,
 And those sweet flow’rets, that unfold
 Their buds on CAMADEVA’S quiver ; † —

* “ Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour.” — *Sir W. Jones*.

† “ This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on

The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
 That in the Gardens of Malay
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,*
 So like a bride, scented and bright,
 She comes out when the sun's away ; —
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through ZAMARA's shades ; † —
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows,
 On SERENDIB's high crags, to those
 Who near the isle at evening sail,
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;
 In short, all flow'rets and all plants,
 From the divine Amrita tree,‡
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil tuft, § that waves,
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,

earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love." — *Id.*

* "The Malays style the tube-rose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night." — *Pennant*.

† The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails." — *Marsden*.

‡ "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit." — *Sir W. Jones*.

§ Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to

And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert* and the dead:—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.
With what delight the' Enchantress views
So many buds, bath'd with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 't was, indeed, the perfume shed
From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
'The' Enchantress now begins her spell,

pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil. — *Maillet*, Lett. 10.

* "In the Great Desert the found many stalks of lavender and rosemary." — *Asiat. Res.*

Thus singing as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play ;
I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.*
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,† that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

* "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches." — *Hasselquist*.

† An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a

The phantom shapes — oh touch not them —
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,

yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchemical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschischat ed dab*."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms me that which I observed in Candia: to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are underground." — *Dandini*, Voyage to Mount Libanus.

Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL ; —
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of AZAB* blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping ; †
 And now a Spirit form'd, 't would seem,
 Of music and of light, — so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings, —
 Hovers around her, and thus sings :

From CHINDARA's ‡ warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
 From CHINDARA's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !

* The myrrh country.

† "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea." — *Wilford*.

‡ "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing." — *Richardson*.

Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly :—
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.*

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;†

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr.* Tab. 19.

† "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the

When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Thro' the field has shone—yet moves with a breath!
 And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed.”—*Gerrard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero:—“Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem: animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere.”

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*:—“Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper.”

'Tis dawn — at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,*
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings —
 Oh, bliss! — now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
 And then, her voice — 'tis more than human —
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine. —
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine."

* "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."— *Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says, —

"Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
 The nice morn on the Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away, —
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness !
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows ;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like echo, lost and languishing,
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love releas'd
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)
 The' Imperial SELIM held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar : — *
 In whose Saloons, when the first star

* “In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a

Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams;*
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
 Who leave — how *can* they leave? — the shades
 Of that dear Valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the South †
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile; —
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the NILE,
 Delicate as the roses there; — ‡

stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value." — *Foster*.

* "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them." — *Ali Yezdi*.

† "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India." — *Persian Miscellanies*.

‡ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace), are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon." — *Jackson*.

Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;—*
 Light PERI forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR ; †
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
 That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying. ‡

Every thing young, every thing fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except — except — oh, NOURMAHAL !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one ;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by !

* “ On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond.” — *Mariti*.

† “ There is a part of Candahar, called Peria, or Fairy Land.” — *Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the north of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

‡ “ These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens.” — *Dunn*.

Thou wert not there — so SELIM thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee ;
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert, — and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids, — *
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery, —
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On CASBIN'S hill's ; — † pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
 And sunniest apples ‡ that CAUBUL
 In all its thousand gardens § bears ; —

* “ The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps prettily ordered.” — *Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

† “ The golden grapes of Casbin.” — *Description of Persia*.

‡ “ The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates,” etc. — *Elphinstone*.

§ “ We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens,” etc. — *Id.*

Plantains, the golden and the green,
 MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen ; *
 Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the Sun,† from IRAN's land ; —
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,‡
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells.§
 All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure santal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle ||
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;

* "The Mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay islands." — *Marsden*.

† "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-shems, signifying sun's seed." — *Description of Persia*.

‡ "Sweetmeats, in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers," etc. — *Russell*.

§ "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac." — The *Moal-lakat*, Poem of Tarafa.

|| "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan." See *Kempfer*.

Amber Rosolli, —* the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing; †
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN
Offer'd a city's wealth, ‡ was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach
His inward heart, — shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy; —
As bards have seen him in their dreams,
Down the blue GANGES laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath, §
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

* Persian Tales.

† The white wine of Kishma.

‡ "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world." — *Marco Polo*.

§ The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo. — See *Penrant*.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow?
 And see — a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from TEFLIS' brooks ; *
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark — oh, he, who knows
 His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
 To guard him from such eyes as those! —
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snowy hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda,† and thus sings: —

Come hither, come hither — by night and by day,
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.‡

* Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths. — See *Ebn Haukal*.

† "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar." — *Symez*.

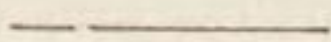
‡ "Around the exterior of the Dewan Khafs (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble — '*If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.*' " — *Franklin*.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee ; *
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky, †
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be
worth

When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their
sphere,
Who for wine of this earth ‡ left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have
here.

And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?
For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.



The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,

* 'Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil.' — *Song of Jayadeva*.

† "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells." — *Richardson*.

‡ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see *Mariti*.

Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breath'd around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of ISRAFIL,* the Angel, there ; —
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together : —

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
And, oh ! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour.

* The Angel of Music. See note, p. 252.

At once a hundred voices said,
“It is the mask’d Arabian maid!”
While SELIM, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o’er,
Too inly touch’d for utterance,
Now motion’d with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The’ acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov’d the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o’er the marble courts of kings.

Then come — thy Arab maid will be
The lov’d and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone ;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me, — if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ; —

* The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Then, fare thee well — I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into SELIM's burning heart;
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit, — 't was too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup, —
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there, —
And naming her, so long unnam'd,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
“Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!
“Had'st thou but sung this witching strain,
“I could forget — forgive thee all,
“And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off — the charm is wrought —
And SELIM to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!

And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance ;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile :
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
“ Remember love, the Feast of Roses ! ”

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry, — of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, “frivolous” — “inharmious” — “nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,* — a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions, — not to mention dewes, gems, etc. — was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion, — these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine; — “being, perhaps,” said he,

* See p. 218.

relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,* so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that — whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess — poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had

* "The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kir-tsin, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on." — "They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose." — *Dunn*.

nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret — though not without some suspicion of the cause — that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor,* he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled, — to hide himself in her heart?

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.* But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains, — neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos,

* An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor." — *Hafiz*.

† Kachmire be Nazeer. — *Forster*

hermitages, and miraculous fountains,* which make every spot of that region holy ground, — neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,† appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre; — not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

* “The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Bescham, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound.” — *Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*.

Jehanguire mentions “a fountain in Cashmere called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there.” — “During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood.” — *Toozek Jehangeery*. — v. *Asiat. Misc.* vol ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acbaree*, “who,” says *Major Rennel*, “appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it.”

† “On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully checquered parterre.” — *Forster*.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.* Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth; — while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters,† who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies

* “Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King’s Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made.” — *Vincent le Blanc’s Travels*.

† For a description of the Aurors Borealis as it appears to these hunters, v. *Encyclopædia*.

of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind * that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming

* This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!" — *Sale's Preliminary Discourse.*

forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharria, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess sat FADLADEEN,

with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that a might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith."

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga,* on one of which sat

* "On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some

ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharía, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her! — FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharía, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS,

rich stones; so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of cons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels." — *Ferishta*.

and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

PREFACE

ON my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in a preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation; and went far, indeed, to realize Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated, — “Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint.”

But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than consoled for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness with which friends pressed forward to help to release me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons, — and they were many, — who thus volunteered their aid, it would be found they were all of them men whose characters enhanced such a service, and that, in all, the name and the act reflected honour upon each other.

I shall so far lift the veil in which such delicate generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to mention briefly the manner in which one of these kind friends, — himself possessing but limited means, — proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After adverting, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and “the noble way,” as he was pleased to say, “in which I bore them,” he adds, — “would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?” The writer concludes by apologizing anxiously and delicately for “the liberty which he thus takes,” assuring me that “he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me.” I select this one instance from

among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride,—for the pride would have been in receiving favours from such hands,—that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out my deliverance by my own efforts. With a credit still fresh in the market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by declining, under such circumstances, to accept them.

Meanwhile, an attachment had issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the American claimants, for a reduction of their large demand upon me,—supposed, at that time, to amount to six thousand pounds,—it was deemed necessary that, pending the treaty, I should take up my abode in France.

To write for the means of daily subsistence, and even in most instances to “forestall the slow harvest of the brain,” was for me, unluckily, no novel task.

But I had now, in addition to these home calls upon the Muse, a new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V*****ls, at their beautiful place, La Butte Coaslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V*****l, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apparition of Sloperton;* and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V*****l in Italian duetts, or, with far more pleasure, sate as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

* "A little cot, with trees arow,
And, like its master, very low."

POPE.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the near neighbourhood of our friend, Mr. Kenny, the lively dramatic writer, who was lodged picturesquely in the remains of the Palace of the King's Aunts, at Bellevue. I remember, on my first telling Kenny the particulars of my Bermuda mishap, his saying, after a pause of real feeling, "Well, — it's lucky you're a poet; — a philosopher never could have borne it." Washington Irving also was, for a short time, our visitor; and still recollects, I trust, his reading to me some parts of his then forthcoming work, *Bracebridge Hall*, as we sate together on the grass walk that leads to the Rocher, at La Butte.

Among the writings, then but in embryo, to which I looked forward for the means of my enfranchisement, one of the most important, as well as most likely to be productive, was my intended *Life of Sheridan*. But I soon found that, at such a distance from all those living authorities from whom alone I could gain any interesting information respecting the private life of one who left behind him so little epistolary correspondence, it would be wholly impossible to proceed satisfactorily with this task. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Murray and Mr. Wilkie, who were at that time the intended publishers of the work, to apprise them of this temporary obstacle to its progress.

Being thus baffled in the very first of the few resources I had looked to, I next thought of a Ro-

mance in verse, in the form of Letters, or Epistles; and with this view sketched out a story, on an Egyptian subject, differing not much from that which, some years after, formed the groundwork of the Epicurean. After labouring, however, for some months, at this experiment, amidst interruption, dissipation, and distraction, which might well put all the Nine Muses to flight, I gave up the attempt in despair;—fully convinced of the truth of that warning conveyed in some early verses of my own, addressed to the Invisible Girl:—

Oh hint to the bard, 't is retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone:
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
etc. etc.*

It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813–1816, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of *Lalla Rookh*. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

Abortive, however, as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such unquiet

* Vol. i. p. 235.

scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean. The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langles no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no very laudatory terms respecting the labours of the French *savans* in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies, and also a Number of the National Airs, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject,—the Eastern allegory of the Loves of the Angels,—on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story but in

which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, "Heaven and Earth." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavoured, by a speed of composition which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus give myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my past life may be comprised in a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first

time, — having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject, — that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy, — a rich London merchant, — had been brought, with some difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous purpose for which it was destined; and having employed in this manner the 750*l.*, I then transmitted to my kind friend, — I need hardly say with what feelings of thankfulness, — a cheque on my publishers for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as usual, a new launch into the Future, — a new anticipation of yet unborn means, — the result showed. I

am happy to say, that, in *this* instance at least, I had not counted on my bank "*in nubibus*" too sanguinely ; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1,000*l.* placed to my credit from the sale of the Loves of the Angels, and 500*l.* from the Fables of the Holy Alliance.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the resources at that time placed at my disposal, was one small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its young possessor for some such beneficent purpose. This fund, amounting to about 300*l.*, arose from the proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographical work, then recently published, which will long be memorable, as well from its own merits and subject, as from the lustre that has been since shed back upon it from the public career of its noble author. To a gift from such hands might well have been applied the words of Ovid,

— acceptissima semper
Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE

TO LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

THE Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut,* and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shámchazai,† are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity ‡ — the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this

* See note on page 348.

† Hyde, de Relig. Vet Persarum, p. 272.

‡ The account which Macrobius gives¹ of the downward journey of the Soul, through that gate of the zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies that passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle

¹ In Somn. Scipionis, cap. 12.

world's perishable pleasures — and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same *moral* interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-existence of the soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolical forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be reproduced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, "How the wings of

owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamoured of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it.¹

¹ See a Treatise "De la Religion des Perses," by the Abbé Foucher, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 456.

the Soul might be made to grow again?" — "By sprinkling them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life." — "But where are those Waters to be found?" they asked. — "In the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature by mixture with this material sphere; while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the reappearance of Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.* Thus Kelail governs the fifth heaven; while Sadiel, the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb.†

* "We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels." — *Koran*, chap. xli.

† See D'Herbelot, *passim*.

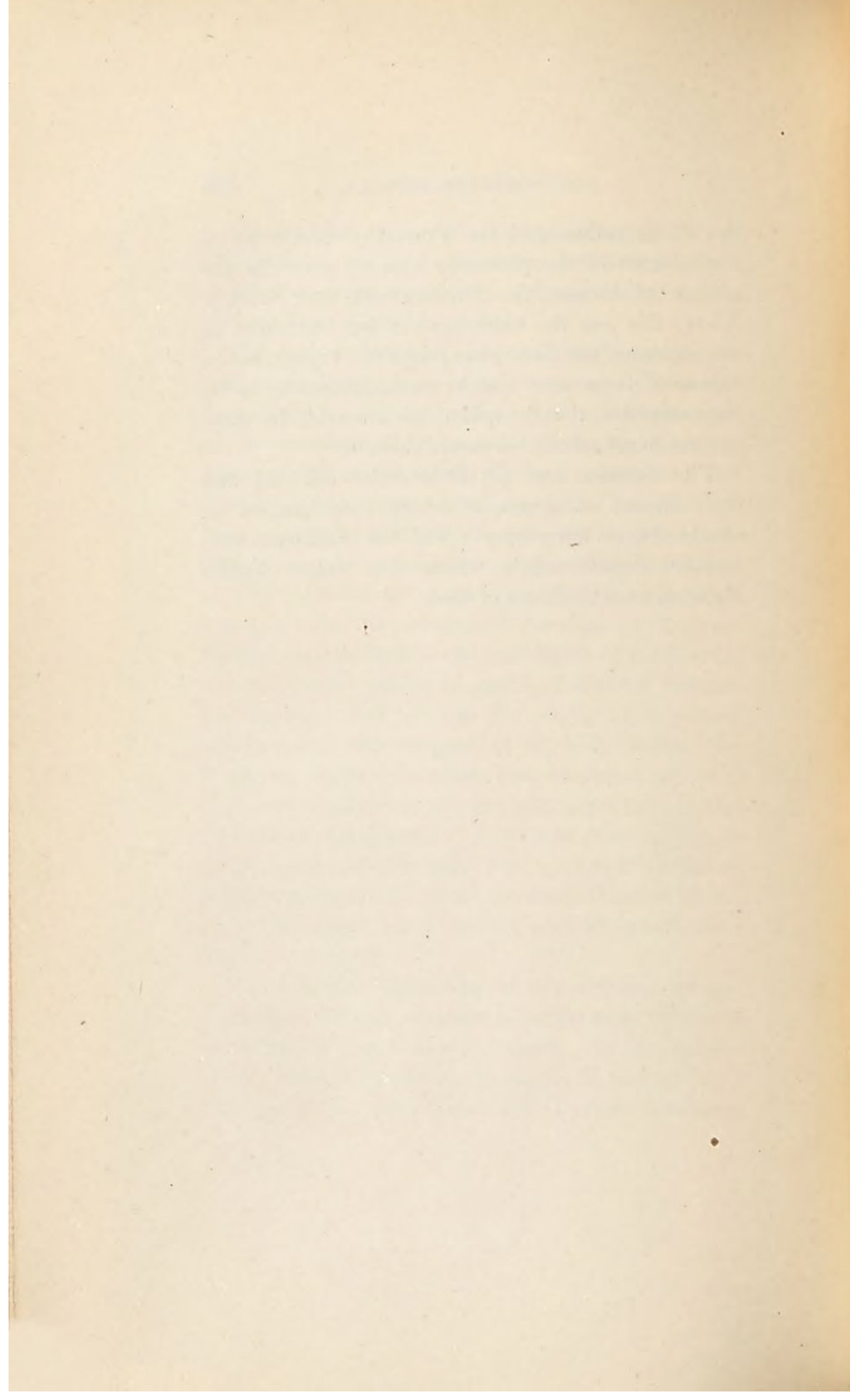
Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves; among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man) was the greatest. Mihr, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love; — Chûr had the care of the disk of the sun; — Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon; — Isphandârmaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelar genius of good and virtuous women, etc. etc. etc. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde de Relig. Vet. Persarum, where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zendavesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the Sirouzé.

The celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained

the Principalities and the Powers ;—and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars ; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwelt.

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors ; and the Arabians worshipped *female* angels, whom they called Benab Hasche, or, Daughters of God.



THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'T WAS when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met *
On the high hill and sunny lawn, —
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Ev'n then, the morning of the earth !

* The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world, "les hommes n'eurent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visités des Anges, qui leur donnoient la main."

That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth —
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all !

One evening, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, brightening rill and bower,
Three noble youths conversing lay ;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world —
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from ALLA's throne,*
Creatures of light, such as *still* play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word !

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charmed them thence ;
Till yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence —

* "To which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music."— See *Sale's Koran, Prelim. Dissert.*

The silent breathing of the flowers —
 The melting light that beam'd above,
 As on their first, fond, erring hours, —
 Each told the story of his love,
 The history of that hour unblest,
 When, like a bird, from its high nest
 Won down by fascinating eyes,
 For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
 The least celestial of the three —
 A Spirit of light mould, that took
 The prints of earth most yieldingly ;
 Who, ev'n in heaven, was not of those
 Nearest the Throne,* but held a place
 Far off, among those shining rows
 That circle out through endless space,
 And o'er whose wings the light from Him
 In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
 Among those youths the' unheavenliest one —
 A creature, to whom light remain'd
 From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,

* The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it.

The Basilidians supposed that there were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels. "dont la perfection alloit en décroissant, à mesure qu'ils s'éloignoient de la première classe d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel." See *Dupuis, Orig. des Cultes*, tom. ii. p. 112.

And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they pass'd.
Sighing, as back through ages flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
O'er buried hopes, he thus began : —

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

" 'T WAS in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,*
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element —
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight! —
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.
Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,

* It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. *Firischteh*, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb *Firischtin*, to send. The Hebrew term, too, *Melak*, has the same signification.

The tremble of my wings all o'er
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
 Of that small lake — her mirror still —
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes! —
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
 And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And — like a sunflower by a brook,
 With face upturn'd — so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
 Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
 Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which — I well could feel —
 For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
 One sidelong look, the maid was gone —
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me. Day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot;
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heaven, and all forgot; —
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above! —
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds — the *one*, that small,
Belov'd and consecrated spot
Where *LEA was* — the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not!*

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
 One earthly look, one stray desire,
 I would have torn the wings, that hung
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire
 In GEHIM'S * pit their fragments flung; —
 'T was hopeless all — pure and unmov'd
 She stood, as lilies in the light
 Of the hot noon but look more white; —
 And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
 'T was not as man, as mortal — no,
 Nothing of earth was in that glow —
 She lov'd me but as one, of race
 Angelic, from that radiant place
 She saw so oft in dreams — that Heaven,
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,
 And on whose light she gaz'd at even,
 Wishing for wings, that she might go
 Out of this shadowy world below,
 To that free, glorious element !

* The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel Tabhek presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, Ladha, for Christian offenders; the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called Sair and Sacar, are destined to receive the Sabæans and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named Gehim, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical canters of *all* religions are thrown.

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When, — turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour, — she said,
“ Oh ! that it were my doom to be
 “ The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
“ Dwelling up there in purity,
 “ Alone, as all such bright things are ; —
“ My sole employ to pray and shine,
 “ To light my censer at the sun,
“ And cast its fire towards the shrine
 “ Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One ! ”

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 't was my crime — my destiny —
 To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the' avowal burst ;
Not anger'd — no — the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger's flame —
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd her heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think
That angel natures — that ev'n I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky —

Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heaven hath pure and bright !

That very night — my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning ;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven
It is their time or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day ;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play ; —
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me ?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, breath'd, mov'd about —
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than Paradise itself, without !

But, to return — that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came — crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds — the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone ;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown —
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd ; — in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth — that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness !
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions — like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain —
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things —
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heaven, too, in their span! —

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,*
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse ;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever — like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest ; — our banquet done,
I sought her in the' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night ;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,

* I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Mariti, who says that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine.¹ I have since found that Mariti's version of the tale (which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux, in his *Life of Mahomet*,) is taken from the French *Encyclopédie*, in which work, under the head "Arot et Marot," the reader will find it.

¹ The Bahardarush tells the fable differently.

Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame —
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes ;
And tho' too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I lov'd,
Yet must she, too, have seen — oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then plac'd above him — far above —
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power — I said,
“ Then be it so ; if back to heaven
“ I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,
“ Without one blest memorial given
“ To soothe me in that lonely sky ;

“ One look, like those the young and fond
“ Give when they’re parting—which would be,
“ Ev’n in remembrance, far beyond
“ All heaven hath left of bliss for me !

“ Oh, but to see that head recline
“ A minute on this trembling arm,
“ And those mild eyes look up to mine,
“ Without a dread, a thought of harm !
“ To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
“ Of lips too purely fond to fear me —
“ Or, if that boon be all too much,
“ Ev’n thus to bring their fragrance near me !
“ Nay, shrink not so — a look — a word —
“ Give them but kindly and I fly ;
“ Already, see, my plumes have stirr’d,
“ And tremble for their home on high.
“ Thus be our parting — cheek to cheek —
“ One minute’s lapse will be forgiven,
“ And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
“ The spell that plumes my wing for heaven ! ”

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind’s breath :
But when I nam’d — alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder’d then, —
Instantly, when I nam’d the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,

And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell! — oh, speak it now,
 "And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd —
 Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow
 I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound — her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
 With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
 A vapour from this veil of tears,
 Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw uncloset
Two wings, magnificent as those
 That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which — from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth — I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!

Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant — since the day
When EBLIS, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away —
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night, —
Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight! —
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did — I spoke it o'er and o'er —
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more.
There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain —
So wills the' offended God — for ever!

It was to yonder star I trac'd
Her journey up the' illumin'd waste —
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now — such, Purity,
Thy blest reward — ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!

Once — or did I but fancy so? —

Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below

On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point, as small

As are those specks that yonder burn, —
Those vivid drops of light, that fall

The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merg'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,

And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light

Of heaven and love both pass'd away
And I forgot my home, my birth,

Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,

Till I became — what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;

A shame, that of itself would tell —
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,

Celestial, through his clouded frame —
How grand the height from which he fell !
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
The' unblench'd renown it us'd to wear ;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.
Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity !
One minute did he look, and then —
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and
brain —
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing glance —
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into the' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie? —
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.
'Twas RUBI — once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd

Spirits of Knowledge,* who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night ;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity !

'Twas RUBI, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by ;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place,
When first awak'd for many a year ;
And when he smil'd, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 't was like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came ;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw —
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire !

* The Kerubiim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Asrafil or Seraphim, under one common name of Azazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Alla are designated.

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Clos'd the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relum'd his cheek —
Beautiful, as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seem'd to speak —
Thus his eventful story told: —

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

“YOU both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
ALLA convok'd the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done —
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form — which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there —

Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd, and saw, the sea — the skies —
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering — mine among the rest, —
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit — early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mix'd with all. —
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come — whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All wak'd my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom — ev'n from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies, —
Those worlds instinct with life and light,
Which Man, remote, but sees by night, —
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time
Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme !

The wish to know — that endless thirst,
Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd —
Still urg'd me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire —
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That wak'd each new idolatry —
Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever sprung —
Their inmost powers, as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by ! *

* " C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme animés, et ont soutenu que les astres, qui nous éclairent

They were my heart's first passion — days
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays
 Have I hung floating, till each sense
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.
 Innocent joy ! alas, how much
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,
 Could I have still liv'd blest with such ;
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
 The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.
 Often — so much I lov'd to trace
 The secrets of this starry race —
 Have I at morn and evening run
 Along the lines of radiance spun
 Like webs, between them and the sun,
 Untwisting all the tangled ties
 Of light into their different dyes —
 'Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
 That watch, like winking sentinels,*
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells ;

n'étoient que, ou les chars, ou même les navires des Intelligences
 qui les conduisoient. Pour les *Chars*, cela se lit partout ; on n'a
 qu'ouvrir Plin, St. Clément," etc. etc. — *Memoire Historique,*
sur le Sabiisme, par M. FOURMONT.

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of
 spirits, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East.
 Kircher has given the names and stations of the seven archangels,
 who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the
 planets.

* According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there
 were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heav-
 ens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the
 planets in their course. The names of these four sentinel stars

And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each

What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow — lest a ray

Should 'scape me in the farthest night —
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately rang'd
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow

are, according to the Boundesh, Taschter, for the east; Satevis, for the west; Venand, for the south; and Haftorang, for the north.

Worlds upon worlds, — yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd, —
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd

From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres —
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies —
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense, —
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire, —
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
The' insatiate curiosity

To know how shapes, so fair, must feel —
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to such bright eyes —
Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
And make the soul as bright as they :
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
The' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above ;
And man — oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite, — her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true ;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led —
Mingled with — what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own — that zeal to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe ;

Which, though from heaven all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below !

I had seen this ; had seen Man, arm'd,
As his soul is, with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd ;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this —
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And *with* her — *that*, at least, was bliss,)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost —
So quickly was the wrong forgiven ! —
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her — ev'n then — his Life ! his Life ! *
Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave !

* Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means "Life."

She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet —
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself — and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near !

Could I help wondering at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong —
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save ?

Nor did the marvel cease with her —
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still the' unreasoning worshipper,
And they, throughout all time, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
To save or ruin, as they please !

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that witching throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possess,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer —
(For such — oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong? — this lip preferr'd) —
At length my ominous prayer was heard —
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen — and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heav'nlier element,

And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'T was not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught —
Of lips, whose very breath could bless ;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought ;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame —
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower ;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour ; —
'T was not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, ev'n here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair —
But 't was the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame — the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon —
'T was this, all this, in one combin'd —
The' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,

Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this — a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own —
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high —
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we — but hold! — hear every part
Of our sad tale — spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again —
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perish'd both — the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her — day and night

Hovering unseen around her way,
And mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing —
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping: —
'Mong all these feelings — felt where'er
Young hearts are beating — I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high — beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond —
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too — what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art! —
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save one alone — rather than leave
That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind —
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds .
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds —
T was then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her view ; —
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with no pathway through ; —
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace —
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place ;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
The' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, " Behold yon world of light,"
Then sudden dropt a veil between !

At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me —
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity —
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,

One night — 't was in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n — a grot
Of purest marble, built below

Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place —
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.

There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claim'd her sighs —
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,

Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,

Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,

Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes —

Then, as the mystic light's soft ray

Grew softer still, as tho' its ray

Was breath'd from her, I heard her say : —

“ Oh idol of my dreams ! whate'er

“ Thy nature be — human, divine,

“ Or but half heav'nly — still too fair,

“ Too heavenly to be ever mine !

“ Wonderful Spirit, who dost make

“ Slumber so lovely, that it seems

“ No longer life to live awake,

“ Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

“ Why do I ever lose thee ? why

“ When on thy realms and thee I gaze

“ Still drops that veil, which I could die,
“ Oh gladly, but one hour to raise ?

“ Long ere such miracles as thou
“ And thine came o’er my thoughts, a thirst
“ For light was in this soul, which now
“ Thy looks have into passion nurs’d.

“ There’s nothing bright above, below,
“ In sky — earth — ocean, that this breast
“ Doth not intensely burn to know,
“ And thee, thee, thee, o’er all the rest !

“ Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
“ The curtains of thy radiant home,
“ If thou would’st be as angel shrin’d,
“ Or lov’d and clasp’d as mortal, come !

“ Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
“ That I may, waking, know and see ;
“ Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
“ Thy heaven or — aye, even *that* with thee !

“ Demon or God, who hold’st the book
“ Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
“ Give me, with thee, but one bright look
“ Into its leaves, and let me die !

“ By those ethereal wings, whose way
“ Lies through an element, so fraught

“ With living Mind, that, as they play,
“ Their every movement is a thought !

“ By that bright, wreathed hair, between
“ Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
“ Of Paradise so late hath been,
“ And left its fragrant soul behind !

“ By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
“ Their light into the inmost heart ;
“ Like sunset in the waters, felt
“ As molten fire through every part —

“ I do implore thee, oh most bright
“ And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
“ My waking, wondering eyes this night,
“ This one blest night — I ask no more ”

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last —

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she rais'd ;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me — not as I had blaz'd
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace ; — my crown

Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
The' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman — whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love — oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour!"——

The Spirit here

Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts — like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throb'd there now!
But soon 't was o'er — that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days —

That relic of a flame, whose burning
 Had been too fierce to be relum'd,
 Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
 To his bright listeners, thus resum'd : —

“ Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
 On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all —
 Yet — was I happy? God, thou know'st,
 Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!
 'Twas bitterest anguish — made more keen
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
 In agonizing cross-light given
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
 In purgatory * catch of heaven!
 The only feeling that to me
 Seem'd joy — or rather my sole rest
 From aching misery — was to see
 My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.
 She, the fair fountain of all ill
 To my lost soul — whom yet its thirst

* Called by the Mussulmans Al Araf — a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon. — *Beausobre*, liv. iii. chap. 8.

Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first —
To see *her* happy — to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade —
This was, I own, enjoyment — this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature ! — proud,
Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love !

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger — to which even
Her love, at times, gave way — of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven ;
Not only all that, full reveal'd,
The' eternal ALLA loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely seal'd
In darkness, for man *not* to know —
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight !

In the deep earth — beneath the sea —
 Through caves of fire — through wilds of air —
 Wherever sleeping Mystery
 Had spread her curtain, we were there —
 Love still beside us, as we went,
 At home in each new element,
 And sure of worship everywhere!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down
 At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
 "Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
 Then first were diamonds, from the night,*
 Of earth's deep centre brought to light,
 And made to grace the conquering way
 Of proud young beauty with their ray.
 Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
 Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
 (As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell
 In form unlovely) was set free,

* "Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces des nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ces auteurs ont crû, s'appuyans sur le livre d'Enoch mal-entendu, que c'étoient des pièges que les anges amoureux," etc. etc. — *Comte de Gabalis*.

As the fiction of the loves of angels with women gave birth to the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which embellish so much the mythology of the East; for in the fabulous histories of Caiöumarath, of Thamurath, etc., these spiritual creatures are always represented as the descendants of Seth, and called the Bani Algiann, or children of Giann.

And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid — whate'er
Th' ambition of the hour — forget
Her sex's pride in being fair ;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love,*
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm — the' unveil'd, ma-
terial,
Visible glories, that abound,
Through all her vast, enchanted ground —
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence —
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,

* I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread
 Through men or angels, flowers or suns —
 The workings of the' Almighty Mind,
 When first o'er Chaos he design'd
 The outlines of this world; and through
 That depth of darkness — like the bow,
 Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue * —
 Saw the grand, gradual picture grow; —
 The covenant with human kind
 By ALLA made † — the chains of Fate
 He round himself and them hath twin'd,
 Till his high task he consummate; —
 Till good from evil, love from hate,
 Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
 And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
 And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
 And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,
 And wildering to the mind than these,
 Which — far as woman's thought could sound,
 Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach —
 She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.

* According to Whitehurst's theory, the mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel is an anachronism; as he says, "There was no rain before the flood, and consequently no rainbow, which accounts for the novelty of this sight after the Deluge."

† For the terms of this compact, of which the angels were supposed to be witnesses, see the chapter of the Koran, entitled *Al Araf*, and the article "Adam" in *D'Herbelot*.

Till — fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings —
The' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspir'd, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would run,
Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke —
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world !
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heav'n would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revealments then —
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the great, Sealing One ! *
Like that imperfect dawn, or light †
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines !

* In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophets who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "*Seal*," or consummation of them all.

† The Zodiacal Light.

Thus did some moons of bliss go by —
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd — as is the sun on high —
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Ev'n to the world's extremest part;
While through that world her reinless mind
Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black —
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I — ev'n I,
While down its steep most headlong driven —
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony

Beyond all reach of mortal woe —
A torture kept for those who know,
Know *every* thing, and — worst of all —
Know and love Virtue while they fall !
Ev'n then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm — nay, ev'n to bless —
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness —
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm ;
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear —
The dreadful thought that it must die !
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes ;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads !
This fear, so sad to all — to me
Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on,* when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought ;

* Pococke, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste of death.

That heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die!
Ev'n this, her fond endearments — fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart — could charm away;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where — the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings furl'd, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright —
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself — oh, ecstasy,
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget —
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And lov'd as never man was yet!

In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light — ev'n she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world — the close
Of all things beautiful and bright —
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 't were to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said:—

“I had, last night, a dream of thee,
“ Resembling those divine ones, given,

“ Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
“ Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

“ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
“ Dazzling as if of starlight made ;
“ And these wings, lying darkly now,
“ Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

“ Thou stood'st, all bright, as in those dreams,
“ As if just wafted from above ;
“ Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
“ A creature to adore and love.

“ Sudden I felt thee draw me near
“ To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
“ I seem'd within the atmosphere
“ Of that exhaling light embrac'd ;

“ And felt, methought, the' ethereal flame
“ Pass from thy purer soul to mine ;
“ Till — oh, too blissful — I became,
“ Like thee, all spirit, all divine !

“ Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,
“ If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone ?
“ When will my Cherub shine before me
“ Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?

“ When shall I, waking, be allow'd
“ To gaze upon those perfect charms,

“ And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
“ A chill of earth, within these arms?

“ Oh what a pride to say, this, this
“ Is my own Angel — all divine,
“ And pure, and dazzling as he is,
“ And fresh from heaven — he’s mine, he’s mine!

“ Think’st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
“ A creature of yon lofty skies,
“ She would have hid one single grace,
“ One glory from her lover’s eyes?

“ No, no — then, if thou lov’st like me,
“ Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
“ Of thy most proud divinity,
“ Nor think thou’lt wound this mortal gaze.

“ Too long and oft I’ve look’d upon
“ Those ardent eyes, intense ev’n thus —
“ Too near the stars themselves have gone,
“ To fear aught grand or luminous.

“ Then doubt me not — oh, who can say
“ But that this dream may yet come true,
“ And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
“ Till it becomes all heavenly too?

“ Let me this once but feel the flame
“ Of those spread wings, the very pride

“ Will change my nature, and this frame
“ By the mere touch be deified !”

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd
To be by earth or heav'n refus'd —
As one, who knew her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her

Little did she, alas, or I —
Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerg'd in sin's obscurity
Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set —
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful — how can it be told ?
Such pain, such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold !
But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break !
Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
Pass'd for a moment through my breast —
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both — something unblest
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled ;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,
Such light should burst upon a lid

Ne'er tried in heaven; — and ev'n this glare
 She might, by love's own nursing care,
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
 For well I knew, the lustre shed
 From cherub wings, when proudest spread,
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
 And innocent as is the light
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure
 Her mate to her green bower at night.
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
 Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
 As in its lair, ready to spring,
 Yet wak'd it not — though from my wing
 A thousand sparks fell glittering!
 Oft too when round me from above
 The feather'd snow, in all its whiteness,
 Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove,* —
 So harmless, though so full of brightness,
 Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
 From off its flowers each downy flake

* The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, etc.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise.

“The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shur) by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider.” — *Modern Universal History*, vol. i.

As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with LILIS — had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,
Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot
To kiss her eye-lids, as she dream'd?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having — as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd —
No cause for dread, and those dark eyes
Now fix'd upon me, eagerly
As though the' unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me —
How could I pause? how ev'n let fall
A word, a whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
I brought from heaven belong'd to her.
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear — all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, at eventide,
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon !

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me, in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar, —
Where, relic sad, 't is treasur'd yet,
The downfall'n angel's coronet! —
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting: — but the' illumin'd brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown; —
The' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see! *
Great Heav'n! how *could* thy vengeance light
Sc bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?

* "Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it."

Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
When — oh most horrible! — I felt
That every spark of that pure flame —
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt —
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;
Till there — oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers? — I saw her lie
Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see —
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those clasping arms, within whose round —
My heart's horizon — the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breath'd and beam'd,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came; —
I, the curst spirit, whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'T was maddening! — but now hear even worse —
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her — had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust — and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'T were not so dreadful — but, come near —
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear —
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,
And look'd in mine with — oh, that look!

Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine! —

In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering! — I feel it now —
'T was fire — but fire, ev'n more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;

And here — mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front — burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin —
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence —

Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)
Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd — I cannot speak it — no,
Merciful ALLA! 'tis not so —

Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look — so deeply fraught

With more than anguish, with despair —
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought

In heaven or earth — this scorch I bear! —
Oh — for the first time that these knees

Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees

Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,

On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony

Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel

Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel

And pray for that poor mortal one.

Alas, too well, too well they know

The pain, the penitence, the woe

That Passion brings upon the best,

The wisest, and the loveliest. —

Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such

Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;

So loth they wander, and so much
Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven !
Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me —
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity ! ”

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head ; while they, who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heav'n must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear —
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would *not* be what this bright
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love proclaims He *is* !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round

The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound — but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, ev'n yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him — as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke;
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke: —

“Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
“My angel-lord, come pray with me;

“ In vain to-night my lip hath strove
“ To send one holy prayer above —
“ The knee may bend, the lip may move,
“ But pray I cannot, without thee !
“ I’ve fed the altar in my bower
“ With droppings from the incense tree ;
“ I’ve shelter’d it from wind and shower,
“ But dim it burns the livelong hour,
“ As if, like me, it had no power
“ Of life or lustre, without thee !

“ A boat at midnight sent alone
“ To drift upon the moonless sea,
“ A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
“ A wounded bird, that hath but one
“ Imperfect wing to soar upon,
“ Are like what I am, without thee !

“ Then ne’er, my spirit-love, divide,
“ In life or death, thyself from me ;
“ But when again, in sunny pride,
“ Thou walk’st through Eden, let me glide,
“ A prostrate shadow, by thy side —
“ Oh happier thus than without thee !”

The song had ceas’d, when, from the wood
Which, sweeping down that airy height,
Reach’d the lone spot whereon they stood —
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz’d
Across the brow of one, who rais’d

Its flame aloft (as if to throw
The light upon that group below),
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'T was but a moment — the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves, when she was
gone —
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
"Behold, how beautiful!" — 't is fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
"I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home, —
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grew *one*, — of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear;
A music, breathing of the past,
The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind ;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they — alas, more fall'n than he
From happiness and heaven — knew well,
His gentler love's short history !

Thus did it run — *not* as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By SETH* were from the deluge sav'd,
All written over with sublime
And saddening legends of the' unblest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest

* Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, etc. etc. The Curds, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix), have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call Sohuph Sheit, or the Book of Seth.

In the same manner that Seth and Cham are supposed to have preserved these memorials of antediluvian knowledge, Xixuthrus is said in Chaldæan fable to have deposited in Siparis, the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge. — See Jablonski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian Thoth. — *Pantheon, Egypt*, lib. v. cap. 5.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in the' eternal heav'ns abide —
Circles of light, that from the same
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side —
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound —
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffus'd into infinity !
First and immediate near the Throne
Of ALLA,* as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand † — this burning sign
Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine !"

* The Mussulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, Mocarreboun, to all those Spirits "qui approchent le plus près le Trône." Of this number are Mikail and Gebrail.

† The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love.

There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to the word *Cherub* seems to determine the precedence in favour of that order of spirits:— "Cherubim, *i. e.* Pro-pinqui Angeli, qui sc. Deo proprius quam alii accedunt; nam *Charab* est *i. q.* *Karab*, appropinquare." (P. 263.) Al Beidawi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xl.) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of

Their rank, their honours, far above
 Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
 Though knowing all; — so much doth Love
 Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once — and none
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,
 Or yearn'd towards the' Eternal One,
 With half such longing, deep desire.
 Love was to his impassion'd soul
 Not, as with others, a mere part
 Of its existence, but the whole —
 The very life-breath of his heart!
 Oft, when from ALLA's lifted brow
 A lustre came, too bright to bear,
 And all the seraph ranks would bow,
 To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
 To look upon the effulgence there —
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,
 The power of looking, than *not* look!
 Then too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung

angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word Azazil and Mocarreboun (which mean the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice !
Love was in every buoyant tone —
Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song !

Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 't is too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near ; —
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill ;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in !

So was it with that Angel — such
The charm, that slop'd his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong. —
Ev'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 't was found

From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'T was first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim —
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the' horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away !
Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smil'd,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey —
That she might quench them on the way !
Of Peace — of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd ! —

All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 't was a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw; upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh —
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die —
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She rais'd, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be ador'd than to adore —
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music * — all
That's left of Eden upon earth —

* “ Les Egyptiens disent que la Musique est *Sœur de la Religion*.” — *Voyages de Pythagore*, tom. i. p. 422.

The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
 A trace of their high, glorious birth —
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
 When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
 Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
 That moment's witcheries? — one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
 That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well —
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost —
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
 Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die.

Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exil'd from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before —
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown,
Through which so gently Mercy smil'd.
For humble was their love — with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law —
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both — but most
In NAMA's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Ev'n bliss was humbled by the thought —
“What claim have I to be so blest?”

Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd
Desire of knowledge — that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been curs'd,
From luckless EVE to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels : * no —
 To love as her own Seraph lov'd,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe —
 Faith, that, were ev'n its light remov'd,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again ; —
With Patience that, though often bow'd
 By the rude storm, can rise anew ;
And Hope that, ev'n from Evil's cloud,
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through !
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub's lore —
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart — the' unreasoning scope
 Of all its views, above, below —
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.
And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God ;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,

* Sara.

Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last ! —
 Two fallen Splendors,* from that tree,
 Which buds with such eternally,†
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
 However sweet, must bear its brand,)
 Their only doom was this — that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here — the same.
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame —

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, etc. etc.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other.

† The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery : — “ Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d’un grand nombre d’Ange. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui recompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints,” etc. etc. — For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield’s very useful compendium of Brucker.

“ On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d’un arbre . . . l’Ensoph qu’on met au-dessus de l’arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins, est l’Infini.” — *L’Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. 11.

Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see ;
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity !
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True Love encounters in this life —
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies : —
Still worse, the' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink ;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas, —
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness —
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between —
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul ;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,

The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again! —
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys — and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants —
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot —

Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills —
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain —
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above —
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the' other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own —
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
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 What various attitudes, and ways, v. 271.
 What, you, too, my *****, in hashes so knowing, iii. 138.
 When abroad in the world thou appearest, iv. 252.
 When Bacchus, Jove’s immortal boy, i. 116.
 When, casting many a look behind, i. 180.
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 Whene’er I see those smiling eyes, iv. 138.

- Whene'er you 're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew, iii. 149.
When erst, my Southey, thy tuneful tongue iii. 252.
When evening shades are falling, v. 45.
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When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight, iv. 230.
When freshly blows the northern gale, ii. 73.
When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion, i. 128.
When Grammont grac'd these happy springs, i. 329.
When he, who adores thee has left but the name, iv. 49.
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When I have seen thy snow-white wing, ii. 30.
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When in death I shall calmly recline, iv. 59.
When I would sing thy beauty's light, v. 220.
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When Love was a child, and went idly round, iv. 224.
When Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er, v. 248.
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When to sad Music silent you listen, iv. 388.
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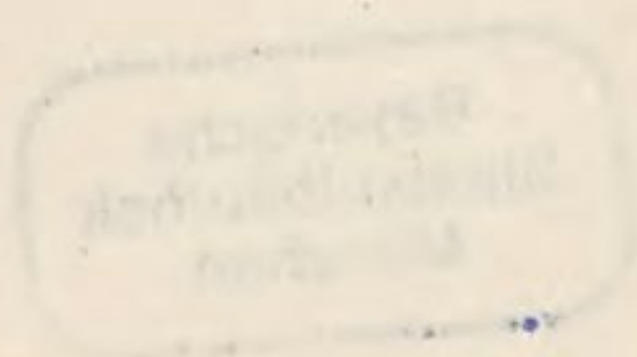
- When wearied wretches sink to sleep, i. 211.
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Yes — loving is a painful thrill, i. 90.
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THE END.

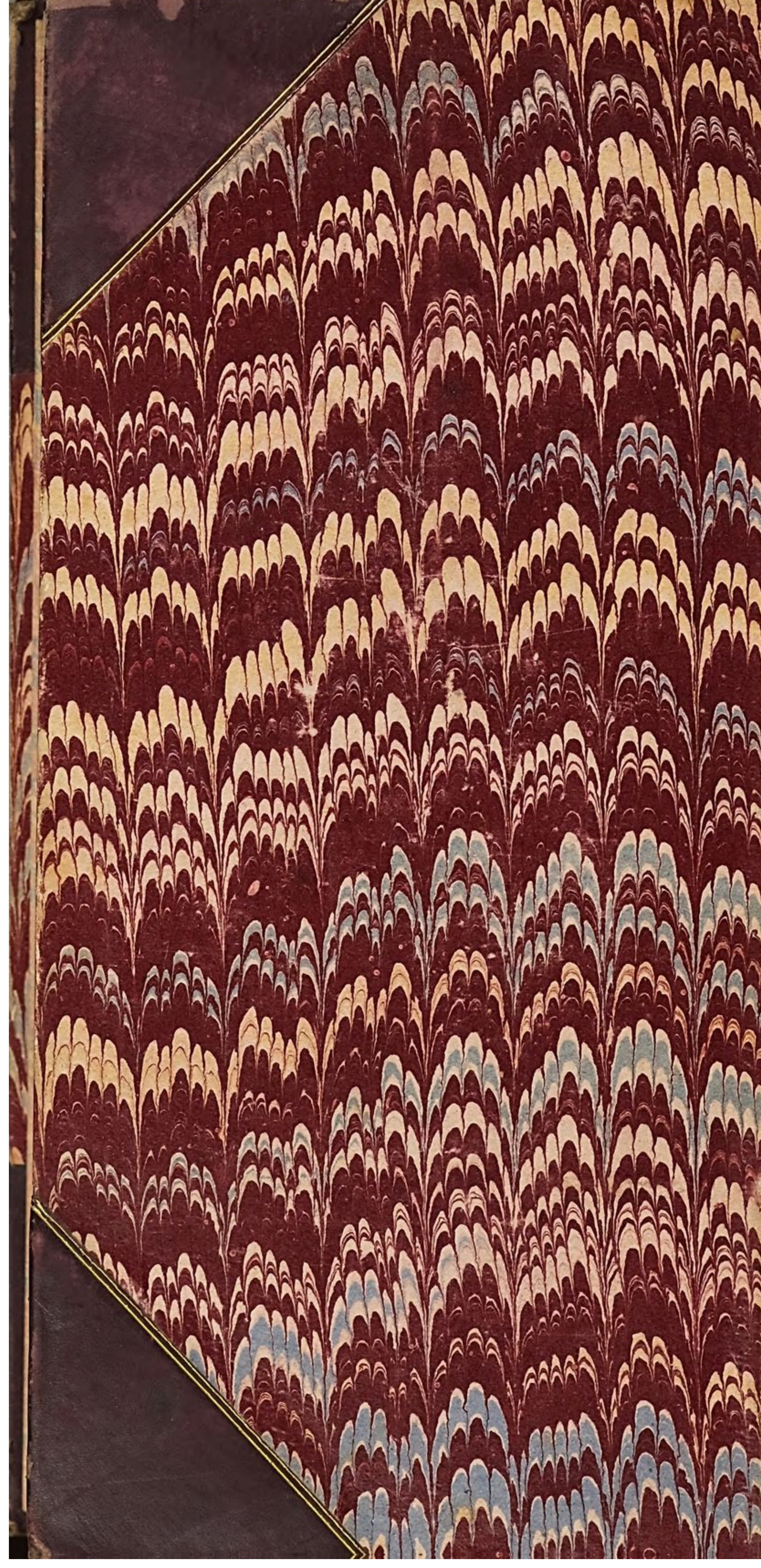




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